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ROBERT CARTER.

He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith. — ACTS xi. 24.

A devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always. — ACTS x. 2.

Robert Carter

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THE

CHRISTIAN PUBLISHER:

LIFE AND WORK

OF

ROBERT CARTER.

BY

ANNIE CARTER COCHRAN.

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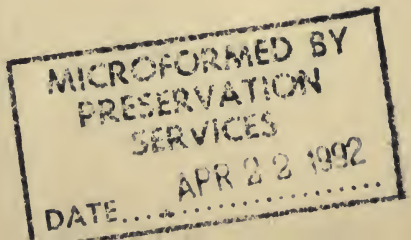

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This book is written for the friends of Robert Carter. It is not expected that those who did not know and love him will care to read it; but those who did will find in it a record written by feeble though loving hands, that may serve to recall to them some of the incidents of a life that was to no ordinary degree lived for others.

"It is a frail memorial, but sincere;
Not scorned in Heaven, though little noticed here."

A. C. C.

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LIFE OF ROBERT CARTER.

CHAPTER I.

IN the sturdy character of a Christian Scotchman, brought up in the earnest fashion of his Covenanting ancestors, there is something that carries our thoughts into the Book of Psalms on which they so loved to dwell, and we think of the "tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper"; for "his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night." "With long life shall he be satisfied," for he has the promise that "goodness and mercy shall follow him all the days of his life, and he shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Never were these words more truly fulfilled than in the history of Robert Carter. His life was successful in the best sense. God seemed to give him the desire of his heart, and did not withhold the request of his lips. Chastening was sent to him, lest there should be any doubt as to his being one whom the Lord loveth; but in his long and honored life sunshine predominated over shadow, joy over sorrow. He went to his grave like a shock of corn fully ripe, with no cherished plan defeated, his work well accomplished, his faith firm and

clear, knowing that his Redeemer liveth. Let those to whom he was dear give, as he would have done, all the glory to the One who loved him, and washed him from his sins in His blood.

About thirty miles from Edinburgh, and as many from the English border, stands the pleasant village of Earlston. It is in the heart of one of the most beautiful parts of Scotland. Four miles off is Melrose with its classic abbey, and not far away Abbotsford, where the Wizard of the North wove many an enchanting spell, and Dryburgh, where he lies buried.

In the beginning of the present century Earlston was so secluded from intercourse with the surrounding world that there was not even a stage-coach running through it. The ancestors of some of the villagers could be traced back for five or six centuries, and in that time it had made little progress. Many had been born, grown up to manhood, and died in a good old age, who had never gone beyond the hills which formed its sensible horizon. But they were an intelligent people, eager for books and learning, sustaining good schools, where even the poorest had the opportunity of studying Latin and Greek; and they were also a God-fearing folk, bringing up their children in his fear and in the study of his Word. The minister went from house to house duly examining the children in their knowledge of the Scriptures and the Catechism, and it has been said that if at nine o'clock at night one had gone through the village he would have heard the sound of psalm-singing and prayer and reading of the Word of God in every house, so general was the custom of family worship.

In one of these homes Robert Carter was born, on November 2, 1807. He was the second child, having an elder brother who grew up into a worthy manhood, but

Robert always took the lead in the family, his strong vigorous character seeming to give him the birthright.

His father, Thomas Carter, was a native of Earlston, a man of sterling qualities and much intelligence. His mother, whose maiden name was Agnes Ewing, of Sprouston, near Kelso, was a woman of great originality, bright and quick-witted, and withal an earnest Christian.

Her own lips long years afterwards told the following story of these early days. She had all her life been accustomed to attend church twice a day on Sunday. When her oldest child was born she was obliged to stay at home with it one half of the day, and this was a sore trial. Good old Mr. Lauder, the minister, called one day, and she told him how greatly she felt the privation. "I will give you a text," said he, "to think of, as you sit at home with the baby: 'Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.'" The words sank into her heart, and were a constant source of strength to her in the rearing of her eleven children. The promise was indeed kept to her,—the wages given; for few mothers have received such tender and watchful care as did she until she went to her final reward at the age of eighty-two years.

Mr. Walter Carter, one of her younger sons, gives the following sketch of his parents.

"You ask me for a brief sketch of my father, and I am turning over the leaves of memory to recall the days of childhood and youth. Thomas Carter was a short, broad-shouldered, broad-chested man; the strongest at a lift I ever knew. His arms seemed to set all resistance at defiance, either at a pull, a push, or a blow. His hair was black, his cheeks red and rosy, his face full and open as the day, — the very picture of health and strength. He

never had a headache, never was sick for a day. He was overflowing with animal spirits, ready for the joke, the laugh, and the Scottish story, — a great reader, a free and easy speaker.

"He was a true Celt, and traced his pedigree to the Highlands in days long gone by. His ancestors, being Protestants, fled from the fire of persecution and their native heath to the Lowlands, and found a refuge, where we were all born, in the pleasant village of Earlston on the Leader. Their names are on the gravestones in the parish churchyard.

"His father died when he was a year old, and his godly mother and the old minister brought him up. He often spoke of spending an hour at the manse on Sabbath evenings, before Sunday schools were thought of, with his wise and kind minister, Rev. Mr. Dalziell, and he treasured those lessons till his dying day. His mother was a remarkable woman. Mr. Dalziell used to say, that, if the Bible had been lost, Mrs. Carter could have restored it from memory. He was famous as an athlete in all the Scottish games where strength and agility were required, and with his high spirit, and quick though kindly temper, he often got into boyish scrapes. His mother could not get hold of him during the day, but exercised her parental control and correction at night. One night while she was plying the 'tawse,' a long piece of leather cut into strips at one end, he made a good deal of noise, and she said, 'Solomon says we must not spare a child for his crying.' Father lost his patience, — although usually most loving and respectful to his mother, whom he almost worshipped, — and cried, 'Solomon has naething to do wi' it.'

"His mother's fervent prayers, in family worship and at his bedside, as she pleaded for her children to the widow's God, bore fruit in his giving his heart early to the Lord Jesus. Indeed, he never knew when the change came. He always took delight in prayer, and in the ministry of the

Word, and every spare moment was spent in prayerful reading of the Bible.

"He had a good English education; his wide reading and reflection, his frank and friendly spirit to all, his lively interest in the current questions of the day, made him ready and helpful in any society in which he might be placed. He was wisely directed in the choice of a wife when he married Agnes Ewing, the daughter of a respected elder in the Antiburgher Church. Her gentle, kindly nature, her wisdom and conservatism, held in check his more impulsive spirit, and for forty years she was a most faithful and loving wife, and a model mother of eleven children, who all grew to be men and women; for forty years there was no death in the family, and father was the first to be taken. Like Abraham, he erected an altar at once in the little stone cottage where we were all born, the scene of so much true happiness. The fire never went out on that altar until the family left for America, and was rekindled in the home in the New World. For some years my father's business took him from home at too early an hour to gather his children around him, and mother took the duty, and O how lovingly was the sacred duty done! In well chosen, fervent, tender words she commended the children and the absent husband to the Heavenly Father's care.

"The earliest recollections I have are of those morning prayers. My father was gifted in prayer, and I used to wonder if I should ever be able to pour out my heart as he did to the Father in heaven; but my mother's prayers, so loving, so filial, so reverent, touched my heart, and led to a desire that I too might so pray, and get an answer of peace.

"The Sabbath was in our household the 'day of days.' The family morning worship, the breakfast table surrounded by a crowd of hungry, happy children and parents all together, glad at the reunion and the prospect of rest and worship; the morning church, all attending; after dinner,

family worship again (twice on week days, three times on Sabbath); a few words about the sermon, and prayer for a blessing on the preached Word; then Sabbath school. It was the first Sabbath school in the south of Scotland, and well attended; all the churches in the village sent their quota; its superintendent was Rev. Mr. Crawford of the Relief Church; Brother Robert was his assistant, and took his place when he was absent; both were good. We met in a stone cottage built from the ruins of the Rhymer's Tower. We had none of the modern improvements, — no library, no Sunday school hymns or picture papers; but we had the Bible, the Shorter Catechism, and Rouse's version of the Psalms; also earnest teaching of the Word, heart to heart work, hearty singing of the grand old Psalms, and fervent prayer for the Divine blessing; afternoon church, when old and young went again, then home to supper, when the younger children gave the texts and the older ones portions of the sermons, while father and mother made the practical application.

"In the early evening of the Sabbath, while father was reading some of his Puritan or early Scottish divines, mother took her seat with the children around her, and gave us the lesson on the Shorter Catechism. As soon as we could talk, the first answer was recited by the youngest child, and all came in as far as they could go; those over six were expected to go clear through; mother would ask the questions and give the answers without book, while she explained the more difficult ones and applied them to the duties of daily life. I can still remember Justification, Adoption, Sanctification, as explained by her, the difference between an act and a work, the several points in Effectual Calling, God's side and our side in the matter (so often a stumbling-block to the carnal mind, and such a comfort to the mature Christian) of Election. Family worship closed the blessed day. When I hear of the weariness in some families now, I wonder, — and bless God for such parents."

Among Robert Carter's earliest recollections was the rejoicing caused by the battle of Waterloo. He was then only seven years old, but he always remembered the illuminations and shoutings and talk about Bonaparte and Wellington. It seemed at the time as if all things must thereafter go on smoothly, since the mighty foe had been conquered and was banished to St. Helena. But the long war and the great triumph had to be paid for, and for many years the heavy taxes bore down hard upon the working classes. Thus the early years of this century became very trying times financially in Britain. The day wages of an ordinary laborer were but a shilling, while those of the artisan class were only a little more.

Earlston was famous for its ginghams; these were the best in Scotland, fine, soft, and silky, and a larger part of the families in the village were weavers. The work was not done in mills, but each weaver had his loom set up in his own cottage, and sold his web when finished directly to the merchants.

In Thomas Carter's cottage there were six looms, worked by himself, his two eldest sons, and hired helpers, for a stern necessity compelled every member of the large family to go to work as soon as they were able to manage a loom.

At the age of nine years and six months Robert was taken from school and put at the loom, and from that time his education was acquired entirely by his own exertions. Of this period he wrote long afterwards: —

"My work was light, but tedious. From dawn till ten and sometimes till eleven at night I had to toil until my task was done. I cared little for the confinement, but felt grievously the loss of books and mental improvement. From early childhood I had an insatiable thirst for reading. The stories of Wallace and

Bruce, the Pilgrim's Progress, Hervey's Meditations, and many other books of a somewhat motley character, cheered my solitary hours.

"After becoming acquainted with my trade, I had a board erected at my left hand, on which I fastened my book, and worked and read all day. The books in my father's library having run out, I was obliged to borrow from some of my neighbors. One weaver in particular, who owned what I considered a splendid library, very generously offered to lend me such as I might select. Rollin's Ancient History, in six volumes, was the first I read, and great was my delight in travelling the field through which the French historian led me. One incident occurred, however, when I had finished the fourth volume, which I feared would put an end to my delightful feast. While I was on my way with that volume under my arm to exchange it for the fifth, a dog sprang at me and made his teeth almost meet in the book. When I saw what he had done, I burst into tears and continued crying until I reached the dwelling of my kind friend.

"When I showed him how much the book was injured, 'Oh!' said he, 'I am so glad that it was the book, and not your arm. It might have cost you your life. Here is the next volume.' When he opened his bookcase and handed me the next volume, I thought that he was the most generous man I had ever known.

"A little before this, when I was about seven years old, there was an auction sale of old furniture, which, as it was a rare occurrence in the village, I attended with great interest. Towards the close of the sale, a copy of Josephus's Works in folio, much dilapidated, and minus one of the boards of the cover, was held up by the auctioneer, and, as no one seemed to bid, I called

out, 'Fourpence.' 'It is yours,' cried he, 'my little fellow; you're the youngest bidder we've had to-day.' This fourpence had been collecting for some time previously, and was probably the largest sum I had ever possessed. When I got the book in my arms, it was with no small difficulty I carried it home. With an apple I hired a little playmate to help me, and we carried it between us, and when we got tired, we laid the book down on the roadside and rested, each sitting on an end. But O what a treasure it proved while I eagerly devoured its contents! I used to lay it down upon the cottage floor, and myself beside or upon it, and travel slowly down the long page until I reached the bottom, and then tackle the next page. I had read the Bible through twice in order, and I was eager to get all the additional information I could about the Jews. I was greatly puzzled by the word 'Greeting,' which occurred so often as a salutation at the beginning of letters. That was our Scottish word for crying, and I could not understand its relation to letters bearing good tidings.

"Shortly after I finished Josephus, one fine summer evening, my father took me with him to pay a visit to a friend who owned a pretty little farm about three miles distant. He was reading Fox's Book of Martyrs when we arrived, and he told us that he was greatly fascinated by it. My father said that he would like to have such a book for his little boy, but that it was far too costly for him to purchase. The gentleman asked me to read a little for him. When I paused, he exclaimed, 'He is the finest reader I ever heard,' and inquired what school I attended. My father told him that I had not been at school since I was nine years old, but that I was extravagantly fond of reading. 'Well,' said he, 'I have

finished the first volume, and you are welcome to it.' This work introduced me to a field entirely new and extremely rich in its details, and when I finished it I was sorry that there was no more of it to read.

"About this period, my cousin Thomas Carter, who was a student in Edinburgh University preparatory to his theological course, had returned home to spend his summer vacation. He loved to visit us, and, though he was five years older than I, he became very much attached to me. He gave me his old Latin books, and came several times in the week to give me instructions in the elements of that language. I entered upon this study with all the zeal of which I was capable. Difficulty after difficulty gave way before me, and I soon became able to read Cordery's Colloquies, Cornelius Nepos, Cæsar, Ovid, and Virgil. At a subsequent period, this cousin also taught me Greek.

"There were two fairs in our village, one in summer and one in autumn each year. At these fairs, which were looked forward to with great delight by all the village boys, there assembled dealers in cattle, hardware, toys, and books. The stalls for the sale of books early possessed a charm for me, and I expended with much care the few pence I could muster on the occasion. At the summer fair, when I was twelve years old, I was standing by a stall where were exhibited some of the Latin classics. I picked up a copy of Ovid, and was looking very intently at the narrative of Pyramus and Thisbe, when a group of the grammar school boys paused beside me. One of them jeeringly said, 'What do you mean by pretending to read Latin?' 'This seems to be a pretty story,' said I; 'won't you read it to me?' He began with the air of one who knew all about it, and with some difficulty made his way through a few lines.

'I don't think you are getting the meaning of it very well. Let me try,' said I. And taking the volume, I commenced where he paused, and read freely on, to the no small astonishment of the boys, who agreed that I knew more about Latin than they did. This raised me not a little in the estimation of those who used to think me a dull, lifeless creature, who moped over books while they were at play, and gave a fresh impulse to my classical studies.

"A volume which fell into my hands at this time had a powerful influence over my mind. This was Foster's Essays. The Essay on Decision of Character I remember reading on a grassy knoll one fine sunshiny afternoon after my task on the loom had been finished for the day. The perusal almost overwhelmed me. I arose and looked down upon the village, the meadow, and the silver stream that meandered through the valley beneath, and I felt that nothing was too difficult for me, provided I applied my faculties to it, and perseveringly toiled on. The impulse received from this noble effort of genius was not soon lost, and even to this day I never take up the volume without feeling conscious that it has proved to me a real blessing.

"The lessons assigned by my cousin Thomas grew more and more interesting after I became familiar with the first elements. The window at which I sat weaving commanded a view of the narrow footpath along which he always came; and when I caught a glimpse of his manly figure as he approached, my heart leaped within me for joy. His patience was remarkable. He rarely censured me for doing too little, but often told me that I undertook too much.

"During the three winter months, my father sent me to evening school to study arithmetic. My teacher

was in my estimation one of the most amiable and affectionate of men. The pupils were few in number, not more than seven or eight, so that he devoted a great deal of attention to us. There was one great drawback, however, to our progress, — we lost during the nine months much of what we had acquired in three, so that the second winter it required some time to review before we entered on new ground. The third winter that I had the pleasure of attending this much loved teacher there was a general stagnation in business, so that the weavers could get no employment. I could find nothing else to do, so I attended school all day as well as in the evening for eleven weeks; and this was the only period I was permitted to attend a day school since I was little more than nine years old.

"I was just beginning a course in geometry, when I was hired by a farmer in the neighborhood to watch a field of newly sown wheat to protect it from the crows, and afterwards I was employed in herding cattle. This broke in sadly upon my darling pursuits. The fences were so bad that I could rarely venture to open a book. On one occasion I sat down upon the top of a stone wall covered with turf, and read a portion of the Book of Job. My attention was soon riveted on the subject, and I entirely forgot my duty. When I looked up from the Bible, there was not a cow in sight. I ran to an adjoining height, and lo, the whole herd had jumped the fence, and were quietly feeding in an adjoining field. From that time I had to deny myself the gratification of reading, and a severe trial I found it to be. The times however improved, and as I succeeded in getting a web to weave, by which I could earn more money than by herding, I was released from this unhappy position, and restored to my old favorites.

"While I was thus struggling to improve my mind, I had no higher end in view than to raise myself above the humble condition in which I was placed. I could not bear to be looked down upon by those in more favored circumstances than myself. I attended church regularly twice every Sabbath, but it was not from love to the truth or a desire to profit by the Word, but simply from habit and obedience to my parents. My memory being retentive, I could in the Sabbath evening repeat large portions of the sermons; but this only tended to foster my pride, as I got credit for attention to the discourse, and was praised for being a good boy. Often, indeed, my heart was pricked by the faithful and earnest preaching under which I sat, — often was I inclined to cry out, 'What must I do to be saved?' Alas! how often did I quench the Spirit, yet He did not leave me to my own devices. When I saw the members of the church approach the communion table while I was left behind, I had sore misgivings. I felt that it was my bounden duty to acknowledge my Lord and Saviour before men and angels, and I often resolved that I would do so before the next communion. For six weeks previous to the celebration of the Supper, notice was given from the pulpit of the day in each week when the minister would be glad to converse with those who desired to unite with the church in sealing ordinances. This was to me a time of searching of heart. I read Willison's Sacramental Meditations, and Henry's Communicant's Companion, and other devotional works fitted to instruct and impress my mind, and at last I resolved to call upon the minister and state my convictions. I was then fourteen years of age, a poor weaver lad, almost entirely excluded from society, — so much so that I had never until now entered the house

of our pastor. Each year, indeed, he visited his entire flock from house to house, and on these occasions he catechised the children, conversed with the parents regarding their spiritual interests, and prayed with the household; but these were the only opportunities I had enjoyed of access to him in private. As the ambassador of God, he appeared so venerable that I dreaded to approach him alone. And yet I preferred, I can hardly tell why, to converse with him rather than with my own father. On one of the appointed days I called at the manse and asked for the minister. I was introduced to his study, and told to be seated. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. After some short conversation on other subjects, he interrogated me regarding the nature and end of the Lord's Supper, my motives for desiring to participate in it, and the duties devolving on those who thus renounced the world. The interview was brief. He kindly encouraged me, and expressed himself satisfied with my answers. On parting he requested me to tell my father to call on him, as he wished to converse with him on the subject, and if entirely satisfied I should meet with the session on the Thursday previous to the communion. No obstacles were presented to my reception, and I became a member of the Secession Church of Earlston.

"This step I never regretted. It greatly strengthened me in my resolutions after amendment, and though I entered upon my Christian life in much fear and trembling, I was not left utterly to faint. When tempted to join with careless companions, I was withheld by the consideration, 'I have vowed unto the Lord, and cannot go back.'

"About this time a young weaver, three years older than myself, often conversed with me upon spiritual

subjects. We retired frequently together in the summer evenings to a field near our house, and there kneeled down and engaged in prayer. I have often looked back with delight upon these spiritual interviews, especially as my dear friend was, in the vigor of youth, seized with a brain fever, and after a severe struggle of five days yielded up his spirit into the hands of his Maker."

Mr. Carter's religious experience is a forcible illustration of the type of piety which is often seen where the training of children is faithful, and according to the Scriptural plan, where the parent is told to speak to his little ones "when thou sittest in the house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Christian nurture produces the highest kind of Christian character, symmetrical, earnest, and duty-loving. Of him the elder brothers and sisters who knew him as a child bore witness, "Robert was always a good boy." His sense of duty was ever strong, and even as a boy he lived not to himself. He assisted his parents in their responsibilities for the family, feeling as keen an interest as they did in the welfare of his brothers and sisters. Even to old age he never could understand how young men could work for themselves alone, without feeling the duty of helping their parents and extending to brothers and sisters a helping hand.

As an illustration of the way in which the daily life of his parents constantly preached to him, he used often in after life to tell a story of his walking one day with his father to a place at some distance. The way was hot and dusty, and they were feeling very thirsty, when in a little nook by the roadside they espied a crystal spring. The boy sprang eagerly forward to drink, but the man paused by the spring-side and raised the broad Scottish

bonnet from his head, and the child saw his father's lips move in prayer as he silently gave thanks to God before stooping to drink. It was an object lesson which he never forgot. Through life his grateful thought always went up to the Giver before enjoying the gift. It is pleasant to think that, as the son afterwards told the story in many a Sunday school, the simple act of that Scottish peasant, who would not take so much as a drink of water without thanking God for it, lived on for more than seventy years, and is still told "for a memorial of him." He often used another memory of his father as an illustration of the Heavenly Father's care. His vivid imagination, excited by the stories often told among the peasantry of "ghaists and bogies," made him as a child timid when alone in the dark. One night he had been making a visit with his father to the house of a neighbor, and as they returned home a severe thunder-storm came up. His father noticed how the little fellow shrank and shuddered at the swift and vivid flashes of lightning, and, drawing him closer to his side, threw over his head the skirts of the long loose mantle he was wearing, and so the boy walked through the darkness, clinging to his father's hand, and lapped in the folds of his cloak, until they reached the safe and happy fireside of their own home.

His strong imagination had ample food to feed upon in the tales of the Scottish border which were rife about them. He often described to his children how the neighbors would gather about their blazing fire of a winter's evening, and one and another would relate stories of life and adventure in the days of chivalry. Some of them he loved to repeat to the close of his life. Two of these stories he so often recounted to an interested circle of listeners, that they seemed to those

who knew him best almost a part of himself, and as such are related here, as nearly as possible in his own words; but the Scottish accent that lent them such a charm must needs be missing.

James the First of Scotland was sent as a child to France to be educated; but on the way his vessel was captured by an English cruiser, and he was carried a prisoner to England and brought up there to a degree of culture which he never could have found at the Scottish court. When he returned as a young man to Scotland, he found many abuses had arisen under the rule of his turbulent nobles, and these he set himself to correct. He was accustomed to go about *incognito* among his people, that he might discover their needs. One day in the garb of a peasant he approached a stream which he wished to cross, and seeing a soldier fishing near by he called to him to know if he could get across.

"Ou, ay," he replied, "there is a ford just here; but I 'll carry you across if you 'll gie me a gill o' whiskey at Meggie's," pointing to a tavern across the brook.

"But what 'll ye do if ye drap me in?"

"Ou, then, I 'll gie ye twa gills."

The king mounted the soldier's back, and the two got almost across the stream, when, as the soldier stoutly maintained afterwards, the king "clinked" him, and they both went down. "Aweel," said the soldier, "I 'll have to pay you my twa gills." So the two went into Meggie's, and drank their two gills, but when it came to the reckoning the soldier found he had no money.

"Hech, sirs," says the king, "what are ye gaun to dae noo?"

"O," says the soldier, "I 'll pawn my sword."

"But," says the king, "the twenty-first of the month

is coming roun', and there 's to be a graund review o' the troops, and what 'll ye do, wantin' your sword ? "

" I hae a timber sword just as like the ither as twa peas, — ye couldna tell the ane frae the ither. I 'll just carry that."

The twenty-first of the month came round, and the king was to review the troops in person. A deserter was brought in, and taken before the king for him to decide upon his punishment. The king said that desertion was so common that it was necessary to devise some punishment that would strike terror into the hearts of offenders, and therefore he would condemn the culprit to decapitation, and would himself choose the comrade who must perform the execution. So the king walked along the line of troops until he came to his quondam friend of the brook, and, singling him out, he said, " You must be the executioner ! "

The poor fellow sank down upon his bare knees, for he was a Highlander, and begged to be let off. " Send me agen the Southron, and I will fight to the death ; but I canna imbrue my sword in the blood of a countryman, I canna do it." But the king was inexorable, and the soldier was dragged forward, more dead than alive, to the place where a temporary scaffold had been erected. " May I not make a prayer with the unhappy wretch before he suffers ? "

" Certainly, I canna refuse that," said the king.

The soldier fell upon his knees and made a most fervent prayer that the eyes of those in authority might be opened, and that they might see the iniquity of taking away that which they never could restore, and that, in testimony of his displeasure, the Almighty would be pleased to turn his steel sword into a timber one. " Behold a miracle ! " he then exclaimed, springing to his

feet, and waving his sword above his head. "Behold a miracle!"

The generals standing by stepped forward, and examined the sword. "Please your Majesty, it is a fact. The sword is indeed a wooden one."

The king was laughing in his sleeve, and with difficulty controlled himself sufficiently to order the release of the prisoner. Then he said to the soldier, "You are colonel of such a regiment," adding in a whisper, "*but ye maunna pawn your sword at Meggie's again.*"

The other story was called "Geordie and the Ambassador."

When James the Sixth of Scotland came to the throne of England as James the First of that country, ambassadors came from all kingdoms of the Continent to congratulate him on his accession. Among the rest was the Spanish ambassador. One day he was talking with the king, who was a bit of a pedant, about the institutions of learning. He said, "There is one desideratum in our colleges which has never been attained. It is a professorship to teach dumb signs, so that when a Frenchman and a Spaniard and an Englishman come together they may make themselves understood by each other without difficulty."

Said the boastful king, "I have such a professorship. It is in the most northerly college in my dominions, at Aberdeen."

"I would gladly travel far to see such a wonder," said the ambassador. "I shall go to Aberdeen."

The embarrassed king wrote to the professors at Aberdeen that he was in a scrape, and they must get him out as best they could. When the ambassador arrived at Aberdeen, he was informed that the professor of dumb signs was from home for six weeks. "I am

going to make the tour of the Highlands," said he, "and will be back in six weeks." When he returned, the professors concluded that he must be got rid of in some way, for it would ruin them to fête him during a long stay.

There was one Geordie, a butcher, blind of one eye. Him they dressed up in professor's gown and a long wig coming down to his waist. Geordie was sworn not to speak, but only to answer the ambassador by signs. The ambassador was introduced, and the professors waited about the door. When he came out they asked, "How do you like our professor of dumb signs?"

"He is wonderful. I did not suppose such a man existed."

"But, to descend to particulars, what did he do?"

"I held up one finger to intimate that there was one God. He held up two to show there was the Father and the Son. I held up three to denote the Trinity. He doubled his fist to show that there was Trinity in Unity. I held up an orange to show the bounty with which a kind Providence had blessed the earth. He held up a piece of oat cake to show that the staff of life was better than the delicacies of it."

When Geordie came out, he was asked, "Aweel, Geordie, how did ye come on wi' the ambassador?"

"The ambassador! If I had him at the dam, I would gie him a guid deuking."

"Ye wadna deuk the ambassador, wad ye?"

"Atweel wad I."

"But what did he dae?"

"He held up ae finger, making a fule o' me wi' my ae ee." Geordie was blind of an eye. "I held up two to say that my ane was as guid as baith his. He held up three to signify there was only three atween us. I

doubled my nieve [fist] to let him ken I was ready for him. Mair than a' that, the puppy, he took out an orange to say that his country was a braw country, it could produce oranges. I took out a piece o' cake to let him ken that the land o' cakes was aye ready for his country, or else he needna be here."

Robert Carter's love for poetry was always very great. He became familiar with all the great poets, and learned his favorites by heart, and retained them through life. Gray's Elegy he loved to repeat. Young, Burns, Scott, and Byron he quoted at great length, and even Homer and Virgil in their original tongues.

But to return to his own narrative: —

"From a very early age the harvest was a season of hard labor. When not more than six or seven years old, I accompanied my elder brother to the harvest to glean behind the reapers. To pick up, one by one, the golden ears of wheat or barley or oats till our little hands were full, and then to bind up the handful and lay it aside, and commence again and again till the close of the day, with the back continually bowed down till it was almost like to break, was no easy task. And in the evening to carry home the fruits of the day's labor, sometimes a distance of one or two miles, required no small effort. Glad were we, worn out and weary, to sit down to our evening dish of oatmeal porridge and milk, and feel that our task for the day was done. During harvest I had no opportunity for reading. If I attempted to take a book in the evening, I invariably fell asleep. So that there was in each year a dreary blank which was worse than lost.

"As soon as I was able to wield a sickle, I became a reaper. At first, I could only do half duty, so that two of us stood for one. This work was to me extremely

painful. My hands were soft, and for the first week or two were sorely bruised. I often felt as if the sun stood still. And O what a relief did Saturday evening bring! The Sabbath was truly a day of rest, though we were almost too tired to enjoy it.

"One harvest, in order to see a little of the world, three of us set out on an excursion to England. After an early breakfast, we walked for seven or eight hours till we reached the Cheviot Hills, which separated Scotland from England. The weather had been exceedingly wet; a freshet, the largest for thirty-six years, had deluged the valleys, and in many places had carried off the bridges, and of course rendered walking very toilsome. As we proceeded onwards, we came to a mountain stream which had only a few minutes before our arrival swept away a bridge of seven arches. The people of the vicinity were running to the spot, and wondering over the havoc. We inquired how we could proceed, and were told that we must ascend the banks of the stream till it divided into two, some miles above, and there they supposed it could be forded. We started on our weary way, and walked, hungry and tired, till we were almost ready to lie down in despair, when we saw a shepherd's house among the hills at a distance. Thither we sped, and inquired how far we had to go before the river could be forded, and were informed that it was only a short distance off. The shepherd's wife asked us if we would have a glass of milk, and when we gladly answered yes, she presented some brown bread and milk, which seemed the most delicious feast we had ever tasted. Much refreshed, we again sallied forth, and proceeded onwards till we came to the forks of the river, where, taking each other by the hand, we crossed in safety.

"Late that evening we reached a farmer's house, where we asked for employment, and were accepted. We had, however, to wait a day or two before the grain was sufficiently dry for the sickle, and these days were employed in visiting the peasantry in the neighborhood. We were painfully affected by the gross ignorance that prevailed. Many of them could neither read nor write, and their conversation was of course entirely different from that of the same class in Scotland, though they were only a few miles from the border. An epidemic which prevailed the previous summer had carried off nearly a third of the inhabitants, and yet, alas! this chastening was in most cases without fruit. We shed many a tear with the poor survivors while they related their losses, but were pained by their vacant stare when we attempted to point out to them the resurrection and the life.

"Here we remained several weeks, and aided in gathering in the harvest. A quarter of a century has since passed away. Not one of the simple cottagers with whom we were thus temporarily associated have I ever since seen or heard from. Doubtless a large portion of them have passed that bourne whence no traveller returns. Did we aid them in preparation for that momentous change? I fear not. We were regular in our own private devotions, but I do not remember that we ever engaged in social prayer in any family of that neglected vineyard.

"In 1822, when I was fifteen years of age, a cousin who had a private school in the small borough of Selkirk, ten miles off, invited me to take his place for the winter while he took a term at the University of Edinburgh. This was an entirely new scene to me. On my way to Selkirk I passed Abbotsford, the fairy palace of

Sir Walter Scott. He was sheriff of Selkirk, and was known in our vicinity as the 'Shirra.' Great was the love and reverence in which he was held. Many a time have I gazed upon the lovely scene on the banks of the Tweed where the Wizard of the North wrote his wonderful creations. It was nearly midway between my home and Selkirk. The winter I spent in that old borough was one of great value to me. I had the charge of sixty boys and girls, and it was to me a new life. I must have been a very unskilful teacher, but if I did not succeed in giving my pupils much instruction, I learned much myself.

"Mr. Campbell, the parish minister, asked me to visit the jail and give some instruction to a young man, more sinned against than sinning, who lay in his cell there. I went from time to time, and found him ready to drink in every kind of knowledge. I had never been in such a place before, and the sensation was a very strange one when the jailer opened the massive doors and shut them upon me. But when I saw the hapless youth gaze upon me with wistful eyes, and give me a hearty welcome, I felt there was a blessed work for me to do. I never had a scholar who made such progress in so short a time. He did not wish his friends at home to know that he was in prison. One day he asked me to look over and correct a letter he had written to his father, and one expression in it afforded me much amusement: 'My present situation is very easy, but it is so confining that I am determined to leave at Whitsunday, when I hope to see you.'

"After my half-year in Selkirk, I returned to my loom again. In the following winter, 1823, I was urged to open an evening school in the spare room of our dwelling. I had twenty-eight scholars, most

of them older than myself. Shortly after we began work, a tall, powerful young man rose before the close of school, and went off without leave. Next evening I handed him books and slate, and told him he could not continue longer in my school. He left me, and soon came back with a letter from his father, begging me to take him back, and he would make any acknowledgments I chose. I took him back, and he never gave me any trouble again. I had the most perfect command of the school, and, as they were all most anxious to learn, much progress was made. After school, I often studied far into the night by a coal fire instead of a candle. I was not allowed a candle, lest I should sit too late. Young's Night Thoughts, especially the first four books, I almost committed to memory. Forty years later, after a long conversation with Archbishop Hughes, I quoted some lines from Young. 'Why,' said he, 'Young has been my *vade mecum* from my very early days.' I felt drawn to the aged prelate when I found he had drunk at the same fountain as I in life's morning.

"In 1824, I taught school at a little hamlet four miles from home, and twice a week walked over the hills to meet my cousin, who heard me recite in Latin. I think I made more progress that season than at any other period, as I had no society to interfere with my studies. We held a prayer meeting in a shepherd's house once a week, when I was refreshed by the warm prayers of the good old rustics, who 'knew, and knew no more, their Bible true.'

"In 1825, I opened a school in my native village. I had seventy day scholars, twenty at night. In my spare hours I read the Latin and Greek classics, and became somewhat familiar with the current literature I

could reach. The minister of the Relief Church, Rev. David Crawford, had his Sabbath school in my schoolhouse on Sunday afternoon, and a Bible class in the evening, and he invited me to take tea with him in the interval between the two sessions. This proved a great help to me, as he was a man of culture and refinement, and his library was open to me. His wife was a lineal descendant of the great Reformer, John Knox, and he sent me, after I came to America, a genealogical tree of her family, traced down through the three hundred years. He was afterwards called to Edinburgh to be a Secretary of the United Presbyterian Church.

"During this period, Professor Pillans of Edinburgh gave a course of lectures to the teachers of Scotland. Anxious to hear these lectures, I walked to Edinburgh, a distance of thirty miles. I left home on a Monday morning, a few minutes after midnight, and reached Edinburgh at ten o'clock, in time to hear the first lecture. The course was very suggestive to me, and enabled me to turn a new leaf. On Saturday at 1 P. M. I started for home, and reached it before midnight. Professor Pillans was the fellow student of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, and gave me many incidents of early days. He afterwards proved a most valuable friend."

Mr. Walter Carter writes the following reminiscence of this time: —

"The school was in a stone house near the 'Green,' on the Main Street. The large room was full of busy scholars, and the most rigid discipline, as in all the Scottish schools of that day, was maintained. As winter came on, there were signs of excitement in the school, as the habit was to bolt out the master on the shortest day, and have a holiday. When we reached the school that morning, we found the

scholars standing outside the door greatly elated. Some boys had barred the door, and had come out through a back window, thinking all was secure. Soon the master appeared on the street, with his usual alert step, and inquired the cause of the uproar. He was informed that the door was barred. He went round to the rear, and, putting a boy in the window, told him, in a voice that could not be gainsaid, to unbar the door. A more disappointed and crestfallen lot never defiled into school. It was very soon understood that one will there was law, and no appeal."

To resume the narrative of Robert Carter: —

"After three years' work in my native village (1825–1828) I walked one Friday afternoon to Melrose to visit a friend who was a student of theology. He received me very kindly, asked me to read to him in Latin and Greek, and then told me he had received a letter from Peebles, where he had taught for two years. The Rector of the Grammar School in which he had taught wanted a young man to fill the place he had occupied, and he urged me to go the following morning and apply for it. I told him I had not been at college, or even at grammar school, and that I was certainly unfit to take that place. He replied, 'You read the classics more fluently than I do, and if you go I will guarantee you will get it.' I started the next morning at five, and walked twenty-five miles, and reached Peebles before twelve. The Rector took me into his library, gave me one book and took another for himself, and asked me to read and translate. I did so. Volume after volume we took and read, and then he said, 'When can you come?' I told him I had a school of seventy scholars, and must dispose of it first, but that I would come on Thursday week. 'That will do,' he said, and then invited

me to stay to dinner. I then left him and walked the twenty-five miles I had traversed in the morning. I was then nearly twenty-one years of age, and full of hope. I reached home about ten, as my father was engaged in family prayers, in which I had a large share. After we rose from our knees, father, mother, brothers, and sisters, thirteen in all, surrounded me, and said they were glad I had returned, as they had feared I would go to Peebles. I told them I had been at Peebles, and was going back on Thursday week to commence work there. After securing a teacher for my school in Earlston, I began a new life. The school had forty boarding pupils, and nearly as many more from the town. Many of the boys were sons of the nobility and gentry, high-spirited youths, who were restive under control. The Rector was advanced in years, and the management of the boys devolved largely upon me. The tutor who had preceded me had left the school because he could not control the boys. They plagued him so that he sometimes told them with tears that they would break his heart; but there was nothing that they liked better than to break his heart, and his tears did not move them.

"The first morning that I was in charge, the boys behaved in a most uproarious manner, dancing and shouting about the room, heedless of my commands for order. I took the ringleader by the collar and laid him prostrate on the floor, saying, 'Lie there, sir, until Mr. Sloan comes in.' He saw that I was not to be trifled with, and begged to be allowed to rise. I told him he could do so if he was ready to behave himself, and he arose very meekly, and the others quietly took their places at their desks. From that time I had no trouble in securing order. But the work was very con-

fining, as I was with the boys almost day and night, sleeping in one of the dormitories. I saw the stars but twice that winter. We were in the school-room from seven to eight, from nine to twelve, from two to four, and from six to eight. Supper and prayers were before nine, when we saw the boys to their rooms. After supper I studied far into the night, as I had to prepare for the Rector's classes as well as my own, that I might assist the boys with their lessons.

"In stormy weather we had to keep them within doors all day, and it was no easy matter to keep them out of mischief. The Rector never found fault with anything I did, always meeting me with a pleasant smile; but neither did he express approval, and I feared I was not giving satisfaction, and I wrote home that I must look for employment elsewhere, as I knew I should not be wanted in Peebles after my year expired. One day the Rector said to me, 'Next year your salary will be forty pounds.' This was nearly double the first year: those were the days of small salaries.

"At the close of my second year, I resolved to go to Edinburgh College. The dear old Rector entreated me to stay with him, said I was a better scholar than he was, and yet he had always been a successful teacher. He offered to make the terms to suit me; but I felt the necessity of attending some higher classes in college, so I bade him an affectionate farewell.

"The classes in Edinburgh were very full that term (1830). Shortly after my entrance, Professor Pillans called up Lubienski, a Pole, and myself, to hold a conversation in Latin before the class (the educated Poles were taught to converse freely in Latin). He stood on one side of the room, and I on the other.

"I had fortunately read a volume of colloquies by

Corderius, and acquired some knowledge of familiar phrases, and therefore succeeded better than I feared; but I was so frightened that I had to lay hold of a chair in front of me to steady myself.

"In midwinter the parish school of Smailholm, six miles from my home, became vacant. I went thirty-six miles from Edinburgh to apply for it; the clergyman knew that I was a member of the Secession Church, and intimated that I need not apply. I felt this deeply, and said to my father, 'I shall not apply for a situation in my own land again; I will go to America, where my religious denomination will not stand in the way of my progress.'

"When I returned to my classes, Professor Pillans read out my name at the close of the hour, and asked me to stay and see him. He asked me if I was going to Smailholm. I said, 'No.' 'What was the matter? I was sure you would get it.' I told him I was not even allowed to apply, because I was a dissenter. 'I am glad of it,' said he. 'I have received a letter from Lord Althorp, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, asking me to send him a tutor for his son, and I will send you. He is to cruise two years in the Mediterranean; will visit Italy, Egypt, the Holy Land, Greece, and other parts. It will make a man of you.' I told him that if I had known it three days before I should have accepted, but now my mind was made up; I was going to America; that my father had eleven children, and I wanted to prepare the way for them. He said to me, 'If I were not too old, I would go to America also. It is the place for young men. I am acquainted with the good old Quaker, Dr. Griscom, who is at the head of the High School in New York, and I will give you a letter to him that may help you.' That

letter and several others he gave me did me great good.

"A few days later, I was again asked to stay after class, and Professor Pillans told me that the rector of an academy in the Isle of Man had died, and he would recommend me to the place if I wished; but I declined."

It may be added here, that many of the letters of recommendation received by Mr. Carter at this time are still extant, and all speak in the highest terms of his scholarship and character. There is no faint praise. The Edinburgh professors, Mr. Sloan of Peebles, and his clergyman in Earlston, all express unmeasured commendation. Professor Pillans in one letter speaks of his "perfect regularity and uniformly correct and exemplary deportment," and adds, that "he had acquitted himself remarkably well in public examinations, and gave proofs of great industry and proficiency." In another he says, "It gives me much pleasure to state that he has throughout distinguished himself as one of the ablest and most diligent of my pupils."

From Mr. Sloan and the clergyman of Peebles came letters of the most cordial praise, and it was added, "He is much beloved by the boys under his charge, which I consider no small recommendation in a teacher."

CHAPTER II.

"IN March, 1831, I engaged my passage in the ship 'Francis,' that was to sail from Greenock on the 4th of April. I left Edinburgh, and went to bid adieu to my native village. The voyage was a very different thing then from what it is now. The Atlantic seemed wider; the new land less known.

"One good woman took me aside, and kindly urged me to take a wife with me to America. 'Ye 'll get naething there but a Yankee, and they 're a' black.' The separation from home and friends was most trying.

"At six o'clock in the morning of my departure, about thirty acquaintances and friends assembled in my home, and many of them were deeply affected. As I arose to go, my mother, who had embraced me most tenderly, fainted and fell on the sofa. My friends said, 'You had better go now before she returns to consciousness.' My father and many friends accompanied me. They dropped off two by two, till, after walking ten miles, my father and a very dear friend alone were left. We parted in silence. I gazed after them till they reached the top of a little hill, and gradually disappeared from view. I then sat down by the silvery Tweed and gave full vent to my feelings. I was alone with God. In a more fervent prayer than perhaps I had ever offered before, I commended myself and my father's family to His keeping, washed my face in

the Tweed, wiped my face with my handkerchief, and went on my way. In the afternoon I reached Peebles, where I met with a warm reception from my dear friends, and the following day went to Edinburgh, and from there to Greenock. There was no one on board the 'Francis' whom I knew, save one, a gardener, Richard Davidson, eight years older than I, who had attended a prayer-meeting with me in my native village, and was very dear to me. We left Greenock on Monday, the 4th of April; my friend had his father and mother and two sisters with him. There was an excellent family of five, the Ainslees, nearly related to him, who formed a circle of friends that showed me great kindness.

"On the first Sabbath morning, my friend said to me, 'There are many pious people on board, but there is no clergyman. We ought to have a service, and you must take the lead.' I remonstrated, but there was no one else, and he insisted on my opening the meeting with prayer, after singing a psalm. In the prayer I felt that we were alone with God. All around me seemed to have the same feeling, and there was a Bochim. God was there of a truth; we then read a lecture on the Acts by Dr. John Dick, of Glasgow, and my friend closed with prayer and singing. We were six weeks on the voyage, and each Sabbath had a similar service. I had reason to believe that some were born again on board.

"Captain Peck, who was the principal owner of the ship, took me aside before we landed, and said: 'This is one of the most pleasant voyages I ever made, and I attribute it in great part to your influence. If I can do you any service, I will be glad to do it.' I held him to his word. Before a year had passed, I went

to him and told him I wanted to bring out my father and family, twelve in all, and I would pay him when they landed. 'I will gladly do it for you,' he said, 'though I have always insisted on payment in advance.' I saved enough the first year to pay for all, and the same week, one year later, they were all with me in New York."

Mr. Carter never lost sight of his fellow passengers of the "Francis." Many of them were his lifelong friends. One of them was a little boy of five or six years, of whom he made quite a pet, and who used to walk the deck with him, holding his hand. This little George Ainslee grew up into a noble, self-sacrificing man, a devoted missionary to the Indians, and, when his mission was broken up by the war, becoming an equally devoted minister of the Presbyterian Home Mission Board.

Mr. Carter used often to relate an amusing incident of the voyage. To beguile the monotony of sea life, the young men formed a debating society, and were one day assembled near the bulwarks, when suddenly there came a cry from the other side of the ship, "Richard! Richard!" and, looking across, they saw an old woman clinging to a rope that hung from the rigging. "Something is the matter with your mother, Richard." The young man crossed to inquire into the difficulty. "What 's the matter, mother?" "O, they 're a' gaun to the one side of the ship, and it is going to coup [upset], and I 'm just haudin' doon wi' a' my micht." It was irresistibly comic, the idea of the frail little woman, weighing perhaps ninety pounds, holding down the great ship, and the laughter that ensued broke up the debating society for that day.

Many of that little company of Scottish emigrants

sought homes near together in Saratoga County, New York, where they formed a little colony, following their old customs, and had a flourishing church where their beloved Scotch version of the Psalms was sung. Thither Mr. Carter took his father's family in the following year, when they came to America. The older people always clung lovingly to the memories of their home beyond the water, and always maintained that there was nothing in America that was quite equal to what they had in Scotland, "unless it were the moon."

The sole male survivor of Mr. Carter's fellow voyagers on the "Francis" is Mr. Richard Davidson, who settled in Troy, New York, and opened a classical school there. They had occasional affectionate intercourse in after life, never losing sight of each other. In the last year of Mr. Carter's life this old friend visited him. Mr. Davidson was at the advanced age of eighty-nine, but, though bowed under the weight of years, his mental powers were clear and vigorous. He writes: —

"Mr. Carter was naturally very cheerful and happy, and therefore added much to our enjoyment during the long voyage. . . . We were both Commissioners to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church meeting in Baltimore, in 1872. It is customary at these gatherings to designate members of the Assembly to conduct religious services in different parts of the city on the Sabbath. When I met Mr. Carter on Saturday evening he with a grave countenance said, 'What do you think they are going to do with me? They are going to send me to the penitentiary.' On meeting him on Monday morning I remarked, 'They did not keep you in confinement long.' 'No, I got out on account of good behavior.'"

To resume Mr. Carter's narrative: —

"When I reached New York, a city at that time [May 16, 1831] of two hundred thousand inhabitants, I did not know a person in it. There was a clergyman whose boys I had taught in Peebles, who had come to New York the preceding year. I had letters for him addressed to the care of a merchant at 407 Broadway. I went to that place, and found the owner at home. He told me that the minister for whom I inquired had gone to Washington County, N. Y., but that he would forward the letters to him. He asked me if I had just landed. I said I had. He then asked me what I meant to do here. I told him I was a teacher. He shook his head: 'Had you been a mason, or a carpenter, or a blacksmith, I could have got you employment at twelve shillings a day; but there is no such encouragement for a schoolmaster.' I showed him some of my letters of introduction, and asked where I could find the parties addressed. He took up the letter for Dr. Griscom, and said, 'My son David is a pupil there, I will introduce you to the Doctor.' The High School was in Crosby Street near Grand Street. We went there and saw the Doctor. He was engaged with his class, but he took the letter, and after reading it he took me very affectionately by the hand and said, 'I welcome thee to our country; we greatly need such as thee. Come to-night at six o'clock, and take a cup of tea with me, and I will introduce thee to some of my friends.' As we came down stairs, my friend said to me, 'Perhaps you are going to do here after all: the Doctor has great influence.' I made answer, 'I've got to do.'

"I had never met a member of the Society of Friends before, but I was impressed with the idea that I must be

very punctual and exact in my dealings with them, so six o'clock found me walking up and down before the door, and just as the clock struck the hour my hand was on the door bell. The good Doctor had a few friends at table beside his own family, and he introduced me very affectionately, saying, 'This is friend Robert Carter from Edinburgh. He brings letters from Professor Pillans. We gladly welcome him.' Never can I forget the kindness shown me then and always by this noble and generous man.

"I had been taught in Scotland that it was good table manners to refuse the delicacies offered, and wait to be pressed before accepting; but I found that this system did not obtain here, and that a dainty once refused was not offered again, so that, if I wanted my supper, I must eat what was set before me. This struck me as being much more sensible than our Scottish plan. The conversation at table was of a high order, simple, cultured, Christian. I could not have had a finer specimen of an American home than this first one I entered. The conversation turned upon the literary institutions of Scotland, her eminent men, and the general diffusion of education among the masses of the people. On these subjects I was quite at home, and the circle around us was evidently interested in it. I have often since reflected, how kind and considerate he was to turn our attention to subjects with which he knew me to be familiar. After a delightful evening, I returned to my lodgings, and poured out my heart in gratitude to the Father of mercies, who had disposed strangers to take me so kindly by the hand.

"A day or two later Dr. Griscom introduced me to the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, and other influential friends. Mr. Verplanck examined me in Greek and

Latin, and the Doctor and he gave me a letter to Professor Anthon of Columbia College, asking him to examine me and report to them. When I delivered this letter, the Professor asked me to meet him at four o'clock at his house in the college building. I did so. He gave me one book and took another, and asked me to read and translate. After reading portions from the Latin authors, he did the same with the Greek, and questioned me on various subjects. He was greatly pleased because I used the Continental method of pronunciation taught in Edinburgh, but not yet introduced into this country. He then said, 'There is a highly respectable academy at Jamaica in which there is a vacancy. I will recommend you as classical instructor if you would like to go there.'

"This offer chilled my heart. I knew of no other Jamaica save the island in the West Indies. Several young men from my native village had gone there and had grown rich, but had become immoral and profligate. One of them returned home for a visit, patted me on the head, and said to my father, 'If you will give me this boy, I will make a man of him.' My dear father replied, 'I would sooner lay him in the kirkyard than send him to Jamaica. I value the favor of God more than all this world can give me.'

"I need not say that I declined the offer, and said I would rather take a humbler position in New York. He told me he thought that I was right; that New York was the best place for a young man. He then said, 'Mr. Cairnes, a countryman of yours, who has been one of our teachers, has had a hemorrhage and will never teach again: I will give you his class in the Grammar School of Columbia College. Come to-morrow at nine, and begin your work.' I then asked if he

would give me a letter to the good friends who had sent me to him. He did so, sealed it up, and gave it to me.[1]

"I had been teaching a few days at the Grammar School when another professor came into my room and told me he wished to introduce me to a countryman of mine, who had two sons in the school. He took me into an adjoining room, and the gentleman received me very kindly, and invited me to tea. After tea, he proposed to give me a home at his own house on condition that I would aid his boys in preparing their lessons in the evenings. This suited my purpose, and aided me in bringing out my father's family. A few days later I was invited by Mr. Verplanck and Mr. Murray to meet them at four o'clock P. M. They told me that the Trustees of the High School had unanimously elected me to become Classical Instructor in that institution. I consulted Professor Anthon, and he said it was a better position than he could give me, and advised me to accept it. After this I recommended Messrs. Chisholm, Penman, Henderson, and Thomson to the Grammar School of Columbia College, and they found employment there. For years the school was supplied with young Scotchmen as teachers.

"The High School was then on the wane, and it was not long till it was discontinued. Mr. R. Smith, then superintendent of the lower department, formed a partnership with me, and we opened a school on the corner of Broadway and Grand Street. All the pupils that were with me in the High School save one came there.

[1] Mr. Carter did not know the contents of this letter for many years, but it finally came into his possession at the death of Mr. Verplanck. It was couched in the most complimentary terms as to his scholarship and abilities.

I had some excellent boys, who afterwards took high positions in the world. One, the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, became Vice-President of the United States; another, a general in the army; a third, a leading financier of New York; a fourth, a prominent clergyman in this city; and others became useful and honored men."

Mr. Carter was through life remarkable for his social qualities; he was interested in others, and expected them to be interested in him, and his expectation was almost invariably realized. The friendly hand that he so frankly extended to others received a cordial grasp in return. "He that hath friends, must show himself friendly." Dr. Guthrie used to say that he had noticed that everybody, men, women, and children, liked to be spoken to, and wherever he went he acted on this principle, and was always kindly received. Mr. Carter was of the same mind. The people he met on his first day in New York, like the passengers on the good ship "Francis," were his friends for life, and their children after them. The relationship between him and Dr. Griscom was like that between father and son. Most tender and true was his love to the man whom he esteemed as his benefactor. He had a letter of introduction from Edinburgh for the Rev. Dr. Stark, and the first building he entered in New York was a store, where he stopped to inquire for his address. The proprietor, Mr. Robert Marshall, exchanged glances with his young wife, to whom he had been married the week before, and said, "He is our pastor," and offered to go with him to Dr. Stark's house. When Mr. Carter lay on his death-bed, fifty-eight years later, this same friend called to see him, and as Mr. Carter took his hand in parting, he said to him with emotion, "This is the same

hand I clasped on my first day in America," and the two friends shed tears of affection together. A few months later Mr. Marshall followed Mr. Carter to the eternal city. Can we not imagine the renewed hand-clasping in the land where partings are no more?

Dr. Stark also was a warm friend as long as he lived. When Mr. Carter entered into business three years later, he said to him, "I know your capital is small. If at any time a few hundreds would be a help to you, I will gladly lend them without interest." Mr. Carter never required this aid, but felt himself greatly indebted to Dr. Stark for advice, for kindly words of encouragement to himself and indorsement to others.

Often in after life Mr. Carter spoke of the solitary feeling that came over him as he laid his head upon his pillow on his first night in the New World. He remembered that he was alone in this great city; that if he should die that night, there would be none to mourn him; that those who loved him would not know of his death till many weeks should pass away. Then the thought of the loving Father, who was as near him in New York as to his dear ones three thousand miles away, whose watchful eye never slept, and whose tender care was ever about him, comforted his drooping heart. It was the same thought, beautifully expressed by the Quaker poet, born the same year as himself, —

> "I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air;
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care."

And so he laid him down and slept, and awaked, for the Lord sustained him.

On the morning of his first Sabbath in America, he inquired at his boarding-house where he could find a

Scotch church. "You mean *the* Scotch Church? It is in Cedar Street, and Dr. McElroy is its pastor." He went there, and from that day till the close of his life it was his church home, and became dear to him as the apple of his eye. Dr. McElroy was then at the zenith of his reputation, a most earnest and eloquent preacher, full of zeal and fire. He preached entirely without notes, not even writing his sermons, but preparing them with extreme care, and delivering them word for word as prepared. Sometimes in delivery he would substitute a synonymous word for the one he had intended, but was never satisfied till he had gone back and used the very word he had chosen in preparation. He was a most tender-hearted friend, and greatly beloved in his congregation.

A few Sundays later, Mr. Carter entered the Scotch Church Sunday school, and was soon one of the most active teachers, and leader of the teachers' meeting. In 1837 he was made Superintendent, a position he filled for more than thirty years. In 1847 he was made an elder in the church.

It was in this Sunday school that Mr. Carter first met her who was destined to be for more than fifty years his helper, tried and true, in the battle of life. None but himself and his children could know what a power was in that gentle, quiet life that was lived beside his, nor how strong was the influence exercised over him by his wife. The heart of her husband could safely trust in her.

Miss Jane Thomson was the eldest daughter of Mr. Samuel Thomson, an old and highly respected citizen of New York, an active and honored elder of the Scotch Church. Mr. Thomson was a native of Maryland, whence he removed to New York in 1804. He was

of Scotch Irish descent, his ancestors coming from the North of Ireland to America in 1754. His father, Hugh Thomson, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather were buried in the Piney Creek Presbyterian Church graveyard, Taneytown, Md. He married, in 1807, Ann, daughter of Archibald Strean, who had come from Belfast, Ireland, in 1798. Of this noble and excellent couple it may be said, "None knew them but to love them; none named them but to praise." The family were thoroughly identified with the Scotch Church. As Mr. Thomson's children married and settled in life, the connection was continued, and at one time thirteen pews in that church were occupied by his descendants. Miss Thomson's parents and grandfather being members of that church, she was from infancy a baptized member, entered into full communion there, as did her children after her, and in all her seventy-six years she never had any other church home. She would not have hesitated to say of it, "If I forget thee, let my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." Those who knew Miss Thomson in her youth loved to speak of her great beauty, and her sweet and winning ways. Those who only knew her when her benevolent face was framed by soft silvery curls can hardly believe that the beauty of youth exceeded that of age. And surely the youthful character, however lovely, could not have rivalled the charm that was brought down to a mellow old age by a life of self-forgetful love for others.

Mr. Carter's love for his young bride was strong and ardent, and it never waned. Strangers who saw his active busy life, and heard his ready, outspoken utterance, may have thought that the quiet, retiring woman

at his side was not his equal in force of character; but he never thought so, nor did those who knew them best. She had a mind of her own, though it was very gently expressed. Though ever ready to yield in trifles, where principle was involved she was firm as a rock. To her was fulfilled the promise, "The meek will He guide in judgment." Mr. Carter was ever ready to acknowledge his indebtedness to her wisdom. All their decisions were made together, and with the most entire unanimity.

They were married March 18, 1834. We may learn how much things have changed since those days from the fact that the quiet little wedding had to take place at six o'clock in the morning, in order that the bridal pair might reach Philadelphia on their wedding trip before night.

We may imagine that the future prospects of the young couple had caused the bride's parents no little anxiety. Teaching is never a very lucrative business; and though the school had prospered wonderfully, Mr. Carter's strong sense of duty to his father's family, and his great liberality to them, had prevented his saving much. He was rich only in faith, hope, energy, and ability. Mr. Thomson was a man of considerable means, but he had ten children, and could not be expected to do much for his daughter in his lifetime. Mrs. Thomson was a woman of excellent judgment and great fertility of resource, and she suggested to her daughter, that, while Mr. Carter could never expect to make a fortune at teaching, he was a man of good business capacity, and that he knew and loved books so well that he ought to make a good bookseller. This was a very short time before the marriage. The idea at once took root, and the very next morning before school Mr. Car-

ter was looking about through the business portions of the city for a store suitable for his new venture. He found one on the corner of Canal and Laurens Streets, which he took for the 1st of April. He had saved just six hundred dollars, a small sum with which to launch out simultaneously in business and matrimony. He heard of an insolvent bookseller on Cortlandt Street, who had advertised for sale his stock in trade, and he went to him and offered his six hundred dollars, which was accepted, and he was ready to start in business as soon as he returned from his wedding trip.

Mr. Thomson gave his daughter a house and furniture, and they set up their simple housekeeping. It took great faith and courage in the young bride, who had been used to comfort and luxury, to start in life with such indefinite prospects; but she felt her husband to be no ordinary man, and her confidence in him was not misplaced. The young people were resolved that nothing should ever tempt them to run in debt in the smallest degree, and they resolved also, that if possible they should lay by something every year; and this they always succeeded in doing, though it required the most rigid economy, especially as they always extended a very liberal helping hand to the father's household in Saratoga County. Mr. Carter had one of the younger brothers to help him in the business, and at different times he had four of his brothers with him.

The very first day his store was opened, a woman came in, and asked for a Bible. He showed her his stock, and she chose out a handsome copy, and asked its price. He was not yet familiar with his price list, and answered at random, "Seventy-five cents." "That is wonderfully cheap," said she, and at once paid for it. After she had gone, Mr. Carter looked up the list, and

found that he had lost considerably on his bargain, but it always pleased him to remember that the Bible was the first book he ever sold. His first year of business yielded him a much larger return than his school had done, and each succeeding year proved more favorable than the last.

His sturdy independence and frugal habits were important factors in his success. One day when his assistant was very busy in the store, Mr. Carter, as he was going home to dinner, picked up a large package of books, intending to deliver them to a customer on his way. As he was passing through the streets, he met a young bookseller who had started in business about the same time as himself, and the young man remarked sneeringly, "Ah! I see you are your own porter." "Yes," said Mr. Carter, "I am not ashamed to do any necessary work."

Mr. Carter soon removed into a somewhat larger store, at the corner of Canal and Mercer Streets, and there began to publish books. The following account of these early business days was found among his papers: —

"In 1836 Mr. James Lenox sent for me and gave me a book which he valued very much and advised me to publish. I did so, and he took one hundred copies, and distributed them mainly among the students of Princeton Seminary. This book was Symington on the Atonement. I took a copy of it to some of the leading booksellers in New York, and they told me I had mistaken my calling, — that this was too dry a book for Americans, though it might have suited the Covenanters of Scotland two hundred years ago. Notwithstanding this, the first edition went off, and fifteen hundred more were printed and sold. It was then

stereotyped, and more than six thousand have been circulated.[1]

"There was one element in my work as a business man which was of great importance to me. I had started with a small capital of six hundred dollars, and I had resolved to owe no man anything save very temporarily. This was of immense value to me. When a panic tried the strength of many around me, I had nothing to trouble me, and generally the panic gave me strength. I was ready to act as soon as it had passed, and felt more hopeful than before."

He had always followed the plan of giving one tenth of his income to the Lord's treasury; but of this period he writes: —

"When I reached that point where I had a surplus above what was required for my business purposes, I looked around to see what use I could make of it. I resolved to consecrate to the Master's work as much as I expended on my family. This had a double blessing. It caused economy at home, and enabled me to use cheerfully for Christian work what I had thus set apart. A dear friend, who had broken up housekeeping on account of the death of her husband, offered me her carriage and pair of fine horses on condition that I would use them in my family. I told her I could not do that, as it might prove a snare for my chil-

[1] It may be interesting to add here, that in the last year of his life Mr. Carter, while visiting the Lenox Library with his grandchildren, inquired if there was a copy of Symington on the Atonement there. The book was found, and on the fly leaf was the inscription with which he had presented it to Mr. Lenox. It was a great gratification to him to see this book, which he regarded as a sort of corner stone to all his publications, preserved in this permanent manner in his old friend's library. Symington on the Atonement continued on his catalogue to the end of his life.

dren, whom I was desirous to educate with simple tastes and for useful ends. But I advised her to sell them, and use the money in advancing the kingdom of Christ. I have reason to believe that she appropriated every dollar she thus received for sacred purposes.

"By this time I had learned a precious lesson, that the blessing of the Lord alone maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow. Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. I was taught to look up every day and every hour for that blessing. And O how sweet it is to feel and to say, 'In Thee alone I put my trust!'

"From the commencement of my work as a publisher, I devoted my spare hours to reading books and manuscripts with a view to publication. I read thousands of volumes, and rejected perhaps five for one that I adopted. I cannot say that this was always wisely done, but it was a safe measure. When I had issued two hundred books, I examined carefully what they cost and what they brought, and found that there were only five on which I had sunk money, and the aggregate of loss was not more than two hundred dollars. There were at the same time not more than twenty on which much profit was made. Many just returned the investment, and little more. It required the strictest economy to make business prosper. But there was one great advantage. I gave no notes, and owed nothing, so that my mind was kept clear from anxiety. It was a delightful work. During the day I watched the current that was moving before me, and conversed with some of the best men and most ardent lovers of the lost whom Christ died to save. In my early years I owed much to Mrs. J. F. Sheafe, a sister of Mr. Lenox.

She was fond of reading, had a clear head and a loving heart. She would lay aside all other work, and read any new book that I sent to her, and give me a distinct statement of her impressions of its value. There was scarcely any volume that she indorsed which failed to find a market. But as the years passed on and business increased, I thought I could not tax her any more. But she often said to me, 'It was you who gave me up, not I you.'"

CHAPTER III.

MR. CARTER'S eldest child was born March 29, 1836, and was named for his grandfather, Samuel Thomson. He was a child of great promise, docile and lovable in an unusual degree. He had a quick and thoughtful mind, with a ready memory, which stored up a large number of psalms and hymns, and other bits of poetry. His parents afterwards felt that his mind had been stimulated too much, but it was such a pleasure to teach the bright precocious little fellow that it was hard to resist the temptation to give him the information he so eagerly sought. He lived not quite four years, but there are many still on earth who cherish lovingly the memory of the bright little boy who went to heaven more than fifty years ago. The thought of him was always a power in the family, and he seemed like a real living presence to the younger brothers and sister, most of whom had never seen him, and the tradition of him has been handed down to the next generation, who think tenderly of the little Uncle Samuel, who died before their parents were born. Even that little child, though dead half a century ago, still speaketh. Forty-five years after his death, his mother told a friend that she did not think a Sunday had passed since he was taken from her that she had not repeated to herself all the ten psalms and hymns which he had learned and been accustomed to recite to her on Sundays. His father writes of him: —

"When he was three years and six months old, his mother and I were driving with him along a beautiful road in the country. We passed through a charming valley where the green hills bathed by the afternoon sun closed upon us. We gazed in silence. A sweet voice uttered the words:

'As round about Jerusalem
The mountains stand alway,
The Lord his folk doth compass so
From henceforth and for aye.'

This verse from a Psalm which he had committed to memory he applied to the scene before us. His mother asked him what he was saying, and again he repeated the verse, waving his hand to the hills about us.

"There was a spring in the side of a hill near to our country home around which there was a rustic seat. The dear boy was seated by me while I was reading one day, and, running up to me, he took me by the chin and said, 'Papa, will this spring flow in this way when you and I are dead?' I replied, 'Yes.' 'Our spirits will be in heaven then, won't they?'

"I little thought that in a few months that spring would cease to flow, — some excavations having interfered with it, — and that before another year had come to us that dear boy should be with our Father in heaven. His death after a few months was the first and sorest trial of my life. In my father's family of eleven and my wife's family of ten there had been no death for forty years. We had seen death around us, but our families had remained unbroken. At the funeral my father-in-law rode in the carriage with me, and the coffin of my dear boy lay before us. He uncovered the glass and looked at the sweet face, and with streaming eyes said, 'Who will be the next?'"

A very touching little diary has been preserved, in which Mr. Carter had noted down the progress of his little boy's illness, with such comments as the following.

"*January* 28. Hope and despair vibrating in our minds. Extremely wretched, — the gloomiest day we have had."

"*January* 29. The poor dear boy sinking fast, his limbs wasting to a skeleton, eyes as bright as ever, — perfectly collected. Prayed with him several times. He seemed to pierce through me with his keen eyes, as if he understood all that was said and meant, though he could not speak."

"*January* 30. The last and severest day of all. His eyes were bright as ever, but his whole powers were evidently giving way. Even then when I prayed with him he seemed intensely interested, as if he were aware that he was encountering the king of terrors. About midnight he put out his lips to kiss papa and mamma, and seemed to bid us a last farewell. At three o'clock precisely on Friday morning, the 31st of January, he breathed his last, without a struggle or a groan. His spirit gently departed to his Father and his God. May his departure be blessed to his mourning friends! If these things were done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry? O that we and all dear to us may be enabled to say, We shall go to him, but he will not return to us! Go to him! Where and what is he? All glorious! all light! all love! His active spirit bathes in the fountain of bliss. 'Alleluia!' let us hear him exultingly exclaim, 'Alleluia! Glory to the Lamb, who has washed me in his blood and presented me pure and spotless before his Father's throne!'"

He writes again: —

"The death of this loved boy taught us many useful lessons. I thought of a class of six children in my Sabbath school, and sent them a letter urging them to come to Christ, accompanied with a little book entitled 'My Saviour.' Four of the six became members of the church the next communion. One dear young lady died some years later with this book lying on her breast, and her thin, transparent hands pointing to the page which she had been reading when she breathed her last. A younger brother of my own, who had slept with the dear boy in his bosom for some years, was suddenly awakened to a sense of his lost condition. He was a bright scholar, and had become conscious of it, and proud of his acquirements, and sometimes questioned the wisdom of God's dealings with men. When this stroke came upon us, he was in an agony. The dearest object of his love lay dead. He had witnessed the simple piety of the child of less than four years of age, and exclaimed, 'Where would I have been had I been taken instead of him? I had the audacity to question the goodness of God, and now I am lost.' His struggles were fearful, but God had mercy on him, and made him a burning and shining light in this world of darkness. An older brother, who had professed Christ some years before but had been turned about and chilled, became a new man, and gave bright testimony to his faith in the dear Redeemer. In the Sabbath school whole classes were brought to a decision which affected all their future lives. We could only say, 'See what God hath wrought.'"

Among the earliest publications of Mr. Carter were the writings of Miss Catharine Sinclair. She was the daughter of Sir John Sinclair, a leading British philanthropist and voluminous writer nearly a century ago. He closed a long and honored life in 1835, in his eighty-

second year. He had a numerous family, several of whom attained distinction. They were remarkable for their great stature, and he used to refer to his six daughters as "my thirty-six feet of daughters." Mr. Carter met Miss Catharine Sinclair in 1841, and said he was very glad when she sat down to talk to him, for he did not like to look up to a woman who towered so far above him. The following letter from her is interesting for its pictures of a time so long passed, and shows the cordial relations which subsisted from the very first between this publisher and his authors.

"Your very acceptable and interesting letter reached me on the 12th, and I have to thank you also for a packet of books, among which 'Hill and Valley' appeared as an old friend with a new face. The printing is so correct and the binding so handsome that our publishers here must really look to themselves to keep pace with you. I am now bringing out a third thousand of 'Hill and Valley,' which has met with exactly a similar reception to that you so obligingly inform me of at New York, being more approved of, but less sold, than the works of fiction, which are always more popular, so that authors are not encouraged to speak the truth.

"'Holiday House' is already in a second edition, and I was greatly annoyed to perceive that Mr. W. had not sufficiently attended to my directions about forwarding the sheets to you, which I had trusted entirely to his doing, because as long as I hold a pen it will be a gratification to me that you should continue the office you so kindly assumed at first of sponsor for my works at New York. Mr. W. is now in London. I know that he received your letter and remittance in due course, but several of the works you ordered lately are out of print, as indeed many of our best standard authors are now, to make way for the flood of modern literature crowding into the press every day.

"In divinity nothing goes off so rapidly as controversy, such as the Oxford Tracts, filled with disputes whether the clergy should turn to the south or to the north in administering the sacrament, and whether they should pray from a low stool or a reading-desk, while meanwhile the weightier matters of the law are neglected; but I trust the Bible will assert its superiority over the rubric, and St. Paul be always authority. In fiction there has been a most extraordinary sale for Lady Lytton Bulwer's new work, 'Cheveley,' two editions of which were sold in London before a single copy has been spared to us at a distance; therefore, I have only seen extracts sufficient to prove that it is flavored to the reigning taste with gossip and scandal, our present ministry and her Majesty the Queen being introduced as leading characters, and made to take a conspicuous share in the story and in the dialogues. It is quite a recent innovation, that of taking living persons and using them as puppets to play the game of life with, but it occasions great astonishment that the Queen herself has been so freely handled. Sir Lytton Bulwer and his lady used to write fictions in concert, but they have now quarrelled and have separated; therefore she adopts the Tory side of politics in opposition to him, and wishes to show that the wit and talent of their former works was all her own, which has sharpened her pen considerably.

"I should like much to see the New York Review which you mention; and although it is an additional pleasure to see any of your friends who are obliging enough to bring me an introduction from you, yet the expense of any package or letter is no object to me, and I hope may never stand in the way of my hearing from you or receiving any such notices of my work as might be not only interesting, but extremely useful as containing suggestions.

"I propose this summer to spend some months in travelling over the most interesting parts of Scotland. Little has been written of a lighter kind on this romantic land, and in all probability I may be tempted to continue my 'Hill and

Valley' amongst our native glens, where past and present times may furnish an ample field of interest. But owing to the advanced age and uncertain health of my mother, such plans must be formed with still greater uncertainty than attaches to all hopes and wishes we indulge in this world, and which can only be formed with the pleasing consciousness that they depend upon the will of One whom it is always our delight to trace in all we are enabled to do, and even in much we are hindered from doing.

"I have often discussed with my brothers the pleasure it would give us at some future time to visit America, and we do hope at some distant period to visit our friends in New York, as it is scarcely a greater undertaking now than a trip to London formerly.

"When my father corresponded with your illustrious Washington, he intended at one time to emigrate with his family, and had a strong partiality for that country, which we have all inherited, and all we read of your magnificent scenery and noble institutions has served to confirm our anticipation of pleasure in a country of such increasing prosperity. I therefore hope in years to come that we may have the pleasure of seeing you, and claiming old acquaintance."

In 1841 Mr. Carter revisited his old home in Scotland, taking with him his wife and infant son, and his wife's sister. An amusing incident occurred the very day they landed. On the cars between Liverpool and London two men sat opposite them who were discussing America, and one of them asserted that all Americans were black. This aroused the combativeness of Miss Thomson, who was a thorough-going American, and taking her little nephew from the nurse's arms she extended the fair-skinned infant towards the stranger, saying, "Is this child black?" "That child never saw America." "He has not been in England twenty-four

hours." The discomfited stranger held his peace after that on a subject of which he knew so little.

A warm welcome awaited the travellers at the old home in Earlston. Some of the simple-hearted villagers had formed great ideas of the prosperity of their fellow townsman. His wife had some gilt buttons on one of her gowns, and it was whispered about that Mrs. Carter was so rich that she never wore anything but gold buttons.

In an evil hour, many years before, Mr. Carter's father had become security for a friend who was a flour-dealer in Earlston. This man, though honest, became bankrupt, and old Mr. Carter was bound to pay the money. It was a heavy load for him to bear, and his son determined to pay it off while on this visit to his old home. He often said he had never done anything that gave him more pleasure. The chief creditor said, when the money was paid him, "This will support me for two years." When Mr. Carter gave his father the receipts, he exclaimed joyfully, "I can now depart in peace, for I owe no man anything."

Suretyship has been a great stumbling-block to many Scotchmen, who are led into it by their strong sense of the obligations of friendship. Mr. Carter found his Cousin Thomas, to whom he owed so much of his early education, staggering under a similar burden. His father, too, had become security for a friend, and incurred the obligation of the debt. The old gentleman had just died, and his son was overwhelmed with a debt which he had no means of paying, and his creditor was pressing him sorely. Mr. Carter felt that he owed this cousin what money could never pay, and gladly told him that he would make the payment for him. Mr. Thomas Carter was overcome with gratitude,

and thanked his cousin with many tears. He told him that he had been almost on the verge of insanity; that his case had seemed perfectly hopeless, and his sense of honor was so keen that his position was indeed galling. One night he had retired to his room, wound his watch and laid it on his dressing table, and then, sitting down, began to think over his trouble. All before him seemed dark, and he said to himself, "It is just as impossible for me to extricate myself from these difficulties as it would be for that watch to stop itself and then go on of its own accord." At that instant his watch, which had been ticking loudly, suddenly stopped. He gazed on it in amazement, and saw that the second hand stood still. He waited what seemed to him several minutes, and then, without his having touched it, the watch went on again. He felt that God had given him a sign that relief would come for him, and in his cousin's generous act he recognized the finger of God.

This cousin, Thomas Carter, was a man of high character, fine abilities, and thorough scholarship, but was hampered through life by extreme timidity. When he was teaching his cousin Robert, he was a student of divinity in the Secession Church. He completed his course, but at that time the rules of his church were very strict against reading sermons in the pulpit. He might have preached if he could have had his manuscript before him, but his diffidence would not permit him to get through the service without such anchorage. He tried to preach without notes, but to his great mortification failed. He was obliged to give up all idea of the ministry, and spent his life as a parish schoolmaster. He doubtless felt his life was a failure. Perhaps the angels saw in it a higher success than they could find in the lives of some men who with less talent and

more assurance climbed to a prominent position in the world.

The cousins were always very happy to meet on Mr. Robert Carter's repeated visits to Scotland. It would be hard to say which felt the most grateful to the other. One ministered to the intellectual life of his boy cousin, the other smoothed the declining years of him who had befriended him in youth.

Mr. Carter writes of this trip to Europe and its results: —

"In Edinburgh and London I formed valuable friendships, and procured books which were of great service to me. On my way home I read Merle d'Aubigné's History of the Reformation, in three volumes. I was so delighted with it that I said to my wife, 'This will pay for our trip to Europe.' Immediately upon landing I put it into the hands of the stereotyper, and the work created great interest. After some time a rival edition in small print, double columns, was issued in Philadelphia. I then printed an edition in three volumes, half bound in cloth, for one dollar. For many months the presses were going night and day, and so close was the race that on thirty thousand sets the net gain was only two cents for the three volumes. But it was delightful work, and though there was no gain from the book itself, yet I was brought favorably before the public, and my sales of other books were greatly increased. I published at this time Chalmers's Lectures on Romans, Sermons, Essays, etc. The stereotype plates of Horne's Introduction were sold at a trade sale. I bought them for $3,300. This was my greatest undertaking at that time. The day after the sale I met Mr. John Campbell, the paper dealer, and he asked me how I was going to pay for the plates of Horne. I told him I must borrow

the money. He said, 'I will lend it to you and leave you to pay it at your convenience.' I asked him what security he required, and he answered, 'None at all, not even a note.' He knew that I did not give notes, but paid cash for my purchases.[1] I issued this important work in cloth, half bound, for $3.50. It was said that the scholar's millennium had now come, when the work which had sold for $12 was reduced to $3.50."

One of the peculiarities of Mr. Carter's business life was this of giving no notes. Neither would he go security for any one. When he took his brothers into partnership with him, he and they signed a written paper pledging themselves never to go security. This made it easy for them to refuse all requests of that kind. They could respond that they were pledged never to enter into any such arrangement. Another point upon which he was very decided was that he would never engage in a lawsuit. He preferred to suffer wrong rather than violate his peace loving principles. Again and again he was placed where other men would have gone to law, but he held to his principle, and was never a loser by it in the end, and sometimes he was a great gainer.

But the most marked feature of Mr. Carter's business life was his earnest resolve that his business should be a direct means of serving God and doing good to his fellow men. He did not pursue it merely as a means of gaining a fortune, or even a livelihood, and it has been truthfully said of him, "No book ever issued from his press that did not contain some seed of divine truth." He published

"No line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

[1] In less than six months this money was returned, and no small proportion of it from the earnings of the book itself.

In a tribute paid to the memory of Mr. Carter by Mr. A. D. F. Randolph, at a meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, January 2, 1890, occur the following words: —

"It is possible that the departure of our friend touches me more closely than any one else here. For more than fifty years I knew him. I see him now as when I saw him first; I see him now as when I met him last. Time with its many changes wrought no change in his affection for me, brought no loss in mine for him. And yet for nearly two-score years our business life ran along somewhat parallel lines, — rival lines as some might say, — but without a single controversy or contention of any kind.

". . . Here, if anywhere, I may emphasize his eminent service to the church and the world as a Christian publisher. I recall the first book that bore his honored imprint. It was a treatise on the doctrine of the atonement of Christ. Cradled in a theology as rugged as the hills under whose shadows he was born, our friend loved the meat of strong doctrine, and this first publication, on a central and fundamental doctrine of the Gospel, was the keystone of the broad arch which he subsequently built. There was not a stone in it that was not a stone of truth; yet all were not purely theological or controversial, while over them was trailed many a vine of parable and story bearing the blossom and the fruit of Scripture truth. And so if his own theology was as rugged as his native hills, it was neither cold nor sterile. To it there ever came, as there always comes to them, the gentle rains of the spring, the fresh and beautiful verdure, the quickening suns of summer, and the full bloom of the heather.

. . . . . .

"I know that it has been said of him in this connection, that he was narrow. But he only desired, as has been said by another, to be as broad and as narrow as the Book of

God. I doubt if, in all the annals of that trade of which I am so proud, there can be found an example of loftier devotion to a high calling, with such singleness of purpose, and so deep a sense of personal responsibility, as is shown in his history. He was indeed conspicuous for his 'plain living and high thinking,' and he walked 'as seeing Him who is invisible.' So wherever he sent his printed page he became a teacher of other teachers, a comforter of sorrowing hearts, a minister of strength to enfeebled or doubting souls, a wise educator of little children, a promoter of love and faith in them that believe, an instructor in truth and righteousness to them that believed not.

"Surely there can be no higher mission than this; and this was the mission of our honored friend."

In this connection Mr. Peter Carter writes of his brother: —

"From the day he opened his store, he never had a question of his ultimate success, and no doubt this sanguine spirit helped him much in bringing about the success that attended his work.

"Though a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church, his interest and affection were not confined to his own denomination. His heart was large enough to take in the whole Evangelical Church in all its branches.

"One day a wealthy friend called on him with a book which he wanted him to publish, and of which he said he would take one hundred copies. It was entitled, 'The Divine Right of Presbyterian Church Government.'

"Mr. Carter looked at it a moment, and said, 'As I read the Acts of the Apostles, I think the Presbyterian form is a little the nearest to that inspired record, but I don't believe that any one form has a divine right,' and he would not publish the book.

"On another occasion a gentleman brought him a little volume to publish that had had a large sale in a Western

city, on 'The Difficulties of Arminian Methodism.' Mr. Carter said, 'No, I cannot publish it. Pulling down may be necessary; but I did not go into business to do that, but to *build up* Christ's Church as far as in my power.'"

In connection with the publication of the History of the Reformation, Mr. Carter used often to relate the following incident. He had gone West to attend a meeting of the General Assembly, and on his voyage down the Mississippi the steamboat struck on a snag, and was so badly injured that they had to wait several days at a little river-side town for repairs. This with the time usually occupied by the passage made the voyage quite a long one, and the passengers became very well acquainted, many of them also being delegates to the Assembly. He had a copy of the History with him, and it was proposed that it should be read aloud, and accordingly there was a large circle of interested listeners. Among the rest was a lady of great refinement, dressed in deep mourning, who seemed to enjoy the book as much as any one. One day during their detention a large party went on shore for a walk, and this lady fell into conversation with Mr. Carter, and told him that she was a Romanist. She belonged to a wealthy and influential family in Pennsylvania, but her home was a very worldly one, and she was brought up with little thought or care for religion. When a young girl she was sent to a convent school. She said she had never seen vital piety till she saw it in those nuns, and she was so impressed with their holy, self-denying lives that she had made their religion hers. She seemed a lovely Christian woman, looking only to Christ as her Lord and Saviour. Mr. Carter said, "I am surprised that you should come daily to listen to

D'Aubigné. Surely you hear much that is repugnant to your feelings." "I have been greatly interested," said she; "the Church had fallen into a very low and corrupt state, and needed purification. The Reformation was a great blessing to it, and it has felt the benefit ever since."

On another Western journey Mr. Carter met with a lady, who rather attached herself to the ladies of his party, sitting with them on deck, and joining in conversation. One evening she complained of the cold, and requested Mr. Carter to ask her husband to get her a shawl. "I did not know your husband was with you." She described his appearance, and said he was in the saloon. Mr. Carter found him gambling with some other men, and told him that his wife wanted a shawl. "I can't be bothered to get it now. She won't suffer." The man never came near his young wife till they were about to disembark and go with the rest of the passengers to a hotel for the night. The next afternoon the lady was sitting with Mr. Carter's party in the hotel parlor when he came to summon them to go to the train. When they arose, she rose too as if to accompany them. He said to her, "I met your husband just now, Madam, and he said you were not going." She turned deadly pale, and sat down again, but just as the train was starting the young couple came hurriedly along, and got on the next car. Something in their appearance struck Mr. Carter, and he went in to look for them after travelling some miles, but they were gone. He asked the conductor if he knew what had become of them, and was told that they had no money; and he had put them off the car. Some years afterwards Mr. Carter was relating this incident on an ocean steamer, when a lady, greatly interested, inquired

the date and place. He told her, and she said to him: "I can tell you what became of those young people. She was the daughter of respectable parents in Michigan, but married this young man, who was almost a stranger, against the wishes of her friends. They had been married but a few days when you saw them. He proved to be a professional gambler, and on that steamer and in that hotel lost every cent of his money and hers. When he was put off the train in the darkness that night, he drew out a revolver and shot his brains out, and in the morning his bride was found sitting alone on the prairie, with her husband's head in her lap. The poor young creature was taken back to her friends in Michigan."

Mr. Carter's father died, May 2, 1844, twelve years after coming to America. His sturdy Scotch character had won for him a place in the farming community in which he lived, in Saratoga County, New York. He was an active member of church and Sunday school, an ardent advocate of total abstinence and antislavery, for which causes he was ever ready to speak in public and private, — ready to run risks too, for in the days of the Fugitive Slave Law he was a conductor on the Underground Railway. In this connection, his son Walter relates the following incident: —

"One stormy winter morning, soon after the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law, enacting severe penalties for harboring a fugitive slave, as we knelt at worship in the old farm-house, a soft knock was heard at the door. It was gently opened, while the solemn prayer went on. As we rose from our knees, we saw a large negro, shabbily dressed and covered with snow, standing by the door. He looked at father, as if asking protection, and was welcomed to the fire. He took his seat at the table, and ate like one famished. After a

brief whispered conversation, father told me to harness the fast mare to the sleigh, and both started northward. The rest of the family went to church, and late at night the wearied horse and the tired driver returned. As the family gathered around him, he explained that nothing but a case of necessity and mercy would have taken him on such a journey on the Sabbath day; but the poor runaway slave had for two days hardly tasted food, sleeping in barns, and fearing to tell his story to some enemy, who might betray him to his master. He was overjoyed to find a friend ready and willing to help, and our sleigh took him to the house of another friend, who took him farther on his journey. In conclusion, my father said, 'This government has a fearful record to meet some day from its treatment of the Indian and the negro, and if ever you can do a kind service to the red man or the black man, be sure to do it, lest you share in the condemnation and the punishment.'"

Mr. Thomas Carter's total abstinence teachings bore fruit in his own family. He had eleven children and over fifty grandchildren, and as many great-grandchildren, and it is believed that not one of the number ever used intoxicating drink.

He was deeply interested in his son's publications, and read them carefully and with delight. He felt the deep responsibility of a religious publisher. On one occasion he came to New York for his annual visit just after his son had published "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," by Prof. John Wilson, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of Christopher North. The old gentleman said to his son, "I am sorry to hear you 've been publishing a novel," accenting in his Scottish dialect the last syllable. Mr. Carter in vain tried to defend himself by speaking of the purity and elegant style of what was indeed a classic work; but his father would

not be mollified, insisting that novels were very dangerous reading.

That night, after tea, Mr. Carter took a book, saying, "Father, here is something I want to read to you," and read aloud the story of "The Elder's Deathbed." The old man listened, with tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Eh, Robert, that's a graund buik. Where did ye get it?"

Mr. Carter told him that he had been reading from the novel that had been so severely denounced in the morning.

"I didna ken it was such a buik as yon. Ye maun gie me some for the neebors at hame."

There was no work which so thoroughly enlisted Mr. Carter's interest through life as that of Foreign Missions. Rev. Dr. Ellenwood, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board, thus writes of him after his death:—

"Upon the assumption of the work of foreign missions by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in 1837, and its establishment in New York, Mr. Carter took a deep interest in its success. Six years later, at the age of thirty-six, he was elected a member of the Board, and in 1847 a member of its executive committee.

"Through all his long connection with the Board, Mr. Carter was earnestly seconded in his missionary spirit, in his prayers and efforts, by his wife, whose death preceded his only by two and a half years. When the 'Missionary Chronicle,' the predecessor of the 'Foreign Missionary,' was first issued in New York, it was published by Mr. Carter at the slightest possible expense to the Board. It was printed under his direction, his wife making the paste with which the covers were put on, and the city distribution was performed by a younger brother, who bore them from house to house. It is easy to see from this simple incident that Mr.

Carter's relation to the work of foreign missions was no perfunctory affair, but that his labor for this great cause was performed so lovingly that the magnetism of his spirit moulded his whole household. The cause was taken home to the fireside, and the family altar, and the closet. One of the last acts of his life was the making of arrangements for the annual gift for foreign missions.

"Though he continued in the Board of Foreign Missions to the age of eighty-two, yet the spirit which favored progress on the one hand and conciliation and forbearance on the other characterized his whole course. As a rule, he voted for every wise measure of progress. There was a bright and hopeful energy in his mind, even to fourscore years. He was not bound to the past. He expected progress as he had earnestly prayed for it. He realized that many of the old moulds and measurements must be outgrown. He only feared lest his declining powers might not be able to keep pace with an ever advancing work."

His connection with the Board brought him into intimate fellowship not only with some of the most excellent and eminent of the clergymen of New York, but with such laymen as Messrs. Lenox, Stuart, Dodge, and Booth, for whom he felt the most affectionate esteem. The Board meetings were a great delight to him, and the Secretaries among his most beloved friends. Of all these noble men there was none whom he held in such affectionate respect as the Hon. Walter Lowrie, whom he regarded as one of the most wonderful men of our country and our Church. This remarkable man, after serving six years as United States Senator contemporaneously with Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, was made Secretary of the Senate, and held the office for twelve years. Owing to the peculiarly delicate nature of this office, and the responsibility connected with it, it did

not change incumbents with successive administrations, and he might have enjoyed its honors and emoluments for life, as did his predecessors. Many a rising lawyer would have preferred this post to the Presidency. But when called to be Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, he gave up all hopes of worldly distinction, and devoted himself to a life of most faithful and self-denying labor. When asked why he had given up a post so honorable and so lucrative, he answered that he "chose the place in which there would be the most sacrifice and the best prospect of usefulness for Christ."

Mr. Carter writes of him: —

"There was another friend to whom I owed much, the Hon. Walter Lowrie. When he came to New York, in 1837, I was glad to welcome him. I was then poor, and could contribute little to the cause of Foreign Missions; but it gave me great pleasure to aid him in any way I could to commence his blessed work. He had resigned a high position in Congress to devote his life to the work of our blessed Lord in foreign lands. He sent one son to India, another to China, and when the latter was murdered by pirates in the China Seas, he sent a second son there. I remember well the morning when the tidings came that Walter, a most promising missionary, had gone to visit Bishop Boone to confer with him on the translation of the Bible into Chinese. On his return a piratical band attacked the ship in which he sailed. Walter was reading his Bible on deck. They seized him and cast him overboard. He sank and rose again more than once, and then sank to rise no more. The ripe scholar, the devoted missionary, the eloquent preacher, was no more on earth. When the letter was read before our Board, we sat in silence,

his bereaved father and brother being of our number. It was the severest blow we had ever received. We were dumb; we opened not our mouths, because God did it. After some time, one of our number led in prayer, and we adjourned. This was a baptism for us all, and brought a new consecration. A third son went to China, to carry on the work his noble brother had so auspiciously begun. He worked faithfully till the Master called him up higher. His widow and two children are our missionaries now at the same post.

"When the good old father grew feeble, he declined to receive any salary for his service. As we insisted on his taking it, he received the money and put it into the treasury of the Board. While he was contributing liberally to the mission work, he lived in Quaker simplicity. The tax-gatherer called and examined his furniture, and said, 'I shall put you down for $3,000.' 'On what do you base your estimate?' said Mr. Lowrie. 'On what I see of your furniture.' 'You may have it all for $600.' There was no more said about taxes. He was a living epistle, known and read of all men. His eldest son, Rev. John C. Lowrie, D.D., after half a century of service abroad and at home, still lives and labors in the Mission cause, as one of our Secretaries."

Of another old friend Mr. Carter gives the following reminiscences: —

"Mr. William Steel, an elder in the Canal Street Church, a plain, unpretending man, a close student of the Bible, was a constant visitor for many years. His conversation was to me most instructive. One day he was sitting in my store reading a book, when a tall, stately gentleman entered and took me back to the rear of my store. He asked me if I knew that man. I told him I did. 'He is the meanest man I know,' said he.

'He has worn that cloak eleven years. He retired from business with a handsome property, and he is so miserly that he cannot take the use of it.' I replied, 'That man visits the widow and the fatherless, and supplies their need. He goes to the Mission House and leaves fifty or a hundred dollars, but his name never appears. The gifts of a "Friend of Missions" are very frequent. He is the best model of a Presbyterian elder I know.'

"I missed Mr. Steel for a few days, and when he came back he said to me, 'I have received a precious lesson since I saw you last. One evening I had made some calls, and returning hung my hat and cloak on the stand in the hall and went into the parlor. Without any warning, I fell unconscious on the floor. My family procured medical assistance, and after some time I became conscious and revived. I was apparently dead without tasting of death. For many years I had been subject to bondage through fear of death, and the dear Lord has taught me now that I need not fear any more.'

"When Mr. Steel was more than eighty years old, his old partner came to spend the day with him. They had sweet communing, and on parting the two stood in front of the house at sunset and bade each other farewell. Mr. Steel returned to his parlor, and fell down unconscious. He was not, for God took him. How often his instructive remarks have helped me onward! One little incident which he related to me I may mention: 'When I was a young man, about the beginning of this century, I lived in New Jersey. The yellow-fever broke out in New York, and I came to the city to visit a very dear friend. He was attacked by the fever. In the evening I walked along Beekman Street till I came to the Brick Church. I heard singing, and went in to the lecture-room. They sang the ninety-first Psalm. It

deeply affected me. I returned to my friend, and watched by him all night. I committed that psalm to memory that night, and felt that plague and pestilence were no more to be dreaded.'

"Among those whom I met shortly after I came to New York were two brothers, R. L. and Alexander Stuart, the one older, the other younger, than myself. They began to give small subscriptions to benevolent work, which increased with increasing prosperity. They first gave hundreds, then thousands, then tens of thousands, and at last hundreds of thousands. For many years the elder brother spent the Monday mornings with me at the Mission House. He and Mr. Lenox were most conscientious in their attendance there, and they were the most liberal contributors. I watched their course from year to year, and it was onward and upward. It was no small privilege to me to witness how readily they gave their time and their money to send the Gospel to the ends of the earth. I was often tempted to exclaim,

> 'Search we the land of living men,
> We ne'er shall see their like again.'"

When Mr. Carter was nearly eighty years of age, he called one day on Mrs. R. L. Stuart, and she drew from a desk an old document which she handed to him. It was a call for the first meeting to discuss the propriety of forming a Board of Foreign Missions, and was signed by some of the most prominent clergymen and laymen of the church in New York, not one of whom is now living. Mrs. Stuart said that her husband had gone to that meeting, and in the enthusiasm of his heart had pledged himself to give five hundred dollars to the cause. When he came home, his mother and his brother Alexander were full of consternation, and asked him if

he expected to end his days in the poorhouse, since he squandered his money in that way. "Ah!" said Mr. Carter, "how little he foresaw that the time was coming when Robert and Alexander Stuart would give habitually fifty thousand a year to Foreign Missions and fifty thousand to Home Missions!" Truly he that is faithful in that which is least will be faithful also in much when the opportunity comes.

Mr. Carter's love for missions was shown, not only in his regular attendance at the Mission Rooms and his large contributions to the work, but in his personal interest in missionaries. They were ever welcome in his home, and honored guests there; his children were taught to reverence them as those who had forsaken all to follow Christ, and his ready sympathy went forth to special cases of need. Weary workers were sent by him to the seaside, or to sanitariums, medical attendance provided, and books given. It would be hard to say how many channels his benevolence found. One of the most prominent missionaries of the Presbyterian Board wrote him: "When you think of me as working here, then regard yourself as partner with me, as you aided in the building up of my strength and recruiting me for this service. In a larger sense, you are a partner in all our labors, since you uphold us by your gifts and counsels and prayers."

In 1843, Mr. Carter was greatly interested for the Free Church of Scotland, which had just come out from the Establishment. Much sympathy was felt for the four hundred and seventy-four ministers who had left their churches and manses for conscience' sake, and were thrown with their families upon the world. The Scotch Church, then in Grand Street, was especially interested for their countrymen, although it is said that a

smile rippled over the congregation when Dr. McElroy announced from the pulpit that the Rev. Messrs. Begg and Robb were coming as a deputation from Scotland to tell the story of the disruption to their brethren in America. Dr. William Cunningham of Edinburgh came over at this time (1843), and Mr. Carter had a very pleasant and cordial friendship with him then, and afterwards in Scotland.

Mr. R. L. Stuart and Mr. Carter were appointed a committee to collect money, and have it ready when the Scotch delegation called for it. Mr. Carter subscribed two hundred and fifty dollars, — a large sum for him at that time. One of the elders, an excellent man, but with a good deal of the proverbial Scottish carefulness, came to his store to remonstrate with him for his prodigality. He told him that he had been very successful for a young man so short a time in business, but that such want of prudence would inevitably result in failure. The old gentleman had asked, when he came in, for a cedar lead-pencil, price six cents; and as he talked he was busily engaged in cutting it in halves. When the work was done, he held out the two pieces to Mr. Carter, saying, "Take whichever you like, and I 'll give you the three cents for the other half." To the end of his life, Mr. Carter had an occasional laugh over this object lesson in frugality.

Another member of the church was the possessor of a large fortune won by his own exertions. He was a good man, but it was sometimes hard for him to part with the money which was the fruit of so much toil and self-denial. His wife always co-operated with Mr. Carter in his efforts to make her husband see his duty in the matter of giving, and would add her persuasions to his. One time a large sum of money was needed for

some church repairs, and Mr. Carter tried in vain to get his friend to subscribe the same amount that he himself intended giving. After a long conversation, he was obliged to go away repulsed. On reaching home, he thought the matter over, and sat down and wrote a note to his friend, saying that he feared he had said too much in the way of urging, and if so he asked forgiveness, and hoped that nothing he had said would weaken the strong bond of friendship that united them. Immediately on receiving the letter, the gentleman came to him, saying, "I believe you were right and I wrong, after all. How much do you think I ought to give?" And he immediately wrote a check for the desired amount.

Mr. Carter loved to tell a story of one of the elders of the Scotch Church, who came to New York a poor boy, and, when he had earned ten dollars by wheeling goods in a barrow, attended one evening a meeting of the church called to pay off a debt. When subscriptions were asked for, the lad gave five dollars, which in after life he declared to be the largest gift he had ever made, being one half of his earthly possessions. This good man afterwards amassed quite a fortune, but a large portion of it was swept away in a fire. Shortly after, Dr. McElroy was going about, as was his yearly custom, collecting money for the various church charities, but he passed Mr. R——'s door, thinking that he would spare him the pain of refusing his usual gifts. Mr. R—— met him on the street, and said, "You have not called on me yet for my subscriptions." "No," said the Doctor, "I had not the heart to ask you, knowing how heavy your losses have been." "Retrenchment with me must not begin at the house of God. I shall double my subscriptions this year."

A wealthy member of the church said to Mr. Carter that he wanted to give systematically to the cause of Christ, but had not confidence in his own judgment as to apportionment, and he wished that, whenever Mr. Carter gave to any object, he would give a corresponding sum for him. Mr. Carter advised him to study the subject for himself, that he might give intelligently as well as systematically; adding that he would willingly aid him with his counsel whenever he wished.

A wealthy and eccentric gentleman, of great liberality, who was constantly applied to by sharpers for money, once asked Mr. Carter to be his almoner, because he felt sure that his gifts would be wisely applied; but he declined the responsibility, saying that the use of money was a talent for which every one must give an account for himself to God. This same gentleman arose to speak at an anniversary meeting of the American Bible Society. A friend sitting beside Mr. Carter on the platform said, "Do stop him. You are the only one who has influence with him, and he is so peculiar he may say something that will spoil the meeting." Mr. Carter declined to interfere, very happily as it turned out, for the gentleman only spoke long enough to say that he was so impressed with the importance of the work of the Bible Society that he had determined to give ten thousand dollars to the cause. Mr. Carter turned to his friend, and said, "Was it not well to let him go on?"

CHAPTER IV.

IN the summer of 1846, Mr. Carter again went to Europe, taking with him his wife and eldest son, a child of eight years, and his infant daughter.

"In that second visit, I met many men in Scotland and England who did me much good. It was the last year of Dr. Chalmers's life, and I was touched by his kind reception of me. He inquired particularly about the working of the voluntary system in America, and expressed his pleasure at meeting me. 'We have corresponded for many years, and it is well to meet,' he said. I told him how Mr. R. L. Stuart and I had gone from house to house and solicited aid for the Free Church. I can never forget the childlike simplicity and humble bearing of the man whom I had so long revered. I met Dr. Guthrie too at that time, and it was the beginning of many years of pleasant intercourse. Dr. John Brown and Dr. Norman McLeod showed me no little kindness. In England I attended the first great meeting of Evangelical Clergymen at the Alliance, where I met Edward Bickersteth, Baptist Noel, Tholuck, and many others. In the list of American delegates republished recently, Charles Butler was the only one that remained with me. Joseph died, and his brethren, and all that generation."

The little party returned to America on the "Great Western," Captain Matthews, sailing September 12.

There were a great number of clergymen on board who were returning from the meeting of the Alliance. The voyage began under the brightest auspices, but on the afternoon of Saturday, September 19, the ship encountered a terrible storm, which lasted for thirty-six hours, during which period little hope was entertained that the vessel could ever reach land. The captain himself wrote, "It is to Divine Providence alone that we are all indebted for our safety, for during my long experience at sea I never witnessed so severe a storm; and were it not for the good qualities of my noble ship, under the direction of God, she could not have weathered it." When the danger had all passed, the captain said to one of the passengers, "Thrice on deck I thought destruction inevitable. Each time a sea of such magnitude and power came at the ship that I thought it was all over with us. But unexpectedly each broke just at the side of the ship. Sir, the hand of the Lord was in it."

A narrative of the voyage, prepared by one of the passengers was afterwards published by Mr. Carter. The little book was entitled "God in the Storm." During the storm, the passengers met more than once in the cabin for united prayer, although the condition of the ship was such that it was almost impossible to move about, and there were no meals served, "the stewards bringing such articles of food as were most convenient to those who felt any disposition to eat." As soon as the danger was over, and the elements were sufficiently quiet, although "they were still tossed about like a feather in the wind," on the morning of Tuesday, the 22d, the passengers assembled in the main saloon, "to offer thanksgivings to God for their preservation through the recent protracted storm."

At this meeting, an address was delivered by the Rev. Lyman Beecher, D.D. From this, a few extracts are culled, describing the danger.

"For thirty-six hours the wind raved, and the waves rolled with a fury and power unknown, for so long a time, to the most experienced navigators on board. Travelling mountains, with the power of the iceberg, the avalanche, or the Niagara, for one day and two nights, as far as eye could reach, covered the surface of the deep, thundering loud and unceasingly around us. The onset commenced on Saturday night, and raged increasingly till Sabbath morning, when, instead of mitigation, it gathered new power, and then commenced the work of desolation.

"The sails on the fore-yards, clewed down, burst from their fastenings, and roared and flapped furiously, defying control. In the mean time, the sea rose rapidly, breaking over and against the ship. At 4 P. M. the wind had risen to a hurricane, veering to the northwest; the ship at the same time broke from her course into the trough of the sea, — a condition of extreme peril, during which a sea broke in upon the main deck, and drove a great quantity of water into the engine-room, a stroke at the heart of life, our machinery.

"At 11 A. M. a heavy wave broke over the fore part of the starboard wheelhouse, and drove the iron lifeboat and the icehouse, of some six or seven tons, furiously against the wheelhouse and side of the ship; and before they could be fastened, the careening of the ship sent them sundry times back and forth, threatening instant destruction. Such and so rapid were the successions of disaster, that an attempt was made to wear ship, as less perilous than her present condition; but finding her uncontrollable, she was permitted to return to her course.

"About noon, a mighty wave struck the starboard wheelhouse and tore up the fastenings of spikes and iron bands and bolts, throwing off the whole top and outside covering,

breaking the under half of the spring beam, and shaking to their foundation and lowering perceptibly the timbers which sustained the wheel, thus enfeebling the arm of our power in the climax of our danger. The wave, with portions of the wreck, rolled deep and dark over the quarter-deck. One of these struck the captain on the head, while the wave drove him insensible to the stern of the ship, where the network barely saved him from an ocean grave.

"About one o'clock, while many were seated in the lower cabin, a sea struck the ship, a tremendous crash was heard on deck, and instantly the cabin was darkened and torrents of water came pouring down through the skylights. All sprang to their feet, and a scream of terror rang through the ship, which pitched and rolled so fearfully that with no little difficulty we could maintain our position upon our seats, and not a few received bruises and contusions.

"In these circumstances, a proposition was made, and accepted by all who could attend, to meet in the lower cabin for prayer. It was prayer, not in forms and words merely, but the importunity of the heart, crushed by perils from which it could not escape, and pressed by the complex interests of time and eternity, looking up to the only power in the universe that could save. In the evening, Dr. Balch administered the communion in the cabin. In the mean time the storm raged on, but from the time of our public supplications the desolations ceased.

"We had hoped the preceding night that the morning would bring a change, and in the morning that noon would witness a favorable crisis, and at noon that evening would realize our hopes. But the storm travelled on from morning to noon, and from noon to evening, with augmented power, till it became evident that we must encounter the terrors of another night; and the general opinion was that the ship could not outride the storm. And now, while prayer unceasing went up to God, I have cause to know that on the part of numbers immediate preparations for eternity com-

menced, and not a few, I trust, with calm resignation, and peace that passeth knowledge, and joy unspeakable, were prepared to meet their God.

"And now the dreaded night came on in darkness visible and terrible convulsions. It was long and dreadful. First came a long slow roll of the ship to and fro, almost from beam's end to beam's end, thrice repeated. Then ensued a momentary quiet and onward motion of the ship, and then suddenly the thunder of waves began again, louder and louder, and more powerful and rending, as if every portion of our ship would be torn in fragments and scattered upon the deep. Then gradually the thunderings ceased, as if the elements, wearied and breathless by their efforts, had paused to rest and gain breath for another assault. About five o'clock a more terrible squall struck the ship suddenly, — a perfect tornado. She careened over, and buried her gunwales in the ocean, her wheelhouse covered by the waves that helped the wind to lay her on her side. There she lay for a few moments, stricken powerless, at the mercy of the waves. At this critical moment, when another wave might have finished her, the engine was true to her duty, and round and round thundered her iron wings, when, gradually recovering her upright position, the good ship came up to her course."

The captain afterwards stated that the water was within six inches of the fires, and that another wave such as they had experienced before must have disabled the machinery, and settled the fate of the ship.

Mr Carter was one of those who took active part in all the religious services of this exciting period. His son carried through life the impression made by his father's calmness and faith throughout the peril. He remembers his taking him in his arms, and saying, "We are in great danger. It is very probable that our ship will go down, down, down into the great sea, and

we shall never see your two dear little brothers in this world; but if we love and trust the Lord Jesus, our souls will go up, up, up, into the blessed heaven, and we shall live always with our God."

He often afterwards described a scene when he entered his state-room and found his little son standing by his mother, who was very ill in her berth, and trying to comfort her. "Don't be afraid, Mamma. Don't you remember how we were upset in the stage-coach on the top of Souter Hill? If God had wanted us to die, don't you think he would have let us be killed then?" Just then a tremendous wave swept over the ship, rushing down into the cabin, spreading darkness and confusion about them, and the little fellow fell upon his knees with a cry to God for help.

The latter part of the voyage was rendered very pleasant by the society of so many congenial spirits as were brought together by the return of the Evangelical Alliance delegates. He tells the following incidents of this time.

"In 1846 I took my family to England, and succeeded in making arrangements for several important works. On my return voyage, the venerable Lyman Beecher was a fellow passenger. One day, seated on deck, he asked me what books I had brought out with me, — anything which would be of use at home. I told him that I had spent some pleasant time with Dr. Chalmers. He had recommended a friend of his, a bookseller, to issue an edition of Turretin's Works in four volumes, in Latin, and I was to join him and take half the edition. Dr. Beecher shook his head, and said, 'If you have not a good backbone, that will floor you.' I asked why he thought so. 'I have studied that book carefully, and it will not go. We have gone far beyond

that now. But,' said he, 'would you like me to tell you how you could make your fortune?' I said, 'Yes.' 'I propose to issue a uniform edition of my works, and they will go like hot cakes. Would you like to publish them?' I replied, that they would suit New England better than New York. Some months later, when Turretin was ready, a gentleman came into my store and asked for it. He sat down and examined it a little, and, turning to me, said, 'I wonder you ventured on this large work.' I told him that others had shared in that idea, and told the story of Dr. Beecher. He laughed heartily, and said, 'He is my father.' Henry Ward Beecher had just come to Brooklyn, and I had not met him before. My share of the edition was soon disposed of, and some hundreds more came from Scotland, which found a ready market."

"Shortly after my return from England, I published an edition of Henry's Commentary, in six volumes, octavo. It was my largest undertaking. The stereotype plates were printed by a printer in Spruce Street, who kept them deposited in his vault. One day he came to me and said he required the room in the vault, and asked me to remove them to my own vault in Broadway. I told him to take them out at his own convenience and send them to me, and I would pay for the trouble, but not to leave them an hour after they were taken from his vault. Contrary to these orders, he took them out on a Saturday, left them on the floor of his office, and that night several buildings were burned down and these plates went with them, a dead loss to me. They cost originally about eighteen thousand dollars. The next year I went again to England, and bought another set of plates, from which we have printed many editions."

The following sketch of his dear old friend, Thomas De Witt, D.D., of the Collegiate Dutch Reformed Church, contains some reminiscences of the visit to Europe in 1846, and is therefore inserted here.

"My father landed in New York on a Sabbath morning, and I took him with me to church. Dr. De Witt was in the pulpit. His subject was the tomb in the garden. The last step in the humiliation of our dear Redeemer drew forth the tenderness, the rich illustration, and the warm love of the youthful preacher. My father had been six weeks at sea. He was hungering and thirsting for the bread of life, and he found it that day. 'Oh!' said he, as we left the church, 'what a sermon! He is a wonderful preacher. He must be very popular.' 'Yes,' said I, 'he is one of the most effective preachers in our city.' I had been only a year in New York then, and had not been introduced to the Doctor, but I had a deep reverence for him.

"Shortly after I commenced business Dr. De Witt came to see me. He talked so pleasantly that I was induced to lay before him my plan of work. He listened patiently, and was evidently much pleased. He said, 'I shall call attention to your work in the Christian Intelligencer. We need such a store here.' In the following week he fulfilled his promise, and urged the clergymen and members of the churches to call and see my stock. The library of the converted Jew, Mr. Fry, had been sold at auction, and I had bought a large part of it. The folios, too large to go on shelves, were strewed on the floor, and the good Doctor bought the Works of Bishop Reynolds, a huge folio. I offered to send it home for him, but he said, 'No, I shall take it myself.' A few days after the notice in the Intelligencer, a clergyman from Ulster County

came in and took a number of the folios and gave me $110 in gold for them. I think that was the largest sale I had made. For nearly forty years the kind-hearted Doctor treated me as a son. His reviews came out week after week in the papers, and they were written by a graceful pen. In 1846 I had the privilege of accompanying him and his daughter to England. Before we landed, he said to me: 'If you will go direct from Liverpool to Edinburgh, I will go with you. I had intended to go to Holland first; but as you are acquainted in Scotland and I am a stranger there, I would like to go with you.' To this I gladly assented. We took Melrose, Dryburgh, and Abbotsford on our way, stopped a few hours in my native village, where we took tea with the old minister that had baptized all my father's eleven children and had received me at the age of fourteen into the church, and who was in my eyes a meet companion for the good Doctor. A little incident occurred which has often come up to me since. On our way from Melrose to Dryburgh, where Sir Walter Scott was buried, we crossed the Tweed in a ferry-boat. The Doctor, rubbing his hands, exclaimed, 'If this is so beautiful, what must heaven be?' In Edinburgh we met Dr. Chalmers, with whom we spent two delightful forenoons. We also met Drs. Guthrie, Candlish, Cunningham, and others, and the dear Doctor was in his element. On Sabbath we heard Guthrie, Gordon, and Candlish preach. In the evening the Doctor said to me, 'What a day this has been! such preaching!'

"When he visited my store, he usually inquired what success this book and that had. He seemed to take a personal interest in them, as if he had been a partner. On one occasion he bought a number of books for a son of Dr. Scudder, who was a student at New

Brunswick. He said to me, 'Would you like to give him something?' I had just published Poole's Annotations, in three imperial octavo volumes. I said, 'I will give him this.' About two years later, a young man entered my store and bought some books. He said to me, 'You gave my brother Poole's Commentary; I value it very highly, and need it as much as he.' I gave it to him. Still later, a third came with the same story, and received it. 'How many sons has your father?' I asked. 'Seven.' 'And do you suppose they will all study for the ministry?' 'I suppose they will.' How many got Poole I do not remember, but I think it was good seed cast into good ground.

"When the Doctor made his visits among his people, he included my family. And oh how pleasant it sounded, when I returned home in the evening, to hear my dear wife say, 'Dr. De Witt was here to-day'! The Wednesday before he died, my wife and I paid him a visit. It was a very tender one. He said, 'Whether it is my phlegmatic constitution or not, I cannot say, but I have not had a doubt of my interest in Christ.' He seemed in the land of Beulah. He was seated in his arm-chair in the library in perfect peace. Oh, how much I owe to him! Verily he has his reward."

It would not perhaps be too much to say, that there was no layman in this country more largely known among the clergy than Robert Carter. His store for many years, especially after its removal to Broadway, almost served the purpose of a ministers' exchange or a ministerial club-room. On Monday mornings, the minister's rest day, the store would be filled with clergymen, and the most delightful conversations and discussions would be carried on, in all which Mr. Carter took his part and held his own. Ministers from neigh-

boring towns would come in for the purpose of joining the charmed circle. The Princeton and Union Seminary Professors were often there. None of them were more revered and beloved by Mr. Carter than Dr. James W. Alexander; but there was a long list of others whom he delighted to meet. Among the honored names are those of the Hodges and Alexanders, of Drs. Miller, Smith, Skinner, McElroy, Potts, Krebs, Murray, Phillips, Hutton, and Cuyler.

Episcopal and Methodist bishops and clergy, ministers of the Baptist, Dutch Reformed, and other denominations, mingled with the rest, and it almost seemed as if it might be said that the idea that there is "no sect in heaven" had been realized on earth. In Mr. Carter's heart the unity and brotherhood of the Church of Christ was an accepted fact. Among his dearest personal friends were Bishop McIlvaine and Drs. Tyng, Newton, and Muhlenberg of the Episcopal Church, all of whom were frequenters of the symposiums at his store. On his list of authors there are as many Episcopal as Presbyterian names, and Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, and Quakers are all represented. It may astonish some of his orthodox friends to know that there are even Unitarian and Roman Catholic names on the list. And yet he was most conscientious in regard to never publishing anything which he did not personally accept as true, and calculated to do good.

He was so careful in regard to publishing nothing that he could not approve, that he seldom published anything that he had not read. There were a few of his authors whose opinions he was as sure of as he was of his own, and whose writings he accepted without reading. This careful supervision involved an im-

mense amount of reading of manuscripts, often to a late hour at night, sometimes in very difficult handwriting, and yet to the close of his life he never used spectacles.

His authors were always his friends. At his funeral Dr. McCosh paid a warm tribute to his liberal dealings with him. Spurgeon wrote to him on one occasion, "I am glad that Robert Carter and Brothers are not only publishers of my sermons, but also true and generous friends, with whose conduct I am more than satisfied." Dr. Guthrie and his family bore similar testimony. After his death, Dr. Macduff of Glasgow wrote an article about him for a Scottish paper, from which the following is an extract: —

"In these days, when the questions of copyright and royalty between this country and America are keenly debated, and caustic reflections are often, and I doubt not at times with good reason, thrown out regarding the niggardly dealings of Transatlantic publishers, it is only a pleasure and a duty on the part of an author to record with gratitude an exception.

"My intercourse with his house extends over a quarter of a century. In addition to modest royalties paid by the firm, there has been over and above, for a long course of years, a personal annual gift of £25. More than once I attempted remonstrance. It was of no avail. Regularly as the end of January came around, the well known yellow envelope made its appearance with its wonted contents, the value of which was greatly enhanced by the warm and generous words which invariably accompanied it. We had met more than once pleasantly, both in this country and on the Continent. On the latter occasion, we formed one of a happy travelling party with the late Dr. Guthrie. Possibly from his reticence regarding many a good deed, he might not like my making this small revelation. But I make it, as I think

it worth making. And I am not sorry, for other and better than money reasons, — for having the opportunity along with the many who knew and prized his worth, of adding a stone to the cairn of Robert Carter."

These are but specimens of many similar testimonies, chosen only because the authors are of world-wide reputation.

In 1848 he took into partnership with him his two youngest brothers, Walter and Peter, and removed to the store No. 285 Broadway, where they remained eight years. The relations between the brothers were always of the most affectionate nature, never shadowed by the slightest approach to a difference. When separated, letters were interchanged every day. When one was sick, the others saw him daily. The relationship between them was like that of father and son added to that of brother.

Mr. Peter Carter, who was associated with his brother forty-nine years, first as clerk and then as partner, and who was nearly seventeen years a member of his family, probably knowing him better than any other man, thus writes of him:—

"My brother was pre-eminently a peacemaker. He greatly delighted in the beatitude of Matthew v. 9, and was always ready to use his influence to heal and prevent division. One day, many years ago, a leading business man of the city, the senior partner of a firm of two brothers, called at our store and said, 'My brother is about to leave me, not from any dissatisfaction, but because he thinks it is his duty to engage in something else, and he has the most extravagant ideas of the value of his share in the business. What am I to do?'

"My brother thought a moment, and then said, 'If I were you, I would say to him in the kindest way, "Write on a piece of paper just what you think you ought to have for your

share in the business." If it is at all reasonable or possible for you to grant it, do so by all means. But if not, then see if he will not modify it a little; but grant it as he writes it, if you possibly can, for you will never be sorry for doing so.'

"The gentleman went away determined to act on this advice. In about a week he came back to say that he had done as my brother suggested, and that the written demand was much more reasonable than he expected, so he granted it at once. The brothers parted the best of friends. Some years after, when the eldest brother, who had been greatly prospered in business, died, in his will he left his younger brother, who had not been so successful, a very handsome legacy.

"Another incident may be mentioned. The owners of the copyright of Webster's Royal Octavo Dictionary had given written permission to a publishing firm in New York to issue certain smaller Dictionaries with the name of Webster attached to them. These publishers began the preparation of an edition of the Dictionary which the copyright owners considered likely to compete with the Royal Octavo edition. This, in their opinion, was not permitted by the contract held by the New York publishers. A suit was brought against these publishers, but the judge, before whom it came very wisely said that this was a matter about which he and his fellow justices had no knowledge, and therefore decided that two publishers who knew the use and custom of the trade, and a lawyer who understood the legal points, should act as arbitrators in the case. For this purpose the judge chose Mr. J. H. Butler, of Northampton, Mass., and my brother Robert, as the two publishers, and the Hon. W. M. Evarts, now representing the State of New York in the United States Senate, as the lawyer. The meetings were held in the Everett House, Seventeenth Street, New York.

"The discussion turned chiefly on the meaning of two words, *size* and *intermediate*. The owners of the copyright contending that *size* necessarily includes the idea of shape, used the following homely illustration to support this view:

'Suppose you went to a shoemaker and ordered a pair of boots made to measure. If when they came home they proved to be half an inch too long and a quarter of an inch too narrow, would it be any satisfaction to you should the shoemaker say that the boots, if filled with water, would hold exactly the same quantity as if they had been made as they were ordered? Certainly not, for size includes shape as well.' In regard to the word *intermediate* the question was whether it was anywhere between two points, or near the middle. The owners of the copyright affirmed the latter. One of the ablest advocates on the side of the copyright owners was that grand old man, the late Chauncey Goodrich, of Yale College, and he came armed with a perfect legion of authorities. The meetings were continued for nearly a week, and resulted in a verdict in favor of the owners of the copyright.

"One thing I used greatly to admire in him was the patience with which he listened to those who came to him for money. He would politely seat them, and then hear their story. Many a disheartened advocate of a good cause gathered fresh courage after an interview with him, and felt gratitude for the contribution that almost invariably followed. Sometimes one after another of these needy applicants would appear on the same morning, and yet neither his patience nor his gifts ever seemed to fail."

He often told a story of two partners in business with whom he was well acquainted. They quarrelled, and dissolved partnership. One of them was telling Mr. Carter of the circumstances, and he said to him: "Mr. B., you profess to be a Christian man. It is your duty to live peaceably, and rather to suffer wrong than quarrel. Cannot you arrange this matter with Mr. D.?" Mr. B. said he was willing to do all in his power to effect a reconciliation, or a separation on friendly terms. He felt that it was not best for him to talk with his partner any more on the subject, but he asked Mr. Carter if he

would not go to his partner and offer him any terms that Mr. Carter thought right and reasonable. He went and was very kindly received, and the two talked over the matter pleasantly for a time, and there seemed good prospect of the affair being amicably settled, when suddenly Mr. D. started to his feet, exclaiming, "You don't know my partner, Mr. Carter. He is a bad man, and I would not settle this matter if you offered me fifty thousand dollars." "I have no fifty thousand to offer." And the interview ended. Years passed, and one day Mr. D. entered Mr. Carter's store, and sought a private conversation with him. He told him that he felt himself to be a changed man, that he realized the worldliness of all his former life, and that the night before he had gone up to the altar of the Methodist Church which he attended, and that he believed himself converted. "I came to you this morning, because I knew how glad you would be." Mr. Carter rejoiced with him, and then said: "It is your duty to be reconciled to your brother. You remember on what terms you parted with Mr. B. Will you not seek reconciliation with him?" "That is all settled. I went to see him after church last night. He came down greatly surprised to hear that I was there. I asked his forgiveness, and we fell into each other's arms, and shed tears together. All that breach is healed." "Since you parted," Mr. Carter said, "you have been prosperous, while your old partner has been unsuccessful. Could you not find him some opening in business?" "I will do my best to find him one."

Mr. Carter had many such incidents in his intercourse with his compeers in business. As he went he preached, sometimes audibly, but always by his life. A friend writes of him: —

"A Western publisher said to me one day, 'I don't profess to be a Christian myself, and I don't believe much in many of those who do; but I know one thing, if there is a consistent man in the publishing trade, Robert Carter is that man.' 'Has he been talking to you about religion?' 'No, he never said a word to me directly about religion in all my intercourse with him; but the atmosphere in which he moved was so pure and holy, I could not help looking to see if there was not a halo around his face. His business intercourse with his customers impressed them with his integrity and conscientiousness, and they implicitly trusted his every word. Robert Carter is a true, honest good man; there is no cant, no deception nor trickery, about him.'"

Mr. Carter himself writes as follows: —

"Among the booksellers with whom I had dealings in my early years, there was one from whom I purchased much of the material which I wanted. When I entered his store, he usually came to me, and we had a pleasant chat. He was kind and friendly, but his views were in some regards so different from mine that I have often wondered why he was so ready to talk with me. One day when I called, his son said to me, 'My father is very sick; I wish you could see him.' He had been taken ill in the country at the house of his daughter, and I thought I could not go to him. A little later, I was informed that he had returned home rather better, and would like to see me. I immediately went to his house, and found him much better than I feared. He received me very cordially, told me he had retired from business, had made his will, and was now free from earthly cares. I expressed my satisfaction at this, and hoped he might have a peaceful old age after a very active life. 'But,' said I, 'will you allow me to ask you a question?' 'Yes, sir,

a thousand, if you like.' 'Then,' said I, 'ever since I knew you, you were laying plans for future work. I would like to know what arrangements you have made for that eternal world to which we are all hastening.' 'None at all,' said he. 'Is this wise? Can you leave the vast concerns of eternity unsettled?' 'No, sir,' said he, 'it is madness.' 'Then,' said I, 'there is yet time. He is able to save to the uttermost. The voice is still heard, Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' We had a very tender interview. When I left him, his dear wife accompanied me to the door, and said, 'I never saw my husband so melted before.' The next day his daughter came to my store in his carriage, and asked me to ride up with her and see her father. 'He has been ill at ease since you left him.' I found him in great distress. 'What can I do? I have received blessing after blessing, and I never thanked God for them. Is there yet hope for me?' I could only point to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. I dwelt especially on the word *now*. 'Yes,' said he, 'if that applies to any, it does to me. I cannot be long here.' 'This moment let us ask, and He will hear.' With many tears, we asked — oh how earnestly! — for pardon, for a broken heart, for a right spirit, for peace with God through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Day after day I visited him for several months, and what a marvellous change came over him. His loathing of sin, his adoration of the dear Redeemer who washed him in His precious blood, his distrust of himself, and his new-born faith in the atonement, were most marked. He had attended church during a long life, but he said his mind was elsewhere. My language to him was almost entirely in the words of

Scripture. The Holy Spirit makes the word quick and powerful for the conviction and conversion of sinners."

All his life through Mr. Carter was an acceptable visitor at the bedsides of the sick and dying. He was an invaluable pastor's assistant, unwearied in his loving ministrations, ever tender and sympathetic. His counsels, and especially his prayers, were most appropriate, and many a time he was roused in the night to help some dying person in his passage through the valley of the shadow of death, sitting beside him, and whispering words of faith and hope until the ears were closed to every earthly sound, and then turning to the mourning friends with words of heavenly comfort. For weeks afterwards, his visits would be frequent and welcome. There are hundreds of people now living in whose minds he is associated with their hours of deepest distress, as the faithful and sympathizing and sustaining friend and counsellor. Many who had refused to listen to him in their hours of prosperity, when he besought them to make their peace with God, would remember him when days of sorrow came, and send for one who was so ready to come at their first call. Of him the Master will surely say, "I was sick, and ye visited me." He visited rich and poor alike, was often in stately as well as squalid homes. In his house there were many tokens of gratitude and affection, sent by the sick whom he had comforted; but more often it was in the homes of poverty that he was found, and he ministered to the physical as well as to the spiritual wants of the needy.

For the last thirty years of his life he seldom went to his place of business in the afternoon, giving only the morning hours to work of that kind. His afternoons were largely spent in Christian work, many of

them on important committees; but on the majority of them he and his wife would go out together to visit the poor, the sick, and the afflicted. When the ear heard them, then it blessed them; when the eye saw them, it bare witness to them; the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon them, and they caused the widow's heart to sing for joy; the cause that they knew not, they searched out. The Psalmist's blessing on him that considereth the poor came upon them.

The following narrative from his own pen may find a place here: —

"I was standing by my desk after the opening services of the Sabbath School were over, when the door opened and a little girl looked in, as if afraid to enter. I went up to her and asked if she wished to attend the school, to which she replied, 'Yes.' 'What is your name?' 'Kate.' On this, one of the teachers came up and said, 'I want Kate in my class.' 'Very well,' said I, 'she may go.' This was to poor Kate a new life. She was the daughter of a brave pilot, whose business it was to conduct ships into the harbor of New York. Kate was his only child. One day when a fearful storm was raging, he offered his services to go out on his dangerous work. He went, but never returned. His wife and child looked out impatiently for his return, but in vain. After selling some of the articles which they thought they could dispense with, the poor mother went out and washed and scrubbed to gain bread for herself and child. One day she was washing at the house of one of my teachers, when the bell rung and Kate came to see her mother. It was a wet day, and the teacher took Kate and dried her by the fire and gave her something to eat. Her heart was unaccountably drawn to the child. After a little talk

she asked Kate if she would like to come to the Sabbath school. The child looked to her mother. The mother said, 'It is the only day I have her with me; I cannot let her go.' After several other visits, the mother consented to let her go, and so she came. I could see the intense interest the child took in her lessons. She had attended the public school during the week, but had received no religious instruction. This was all new. From her first entrance nothing could keep her away on the Sabbath till one day I missed her. I inquired of the teacher what was the matter. She said, 'She must be sick.' I took her address, and the next day my wife went with me to see her. We found her in a rear building upstairs. She was very sick, but her mother had to leave her to do her work. After talking with her, and prayer, I rose to bid her good by. The poor child looked so pale and thin and feeble, that I was deeply moved. I took out a ten-dollar bill, and handed it to her. She burst into tears, and said, 'I cannot take it, sir; there are many poorer than I.' 'Yes,' said I, 'but you must take it. You need some delicacies now, and your mother will get them for you.' I little thought that the mother had been told, if her rent were not paid on the following Friday, they would be turned into the street. The rent was six dollars a month, and Kate's illness had run the poor widow behind. Kate recovered, and returned to school. One Sabbath evening she read to her mother the old, old story of the crucifixion of Jesus. The poor child burst into tears and said: 'O mother, I am so happy since I learned that Jesus loved me and died for me! The minister to-day invited those who loved Jesus to come to-morrow to his house to converse with him about remembering Him at the approaching com-

munion. I want to remember Him. Mother, may I go?' The mother consented. Kate's testimony was remarkably clear. It was simply love to Christ and a desire to serve Him. The Blessed Spirit had spoken to her heart. Some time afterwards the dear child was reading to her mother a portion of the Gospels. She looked tenderly in her mother's face, and said, 'Mother, do you love the dear Saviour?' The mother shook her head. 'O mother, if you knew how happy I am since I loved Him, you would love Him too.' The mother rose and entered a little closet and shut the door. Her groans pierced the poor child's heart. She rose and tapped at the door, and asked, 'May I come in?' 'Yes.' She went and wept and talked with her, and then prayed fervently that her mother might be made a new creature. The prayer was answered. The mother sat with Kate at the communion table, and it was a happy home, and there was joy in heaven. Kate was again taken sick. Three little nieces of mine visited her regularly. They took various delicacies to her, but they did more. They could sing sweetly, and they sang 'Jesus loves me, this I know,' and 'Jesus paid it all, all the debt I owe.' 'Ah!' said the poor child, 'that is my hymn. I owed a heavy debt and had nothing to pay it with. How good He is!' In my visits to Kate, I never heard a murmur or a doubt. Nothing but faith and hope and joy. I often blessed God for such a testimony. Had I no other fruit of my forty years' labor in the Sabbath school, this alone was worth it all. One evening Kate said to her mother, 'I am going home soon to be with Jesus. What will you do when I am gone?' 'I shall stay here where I shall have the Sabbath to myself. It is a precious place, Kate, where you and I have found Jesus.' 'That is just what I

want, mother.' The dear girl had no anxiety about herself, but she yearned over her mother. On Thanksgiving morning, before the good people of New York arose to give thanks for the mercies of the preceding year, Kate went to give thanks in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Two days later a few who knew her worth followed the dear remains to their last resting place. There shall they remain till the trump shall raise the quick and dead."

John Griscom, LL. D., Mr. Carter's early and highly valued friend and patron, died February 25, 1852. Dr. Griscom was widely known as a learned and influential member of society, a professor of chemistry, and an able contributor to the leading scientific journals of the day. Mr. Carter's love for him never waned, but he spoke of him with the utmost gratitude and tenderness to the last days of his own life. In a letter written shortly after Dr. Griscom's death, he speaks with pleasure of his intimate acquaintance " with one who never met me without a smile of complacency, and whose sound advice and kind encouragement were never withheld in time of need." Dr. Griscom removed to Burlington, N. J., shortly after Mr. Carter's arrival in New York, but their friendship never lapsed. Mr. Carter writes of him : —

" On his first visit to my dwelling, after my marriage, he looked around the parlor, and with unaffected kindness addressed me : ' Little didst thou think, a few years ago, when thou called on me, a poor Scotch lad, that thou shouldst be so soon in such comfortable circumstances. I am glad to see thee so happily situated.'

" Some years later, he again dined with me, and spent the evening. Taking my little boy, three years old, on his knee, he heard him, with evident pleasure, repeat a

number of the Psalms in the old Scottish version, and remarked that, though they had not the smooth flow of some later versions, they yet had the merit of keeping close to the original. He then repeated to the child Montgomery's version of the 72d Psalm, telling him that he knew the author well, and esteemed him highly.

"On my apologizing for certain forms which, as a Presbyterian, I observed in my family, he earnestly replied, 'Go on in thy usual way; I don't want thee to change.'

"After I began to publish books, he manifested a warm interest in their success. Each visit he made, he questioned me regarding their sale, and often did his eye kindle with animation, as I related to him the large sale of some of his favorite authors. I was often surprised by his largeness of view. He did not disparage books because there were some things in them contrary to his views of church order, but would remark, 'The spirit of this book is excellent, though there are some particulars in which I do not agree with the author.' In fact, few critiques upon our publications have been so highly valued as those from his pen."

In Dr. Griscom's Autobiography, after a sketch of some length of his friend Robert Carter, we find the following words: "I make this statement as a preamble to the fact that he so abounds in gratitude for the friendship which I was at first induced to treat him with as to present to me copies of any work that issues from his press which I have any wish to read. I have from this source received an accession to my library of more than two hundred volumes. I could not do less than commemorate such disinterested kindness, such an effusion of gratitude, at once challenging and receiving the grateful emotions of my heart."

Mr. Carter writes some years later to John H. Griscom, M. D., son of his old friend: —

"In looking back to my intercourse with your venerable father during the last twenty years of his life, I cannot express the feelings that oppress me. I was introduced to him as a young stranger from a distant land,— of a different creed as I then supposed, differing as I believed in hopes and fears, in joys and sorrows, — and yet there proved to be a wondrous *oneness* and resemblance. When I first knew him, our intercourse was purely of a literary kind. Though I cannot say that he introduced me to Milton, Cowper, and others of our favorite poets, I can yet state that he enhanced greatly the estimate I had of their beauties. After several years of pleasant progress, our paths diverged. He went to Rhode Island, and I entered the business world here. When we again met, our views were greatly changed, and yet we were more as one than before. The books that meanwhile had absorbed my attention I found to my great joy were equally attractive to him. Chalmers, Jay, McCosh, McCheyne, Stevenson, and others were his daily companions. He told me that he had perused Chalmers on the Romans with most careful attention, and that he did not find a single paragraph which was not supported by Scripture. In this book he found distinct statements regarding the total depravity of man, and his consequent ruin; the interposition of the blessed Saviour for his recovery; his quickening and renewal by the Eternal Spirit, and the glorious work of sanctification begun, carried on, and perfected through the same holy agency; and he was ready to set his seal to the truth of them all. His views of spiritual truth grew brighter and more cheerful as he approached the end of his peaceful career. The precious Saviour, in his

incarnation, his sufferings, his death, his resurrection and ascension, was the theme of his daily study. The Lord our Shepherd, and Christ on the cross, proved truly refreshing to his yearning spirit.

"There were some peculiar views in which, though I did not agree with him, he yet showed the accuracy with which he examined truth. For example, he said to me, I do not like the phrase 'the word of God,' as applied to the Scriptures. Jesus Christ is the Word, — we should not apply the term to aught else.

"I shall not easily forget the last interview I had with him. He was blind and feeble, but cheerful and even joyous. I reached his pleasant little home in Burlington about six o'clock P. M. He gave me a most cordial welcome, told me what books his daughter had been reading aloud, and how refreshing they had been to him; ascended from these little rills to the pure, clear, ever-gushing fountain,— the Book of books; went back to the days of other years, and described the efforts of great and good men to put in circulation the Holy Scriptures; dilated upon the formation of the American Bible Society, at the first meeting of which he was present, and traced down the blessings that flowed from this noble institution throughout this broad land.

"I had often enjoyed sweet converse with him, but never had I communed so closely with the inner man. It seemed quite on the verge of heaven. I dare not say more. I tread on sacred ground."

This last interview with his aged friend was one on which Mr. Carter always loved to dwell. He had stopped at Burlington unexpectedly on his way home from a meeting of the General Assembly. Mrs. Griscom ushered him into her husband's study, where he sat in blindness, with the words, "Thee canst not think who has

come to see thee, John. It is a friend whom thee greatly values." "From New York or Philadelphia?" "From New York." "Is it Robert Carter?" "It is." The old man rose from his chair and held out his arms for an embrace, and then followed the interview which Mr. Carter describes in his letter. At bedtime the old gentleman proposed that they should have family worship together in Mr. Carter's usual form before they separated, and accordingly Mr. Carter read the Bible and knelt in prayer, while Dr. and Mrs. Griscom kept their seats, as it was contrary to their custom to kneel. Early in the morning there came a knock at Mr. Carter's door, and Dr. Griscom's voice said, "I am not allowed to get up in the morning so early, but I wish thee would come to my room as soon as thee is dressed, that we may talk again." Mr. Carter was soon beside his friend's bed, and he said to him: "I lie awake much in the night, and last night I was thinking about thy prayer. I am convinced that we lose much in our Society by not having audible prayer, family worship, and blessing at table. If I were to begin life over again, I would do differently."

They soon after parted, never to meet again on earth, but one of the joys of eternity to them both will be in each other's society.

Their correspondence had been constant. Even after the Doctor lost his sight, he wrote frequently, his daughter placing his pen at the beginning of each line, and he would then write on till he came to the edge of the paper. He wrote once, "Thee seest what a long letter I have written thee, and yet I have not seen a single word of it."

A testimony similar to Dr. Griscom's to the power of Mr. Carter's family prayers was given by a Unitarian

friend some years after. This gentleman met Mr. Carter at a watering place, and became well acquainted with him. The following winter he came to New York to attend a convention of the Unitarian Church, and stayed with Mr. Carter for about a week. He was always present at family prayers, but did not kneel, as he had not been accustomed to such a service. When he was bidding farewell he said to his host: "I have been much interested in your custom of family prayer, and it seems to me an invaluable one. I mean to follow the practice myself when I go home, and I shall try to introduce it into our denomination as far as I am able."

The following allusion to his prayers appeared in the Presbyterian of January 8, 1890, just after his death.

"There are a great many persons in this land and other lands who know well the name of the late Robert Carter. They found it imprinted, perhaps, on the title page of some of the volumes most precious to them, — of the books which lie near them in sickness, or in hours of secret devotion. Others came to know this name by its association with some beneficent deed, done quietly and revealed unto them accidentally. But there are others, and of these many are ministers and elders in the churches, who will forever associate the name of this well beloved man with the prayers which they heard him utter. He was often a member of the General Assembly; he was unfailing in his presence at the devotional meetings of the Assembly, and by those who knew his power he was often called upon to lead these meetings in prayer. Always excellent, these prayers at times were wonderful. There was no wandering, no hesitation, no lack of well ordered words. Then there was such a large comprehension of the Gospel of Christ, and of its truths as wrought into the personal experience of the man; while through all there ran a tide of emotion which touched all

hearts around him, as they discerned the grace of God in him, and the quickening power of the love of Christ in his soul. No liturgy we ever heard could compare with it."

His prayers were eminently Scriptural, and he made the Word of God his study and delight. He was to the close of his life the first of the family in the breakfast-room, and there he would sit reading the Bible until all were assembled, and he could begin family prayers. He read the Bible through every nine months, and the copy of the Scriptures in which his marks are preserved is treasured by his children.

CHAPTER V.

MR. SAMUEL THOMSON, Mr. Carter's father-in-law, died at his country residence on the Hudson, June 10, 1850, leaving behind him an honored name and a place in many hearts which never could be filled. He was possessed of remarkable physical beauty, a presence which made an impression wherever he went. He was a man of incorruptible integrity and large benevolence, his tender heart making him ever the friend of the widow and the fatherless. He had been for many years an elder in the Scotch Presbyterian Church in New York. Some ten or fifteen years before his death, he had made himself a beautiful country home on the northern end of New York Island, at a place which is now known as Inwood. When he took up his residence there, there was no church within several miles, and he used to drive with his family to church at West Farms. Many of the people in the neighborhood were utterly irreligious, and as the family drove to church they could see the farmers at work in their fields. By and by they began to be ashamed of their Sunday work, and would run and hide themselves as they saw the good man's carriage approaching. Mr. Thomson cared for their souls, and lost no time in building on his own grounds a pretty little church, of which he was the first ruling elder, and for many years the main support. This church, happy and prosperous,

has been ever since his best monument. On its walls a tablet erected by the unanimous vote of the congregation records his virtues and his liberality.

In 1853, Mr. Carter's mother-in-law, Mrs. Thomson, left her beautiful home upon the Hudson, where the cares of her hospitable mansion were growing heavy for her increasing years, and came to live with her daughter in New York. Her presence in Mr. Carter's family was a constant benediction. She was as a second mother to his children, already so fully blessed in their own mother. Her beautiful, unselfish life left on them an impress never to be forgotten. Perhaps the two things most strongly associated in their minds with her were the Bible which was her constant reading, and the needle with which her ever active and skilful fingers were so steadily employed. She was a veritable Dorcas in preparing "coats and garments" for the poor. Never did fingers fly faster than hers, and never were stitches more beautifully set. Such was the loving kindness of her nature that only strangers thought of calling her Mrs. Thomson, while Auntie Thomson was a familiar name in many homes. On her lips was the law of kindness, and indeed all the description of the virtuous woman of Proverbs might be applied to her. Beecher says that no home is complete without the baby's cradle and the grandmother's rocking-chair, and certainly the corner that held that capacious rocker with its venerable occupant was a blessed feature in Mr. Carter's home. He and his mother-in-law loved each other as own mother and son. For six weeks of every autumn his own mother came from Saratoga County to occupy another rocking-chair in the family room, and the two silver-haired old ladies made a beautiful picture as they sat together.

Old Mrs. Carter was a striking and original character. Her speech was seasoned with plenty of Attic salt, as when she remarked of some one who had risen from poverty to affluence and was spoiled by the rise, "Ah! when soles get to be upper leathers they 're awfu' stiff." Her son Robert was idolized by her, and woe be to him who spoke slightingly of her treasure. It is related that when her son wrote to her, on his first coming to America, that some one had said that his being a foreigner might make it harder for him to get a position, "Hech, sirs!" said she, "they have a guid face to ca' my son a foreigner." When her son was at Peebles, he saw in the Bible of one of his pupils some verses which pleased him so much that he copied them and sent them to his mother. They appealed to her mother feeling, and to her latest days she loved to repeat them, in her rich expressive voice, and with her beautiful Scottish accent: —

LINES BY A MOTHER IN HER SON'S BIBLE.

Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come, —
When she who had thy earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home:
Remember 't was a mother gave
The gift to one she 'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son,
And from the gift of God above
She chose a goodly one:
She chose for her beloved boy
The Source of life and light and joy, —

And bade him keep the gift, that when
The parting hour should come
They might have hope to meet again
In an eternal home:

She said his faith in it should be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast that gift aside
That he from youth had borne,
She bade him pause and ask his breast
If he or she had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling;
Remember 't is no idle toy,
A mother's gift! — remember, boy!

She was a woman of unusual intelligence, and a great reader; in fact, for many years she did little but read, as she lived with one or other of her children, and had no household cares. In addition to her long sojourn in New York every fall, her son always visited his mother in the summer, and his thoughtful care made every provision for her comfort.

After her husband's death, old Mrs. Carter always led the family devotions herself, and conducted them with great unction and propriety. On one occasion the son of an old friend came out from Scotland, and went to her house for a visit. When night came, she, supposing that he was a Christian, handed him the Bible, and asked him to lead the family prayers, but he was obliged to say, "I cannot do it." She took the Bible herself and read a chapter, then one of the old Scottish Psalms was sung, and all knelt in prayer. She prayed earnestly for her guest, and he was much impressed with the whole service. He saw the contrast between his twenty-five years of prayerless life and the earnest, faithful Christianity of this old lady, and that prayer

was used to bring him to Christ. For many years he was an elder in a church in a Western city.

Mr. Carter's home life was very beautiful. He and his wife were always married lovers, and entirely one in all their thoughts and aims and plans. In training their children, the two prominent ideas were love and obedience. He spoke in the last summer of his life of the remarkable gift of his wife in the training of children. Her will was law to them. Though her voice was never raised above its ordinary sweet and gentle utterance, they knew that its commands must be obeyed. Probably none of them remember being punished, because any discipline of that kind was gotten over in their very earliest years; but they had a very clear idea that any infringement of her commands would by no means escape chastisement. That knowledge was enough, and extreme measures did not need to be resorted to. She was a born teacher, though she never exercised her talents on any but her own children and grandchildren. Her children all learned to read almost as they learned to talk, so easy was the effort made to them, so carefully was their interest stimulated. Just a few minutes was given to the task each morning, and so pleasant was the exercise that the little ones would bring the book of their own accord and take the lesson as if it were a game. They all learned to read at four, and after that there were no more questionings, "What shall I do?" It was a book-loving and book-supplied home, and the children took to it like ducks to water. After they learned to read, little technical instruction was given until they went regularly to school, which was sometimes not until they were eleven years old.

Mr. Carter had a great idea of travel as a means of education, and they were taken to Europe repeatedly,

and every summer had some trip, — to Niagara or the White Mountains or the Thousand Isles.[1] When they were little, three or four months of every year was spent in the country, Mr. Carter taking a house in the neighborhood of the city, from which he could go to business every day. He was very fond of little excursions, and in the spring and fall afternoons would take his family to Hoboken, or Staten Island, or High Bridge, or some other rural neighborhood. After Central Park was made, he was a constant visitor there, and his friends would laughingly ask him if he was a Park Commissioner. Both parents made companions of their children to an unusual degree. The father would accompany them to the schoolhouse door on his way to business, and they would go down to his store in the afternoon for the pleasure of walking home with him, and these walks were by no means silent. His daughter remembers only one occasion on which he did not respond to her childish chatter, and that was one morning on the way to school, during the business crisis in 1857. He said, "I can't talk to you this morning; I have something very important to think about." The occurrence was so unprecedented as to fill her with amazement, and remained in her mind as something very puzzling until, in after

[1] He often told an incident of a trip to the White Mountains in 1852. He was travelling with a party of friends, and stopped over night at St. Johnsbury, Vermont. As he sat on the hotel porch, he noticed that the villagers were making their way along the street towards the church. He asked the landlord what was going on, and was told, "O, just the weekly prayer meeting." Of course he must go, and a very pleasant gathering it was. Stopping after service to speak to the minister, he was introduced to Governor Fairbanks, an officer of the church. Mr. Carter remarked on the large attendance at an ordinary weekly prayer meeting. "I think," said the Governor, "every member of our church was present to-night." "No," said the minister, "there was one absent. Mrs. B—— is ill.

years, she solved the mystery by concluding that the failure of some business friend might have caused him distress. As he owed no man anything, these periods of financial depression gave him little personal uneasiness. It was a great benefit to his children to have his well-stored mind and large experience placed so constantly at their disposal, and as they grew older and came to maturity he conversed with them on terms of equality, which were often surprising to themselves. He enjoyed the intercourse as much as they did.

The evening hours of the family were delightful. The parents gave themselves up to the children. The mother was very fond of "blind man's holiday," as she called the interval between daylight and dark; and as the twilight came on, books and work were laid aside, and by the light of the open fire she took part with her little ones in romping games, until the father came in to the cheerful evening meal. Then all joined in play together until the little ones were sent to bed, and then those who were in school went over with their father the lessons which had been already carefully prepared. They were not allowed to ask for help until they had done their very best by themselves, and even then the help given was only by suggesting, not by showing, the way out of the difficulty. It was a rare thing for any of his children to take to school or college a lesson in Latin or Greek which had not first been gone over with him, and this was kept up till his sons graduated from college.

A young man from Scotland came to New York with a letter of introduction to him. Before leaving his home his father said to him, "You must be careful how you behave when you visit Mr. Carter; he is an elder in the church, and will tolerate no frivolity." When

the young man came to deliver his letter, the family were engaged in a game of blindman's-buff in their dining-room. Mr. Carter went to his guest in the parlor, and, remembering his own days of loneliness when he was a stranger in a strange land, he thought a little taste of home life would do him good; so he asked him if he would not like to participate in the frolic, and the invitation was gladly accepted. The young man wrote to his father: "You need not have cautioned me about behaving soberly before Mr. Carter. I have had the jolliest evening at his house I ever spent in my life. He is as full of fun as a boy."

After the death of Mrs. Carter, Mr. Peter Carter wrote the following description of the home which he most intimately knew.

"Napoleon, it is said, being on one occasion asked what was the greatest need of France, replied, 'Mothers.'

"And so the greatest need of America is Christian mothers. One beautiful illustration of this crowning glory of woman was Mrs. Robert Carter, of this city, who, on the 19th of July last, entered into her rest. Like the Shunamite woman in the days of Elisha, 'She dwelt among her own people.' Born in New York in 1810, her whole life was spent in this city. Baptized in the Scotch Presbyterian Church by the eminent Dr. John M. Mason, she continued till her death in the membership of that church.

"Her first-born was a bright and lovely boy, too sweet, too lovely for earth. He exhibited that beautiful evidence of the Holy Spirit's indwelling not unfrequently seen in those who are early transplanted to the garden of Paradise. Scarlet-fever, that fearful and fatal disease among children, carried him into the Saviour's arms. For nearly fifty years that loving mother cherished the memory of her darling boy. Other children were given to her to train for usefulness, and

how faithfully she did so the writer of this can testify, as it was his privilege to dwell beneath her roof for seventeen years while the process of training was going on. People often complain of the difficulty of bringing up children in a great city, but it was amongst its temptations and difficulties that she brought up hers.

"As day by day I saw the absorbing devotion of that young mother to her little children, I sometimes wondered, as a child will, whether such devotion would pay. But it did pay, and with compound interest. The little homes that have gone out from this one, modelled on the same pattern, are in turn training up sons and daughters to be the heads of similar Christian households by and by. Thus the influence of one wise Christian woman is being felt, and will be felt, in places far remote from her home. And though she has gone to her reward, the work still goes on, and will, from generation to generation.

"As her children gathered round her, the missionary box became a prominent and important institution. For the cure of certain faults, and for the doing of certain services, little sums were paid by this careful mother to her children, with the understanding that they were to go into the missionary box.

"The children were brought up to consider others rather than themselves, — to remember that the only way to be happy was to labor for the happiness of others.

"The Sabbath evenings in this good woman's house, to those who, like the writer of this, were privileged to be with her through many years, will not soon be forgotten.

"As the silent twilight shaded into the night, and before the candles were lighted, books were laid aside, and hymns and Scripture verses were repeated in rotation round the family circle. Her favorite selection was Watts's version of the Fifty-first Psalm :

> 'Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive!
> Let a repenting rebel live.'

"Nothing was ever considered unimportant that had any bearing on the temporal or spiritual welfare of her children. Their diet was plain and substantial, and that simple food was partaken of with a relish unknown to those pampered children who are fed with luxurious dainties. A liberal education was provided and a plentiful supply of entertaining books, and when they were older and the circumstances of their parents permitted they were indulged with extensive travel, both at home and abroad. But increasing wealth was never considered any reason for foolish extravagance. The only change it made in the household was the larger indulgence in the blessed privilege of Christian giving, in which the children were encouraged to take part.

"In her sweet home the question was never raised whether square dances were right and round dances wrong, because dancing was not indulged in at all. Nor whether a game of whist was right and other card-playing wrong, because cards never found a place in that household. Nor whether drinking a glass of wine was a sin or not, because the law and the practice of the house was to drink nothing that was intoxicating. Nor whether certain plays were moral or others immoral, because the theatre was a place not to be visited.

"The object of life was not personal gratification, but to do something for God's glory and the good of men. They were carefully taught that salvation was through Christ alone; that a true life must be founded on a true faith. A happier household it was never my lot to see. To her was made good the promise in the Ninety-first Psalm, 'With long life will I satisfy her.'

"She lived to see her children all settled in life, — to see two of her sons successful ministers of the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ, and the others serving God in the work he has given them to do, — to see all of her many grandchildren that were over fourteen years of age members of the church."

Sunday was a busy day in the Carter household. Church and Sunday school morning and afternoon filled the daylight hours. All his life he was exceedingly careful to support the influence of the clergy. No word of criticism of sermons ever passed his lips. In every sermon he found something good, and he literally obeyed Herbert's advice, "Judge not the preacher." As twilight came on, all assembled in the sitting-room, and exercises of a varied character were begun. Half the Assembly's Shorter Catechism was recited on one Sunday evening, half on the next; the children were questioned about the services of the day, and even very little ones encouraged to tell what they remembered of the sermon; hymns were repeated in turn, and some of the children were very ambitious not to recite a hymn that had ever been given in the circle before, which involved a good deal of research in hymns, ancient and modern. Bible verses were read or repeated.

Mr. Carter's solemn and earnest talks as they sat in the quiet room, lighted often only by the open fire, can never be forgotten by his children. They will carry the impression of them to eternity. One of his sons specially remembers a story told on one Sabbath evening of a father who was a godly man, but whose children, while loving and dutiful to him, were utterly uninterested in the claims of religion. In vain he talked with them; they remained careless and unimpressed. One morning he came down to prayers, and took up the Bible, but was so overcome by deep feeling that he could not proceed. The children gathered about him. "What is the matter, father; are you ill?" "No, but I have had a terrible dream, and I cannot get over the horror of it." "What was it, father?"

"I dreamed that it was the day of judgment. The throne was set, and the books were opened. The dead, small and great, were gathered an innumerable multitude. I stood at the right hand of the Judge; my beloved wife was at my side. I looked about for my children, and I could not see them. I turned to the left hand of the Judge, and there stood my beloved ones. I beckoned to them; I called, 'Come over here, you are on the wrong side'; but a gesture from the Judge held them bound where they stood, while from his lips came the words, 'Because I have called and ye refused, I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh.' The shock of the dream awoke me. O my children, shall we indeed be separated at the last day?" "No, father, no," they exclaimed, "our father's God shall be ours." As he told this story with thrilling voice and heartfelt emotion, not one of the little company about him but resolved that there should be no separation for them from God and heaven and parents at the great day, — that they would all meet, —

"No wanderer lost, — a family in heaven."

In the early part of 1854, Mr. Carter was greatly interested in the visit of Dr. Alexander Duff, of India, to America, and formed for him a very strong friendship. He was perfectly carried away by the fiery eloquence of that extraordinary man, of whom it might truly be said, "The zeal of thine house has eaten me up." One of his illustrations Mr. Carter loved to repeat. Dr. Duff quoted with thrilling eloquence an old Jacobite song, in which a Highland woman says, —

"I hae but ae son, my ain dear Donald,
Had I ten I wad gie them a' to Charlie," —

and then he appealed to Christian mothers to devote their sons to the service of a nobler Prince.

The speeches of Dr. Duff produced a most profound impression in America, and caused a great awakening of interest for Foreign Missions. On the 13th of May he embarked for Liverpool on the steamship "Pacific," on which Mr. Carter had also taken passage for himself and family. Just before the steamer left the wharf, Mr. George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, in the name of a very few American friends, placed in the hands of Dr. Duff a draft for five thousand pounds, for the benefit of a college the Doctor was founding in Calcutta.

The ten days' voyage gave opportunity for much delightful intercourse with Dr. Duff. Mr. Carter, after consultation with his fellow passengers, went to the captain, and proposed that Dr. Duff should be invited to make an address in the cabin every evening during the voyage, and the captain courteously and cordially agreed, and himself attended the meetings as regularly as was possible. One of Mr. Carter's sons overheard a gay young passenger saying to a group of his companions, "Dr. Duff and that man Carter are bound to get up a revival before we get to Liverpool." Nothing would have pleased better Dr. Duff or Mr. Carter. The Doctor gave a most interesting series of lectures on the life of Abraham, and the passengers attended with scarcely an exception, as did also the sailors who were off duty. Dr. Duff suffered terribly from sea-sickness, yet night after night tottered into the cabin, hardly able to hold himself erect; but in a very short time he forgot all his disabilities in the earnestness of his eloquence. He frequently spoke for two hours, and no one ever wearied.

The night the "Pacific" reached Liverpool, Dr. Duff was in the midst of a lecture, but though he continued to speak for half an hour the captain was the only person who left the cabin. This was a remarkable tribute to Dr. Duff's eloquence, as several gay young men had betted heavily as to which of them should be the first to reach shore, and before the Doctor ceased speaking the tender left the side of the ship, and all the passengers had to spend the night on board.

This journey in Europe in 1854 was a great pleasure to Mr. Carter and his family. It is not generally thought that a European trip is of much advantage for children, and the oldest of these was but fifteen years of age; yet they all felt in after years that these months of travel with so capable a leader as their father were of more value in their education than years of schooling. He was an enthusiastic traveller, seeing everything, going everywhere, loving the beautiful in nature, revelling in the scenes of history and chivalry and verse, full of anecdote and poetry, and almost encyclopedic in information, which he delighted to impart. His enthusiasm was contagious. No one could look in his beaming face without longing to enjoy what he enjoyed so much.

He greatly enjoyed taking his children to the scenes of his childhood, and showing them the house where he was born, the arbor where he sat with his book overlooking the path along which his cousin walked to aid him in his studies, the old kirkyard where his forefathers slept, the Rhymer's Tower, and "the bonnie, bonnie broom of the Cowden Knowes." He spent nearly a month in Earlston, and the beautiful scenery of Berwickshire became very familiar to all. Kelso, Melrose, Dryburgh, Abbotsford, were visited

repeatedly. Perhaps there was no view that he enjoyed more than that from Bemerside Hill, and he loved to tell that on Scott's funeral day his favorite horse, led riderless in the procession, stopped just where the magnificent prospect burst upon the view, showing what its master's habit had been. His knowledge of and love for poetry were very great, and he seemed to have an appropriate quotation for every scene. In Melrose Abbey he was greatly impressed with an inscription on an old tombstone, and he often quoted it in after years:

> "Earth walks on the earth glittering with gold,
> Earth goes to the earth sooner than it wold,
> Earth builds on the earth castles and towers,
> Earth says to the earth, 'All shall be ours.'"

At another time he was much struck by an inscription on an old sun-dial:

> "I 'm a shadow, — so art thou.
> I mark time, — dost thou?"

With one of his sons he at this time made quite an extensive tour in the Highlands, a trip which was always a vivid memory to the boy. He said long afterwards, that no one could know what his father was as a traveller until he had him off entirely by himself, with no baggage but what could be carried in the hand, and no care to burden him. On one occasion they travelled all day on the stage-coach going to Inverness, and on the box-seat sat a stout gentleman with a Scotch cap pulled down over his eyes. The next day this same gentleman came up to them on the Caledonian Canal boat, and saluted Mr. Carter with a hearty greeting. It was Dr. Norman Macleod. "Why, father," said the boy, "this gentleman rode with us on the stage-

coach all day yesterday." Both were greatly disgusted to think that they had lost so much valuable time, but they made up for it by a day of most enjoyable converse. Just as they were nearing Oban at night, Dr. Macleod exclaimed, "By the way, I had a lady put under my charge this morning, with the request that I would see after her a little, and I have never thought of her all day. I must look her up." Mr. Carter writes of this interview, "He was brimful of Celtic lore, and gave me many pictures of Highland life." They had met before and become well acquainted in New York, a short time after the Disruption, when Dr. Macleod came into the store with letters of introduction. On being asked if he was a Free Churchman, he replied, "No, I 'm afraid you will think I am a black sheep." But Mr. Carter, though greatly interested in the Free Church, knew no narrow lines in his friendships. Strong in his own convictions, he always respected those of others, and saw very clearly the wide ground on which all Christians could meet.

While in Edinburgh Mr. Carter had much pleasant intercourse with Principal Cunningham, and while in London with Dr. James Hamilton. Much of his enjoyment in all his journeys to Europe arose from association with men with whom he had long held correspondence. In Kelso he again met Mrs. Duncan, who had visited his house in New York, and whose Memorial of her daughter, Mary Lundie Duncan, he had published, as well as several other of her books.

Mrs. Duncan's first husband had been the Rev. Dr. Lundie, a distinguished clergyman of Kelso. After his death she had married the Rev. Dr. Duncan, while her daughter, Mary Lundie, married his son, also a clergyman. Another daughter married the Rev. Horatius

Bonar, D.D., the well known poet, and Mrs. Bonar herself wrote the beautiful hymn —

> "Pass away earthly joy,
> Jesus is mine."

A few years before, Mr. Carter from his mother-in-law's country-house had witnessed the burning of the steamboat "Henry Clay" on the Hudson. He told Mrs. Duncan that among the passengers was a young and lovely American lady, whose body was found with the memorial of Mary Lundie Duncan clasped in her hands, with her finger marking the place in the volume where she had been reading when the death messenger came to her.

Mrs. Duncan was a lady of remarkable personal beauty and stately presence, and her conversation and correspondence were greatly valued by Mr. Carter. Among the books he published for her was the Memorial of her son, Rev. George Lundie, missionary to Samoa. In her book, "Children of the Manse," she gives an account of the early training of her children, and those who read it will not wonder that such a family life as hers resulted in such lives as those of Mary, George, and Catharine Lundie.

An amusing incident of her early married life was often related by Mr. Carter. When the Total Abstinence movement first began, Mr. Lundie and she became strong advocates of the cause. In those days it was the custom to give a glass of whiskey in addition to the regular pay to any one who came about a house for an odd job; but Mr. and Mrs. Lundie made up their minds that such things must be stopped in their house. A man was hired to carry in their winter coal, and when the work was done Mrs. Lundie told him that the minister had

joined the Temperance Society and had decided that there must be no more giving of whiskey in their home. "But," said she, "here is sixpence for you, and that will be far better for the wife and bairns than that you should be drinking whiskey." As he walked down the street he met Mr. Lundie, who said, "I suppose my wife did not give you any whiskey to-day, Jock." "Na, na, sir." "Well, here is a shilling for you, and you'll find yourself far better off than if you had had the whiskey." Jock took the shilling, and with that and Mrs. Lundie's sixpence he got more whiskey than he had had in many a day, and came reeling back to the manse, where he stood holding on to the front gate, waving his hat and shouting, "Mr. Lundie and the Temperance Society forever! Mr. Lundie and the Temperance Society forever!"

After some months of travel in Great Britain and on the Continent, the party returned to America. They had sailed to Europe on the "Pacific," one of the Collins line of steamers, and on the voyage Mr. Carter had noticed some little incident which he thought betokened negligence in the arrangements of the vessel. He had almost forgotten the circumstance, and while in London he went to the Collins office and chose state-rooms on the "Arctic," doing everything but actually engage his passage. Suddenly there flashed into his mind a recollection of the incident, and he decided to take passage on the Cunard steamer "Europa," which sailed the same week. The "Arctic" was lost on that voyage, and a large number of passengers perished. At Halifax the "Europa" took on board and carried to Boston the survivors of the wreck. After leaving Halifax, a heavy fog settled down over the "Europa," just as it had around the "Arctic" at the time of the collision which caused

her to founder, and it was a most pathetic sight to see her rescued passengers peering out into the obscurity from the deck of the "Europa," and dreading lest they might again encounter shipwreck. A few years later, the "Pacific" sailed from port and was never heard from again.

When he was leaving home on this voyage to Europe, one of his Sunday school teachers came to him to talk about a boy in her class who had long been very troublesome, and said: "I wish before you go that you would dismiss that boy from the school. It is hard enough work for us to control him while you are here, the only person of whom he stands in awe. When you go, he will be unmanageable." Mr. Carter told her that he could not take the responsibility of dismissing a boy from what was perhaps the only good influence in his life. One of the first letters that reached him in England informed him of the death of this boy by drowning while bathing on Sunday. Over and over again in after life he spoke of this, and thanked God that he had not turned that boy out of school, as if he had done so he should have felt that he had given him the opportunity of Sabbath-breaking which led to his death.

On their return to America Mr. Carter's two eldest sons, fifteen and fourteen years of age, matriculated at the New York University, whence they graduated with the first and second honors of their class, in 1858. All through their college course Mr. Carter exercised the same careful oversight over their studies that he did when they were in school, and their young companions always had a ready welcome to the house. Hospitality was ever one of his most marked virtues. He kept open house, and the family were seldom without guests,

and he made a model host, cordial and hearty, and full of chat and anecdote. His conversational powers were of a high order, and the table talk and evening gatherings in the parlor were very delightful. He had as visitors clergymen from all parts of the world, and his children have delightful memories, at a little later period, of such men as Bishop Bickersteth, Rev. John Ker of Glasgow, Dr. McCosh, Dr. Monod of Paris, Dr. Thornwell of South Carolina, and many others.

In 1856 the bookstore was removed from 285 to 530 Broadway. He had a lease of the old store, but his landlord, without asking his consent, took away the light from the back of the store by building over the skylight, and at the same time took away one third of the front of the store by building a staircase there. The work was begun without giving the slightest notice. When he went down to the store one morning, he found the books had been taken down from one side of the front, and the workmen were starting the new stairway. Remonstrance was in vain; the landlord would not give in. A lawyer was consulted, who said that the case was a clear, though it might be a tedious one. But Mr. Carter decided to keep to his old resolution rather to suffer wrong than to go to law. He did not wish it said that one Christian man was suing another. He immediately began to look about for a store, and bought one on the corner of Broadway and Spring Street. In a few years it was worth twice what he paid for it, so his peace-loving propensities brought him nothing but good.

The old store at 285 was under the Irving House, where a great many colored servants were employed. One day the proprietor came to Mr. Carter and told him that one of the waiters was a runaway slave, and

that he had heard that his master had come to New York with a search-warrant, and was expecting to arrest him and carry him off to the South. Mr. Carter gladly contributed towards the poor fellow's travelling expenses to Canada, as he had repeatedly done in similar cases before. That afternoon the fugitive slave took passage on a Hudson River boat for Albany, when, just as the boat started, a carriage was driven furiously up, and his master with a constable came on board. The feeling was so strong against the Fugitive Slave Law that the master did not think it best to raise a commotion on the boat by arresting him at once, but thought he would take quiet possession of the man when they were disembarking at Albany. The poor slave cowered down among some bales in the forward part of the boat, and felt that his hour had almost come. Among the passengers he noticed a man with a very benevolent countenance, and he thought he would throw himself upon his protection. He managed to attract the gentleman's attention, and told him his story while his master and the constable were amusing themselves in the cabin, knowing that the boat did not make any stops before reaching Albany, and feeling sure that their victim was securely trapped. The kindly man's sympathies were all aroused by the poor fellow's story, and he went to the captain to see what could be done. The captain said that it would not do for him to seem to take any part in the matter, but that the gentleman might tell the slave that when they reached Albany the vessel would *accidentally* touch the pier, and then veer off into the stream again, that he must be ready to spring for liberty, and that it would then take about half an hour to turn the boat and touch the wharf properly, and in the mean while the train for Canada would

be off. The programme was fully carried out, the slave sprang off and dashed through the crowd at the landing, and the boat veered off to rectify the captain's unfortunate blunder. The master came up to the captain in a towering passion, "Do you see what you have done? Your stupidity has allowed my servant to escape." "You did not take me into your confidence. How did I know you had a servant on board? If you had only told me, I might have had him put in irons." The slave-owner had to swallow his wrath, and in a few minutes the whistle of the train was heard on its way to Canada, bearing with it one man who felt that he had a right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

One day a nice-looking colored man, a clergyman, came into the store begging money for his church, and entered into conversation with Mr. Carter, and told him his history. He had been a slave in Kentucky; his master was a very hard man, drinking and gambling. The slave was very fleet of foot, and had won prizes for his master at the races. He married a young girl on a neighboring plantation, and then, being filled with fear lest he should be sold away from her, he went to her master, who was a very benevolent man, and begged him to buy him, that he might be with his wife. The planter bought him, made him his coachman, gave him a comfortable little cabin, and for a while he was perfectly happy. But one day he was driving out his master and a friend, and overheard a conversation in which the master said that he was sick of the plantation life, and had serious thoughts of selling out and going North to live. The slave's heart sank within him. He had had one bad master, and did not want another.

He talked the matter over with his wife, and they decided that he must take the first opportunity to escape to Canada, and then, as soon as he could earn the money, he should buy her freedom. A few days after, he was sent on an errand to a neighboring town, and embraced the opportunity to run away. He got safely to Canada, but in a short time he found that he could get higher wages at the Cataract House at Niagara; so he crossed the river and took service there, being very anxious to buy his wife's liberty as soon as possible. One day as he entered the dining-room he saw his master at one of the tables. He started back in dismay, hurried out of the door, and made his way as quickly as possible to the Canada side. His master noticed the confusion, and inquired the cause, and found that his former slave was in the neighborhood. He sent word to him to come and see him, as he wanted to talk with him, and he need have no fear of being captured. The slave knew that he could fully trust his master's honor, and came to see him. The master said to him, "Don't you think you have treated me very badly? I only bought you because you pleaded so earnestly with me. I did everything I could to make you comfortable, and I thought you were happy and contented." "Yes, massa, you were very good to me, and I loved you very much." "Why then did you leave me?" "Do you remember that day I was driving you with Mr. So-and-so, and you said that you were thinking of selling out?" "Yes, I remember, but I did not think you heard." "I heard it all, and I felt that I could not stay and be sold down the river. Don't think me ungrateful, but I felt I must be free."

They talked for some time, and at last the master said, "I think you have talents that would fit you for

preaching to your own people. I will give you free papers, and support you while you study for the Methodist ministry." The next year he came North again, bringing the man's wife and little child. He gave them all manumission papers, and interested himself for them until his death. "O Mr. Carter," said the poor man the tears rolling down his cheeks, "he was a good man, my massa. He was the best man I ever saw in my life."

The former slave was now settled in a little African Church in New York. Mr. Carter asked him how he was off for books. "That is my worst trouble. I have hardly any books. It is like making bricks without straw." Mr. Carter laid out a long row of commentaries and other books, and asked him if he had any of those. "Not one of them. But, Mr. Carter, I have no money, I cannot buy books. The money you have given me is for the church." Mr. Carter told him they were his as a gift. "O how can I thank you! I never saw so many nice books together in my life." They were made up in a huge bundle, and lifted to his shoulder, and Mr. Carter said his beaming face, as he went off with his load trying to bow his thanks to the very last, was a sight to see. He came about the store a good deal while he was stationed in New York, but finally removed to a distant part of the country.

Mr. Carter was greatly interested in the colored race. A colored Sunday school connected with the Scotch Church always met with hearty support and co-operation from him. His brother Peter was its superintendent for more than thirty years, and the families of both brothers were largely represented among its teachers.

One of the oldest members of the Scotch Church and

warmest friends of Mr. Carter was a colored woman named Katy Ferguson, born a slave in 1774. When she was but four years of age, her mother was sold to another master, and torn from her forever. Katy, in speaking of this cruel separation long afterwards, said, "Mr. B. sold my mother, and she was carried away from me; but I remember that before we parted we knelt down, and she laid her hand on my head and gave me to God." When Katy was fifteen years old, she joined Dr. Mason's church. Some of the members objected to having one of her color sit down with them at the communion table. Dr. Mason heard of this feeling, but said nothing until the time of the communion service, when he came down from his pulpit, and, passing along the aisle to the pew where the trembling Katy sat, took her by the hand, and, leading her forward, said, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; we have been all made to drink into one Spirit. Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all, and in all." And seating her at the holy table, which was spread in the aisle, and around which according to Scottish custom the communicants sat, he said again, as he put into her hand the memorials of our Saviour's love, and in a tone and manner that filled every heart with deepest emotion, "Eat, O friend! drink, yea drink abundantly, O beloved!" The scene was most affecting and impressive, and most effectually accomplished the end desired.

Katy supported herself by making delicate confections for dinner and evening parties. She was a woman of

earnest piety. She started the first Sunday school in New York, early in the present century, by gathering together into her room poor little street waifs, black and white, for she had no color prejudice. Hers was also the first Children's Aid Society. She picked up from the streets at different times forty-eight orphan or destitute children, fed and clothed and educated them to the best of her ability with the aid of the public schools, until she could find suitable homes for them, or else herself trained them to a useful womanhood or manhood. It is said that every one of these children turned out well. Of this faithful negro woman it may be said truly, "She hath done what she could."

Mr. and Mrs. Carter frequently visited her in her home and helped her in her work. One day when she was nearly eighty years of age she called to see Mrs. Carter, and seemed greatly exhausted with her long walk from her down-town home. When she was leaving, Mrs. Carter said, "Don't think of walking home, Katy, here is money for your stage fare." "Why, Mrs. Carter, they would n't let a colored woman ride in an omnibus."

A very few weeks later she entered into her eternal rest. Doubtless the poor old negro woman, who had been grudged a welcome by some professing Christians into the church below, and had trudged with weary steps along earth's highways, was carried by angels to the pearly gates and had an abundant entrance ministered unto her into the light and glory above. There would be no stay in the Master's step to meet her, and His "Well done, good and faithful servant!" was as full and hearty to her as to many whom the church has honored as its noblest and best.

In a letter from Mr. Carter to his family, written from Charleston, he makes mention of another old col-

ored woman in whom he was greatly interested. In 1855 he went as a delegate to the General Assembly at Nashville, Tennessee, visiting on the way at the house of a very dear friend, Mr. James McCarter, a bookseller of Charleston. The names of the two friends were a good deal alike, and their faces were still more so; in fact, they were often told that they looked like twins. Mr. Carter writes: —

"It is now the hour which we usually spend in talking of the things that concern our eternal interests. How I miss you all now! It is too much for me to think of it! May God bless you all!

"Mr. McCarter took me in the morning to his church, where we heard Mr. Jones from Philadelphia. In the afternoon I went to Dr. Smyth's church, and heard an excellent sermon from the text, 'Unite my heart to fear thy name.' O that all our hearts were thus united in the fear and love of God!

"I then went to the colored Sabbath school, and my heart melted within me to see a hundred black children listening to the instructions of their teachers, and not any of them with Bible, hymn-book, or text-book in their hands. How sad it is that, in this land of Sabbaths and Bibles and good books, so large a portion of our fellow beings should be deprived of the privilege of reading God's blessed Book! The teachers are evidently men of God, doing the best they can under the circumstances; but how little fruit can be expected where such barriers are thrown up to the free ingress of the Gospel! The mode of instruction is that used in infant schools. The teacher puts questions, and all answer at once. If they do not know the answer, he repeats the words, and they follow. Their singing of 'The Happy Land' was beautiful.

"An old woman in Mr. McCarter's family was introduced to me. I asked her how old she was. 'Don't know, massa.' 'Do you know the Lord Jesus?' 'O yes, massa, I sleep with Jesus, I walk with Jesus, I eat with Jesus, I drink with Jesus. Jesus has promised to come soon and take me home.' And then, pressing her hands upon her breast, she exclaimed, 'O how happy I shall be!' Mr. McCarter said that grace had done more for her than any one he ever knew.

"O my dear children, how much reason have you to bless God that you are not placed in the condition of slaves! and yet the poor slave that talked with me to-day about the love of Jesus may take a higher place in the kingdom of Heaven than some of us. May God enable us all to improve our privileges, and while it is yet to-day labor in the Lord's vineyard as we have opportunity!

"There is much here to arrest the attention of a Northern man, but I do not wish, on the evening of the Lord's day, to speak of things temporal and transitory. O that the scenes I have witnessed may make me more devoted to the service of the Master than ever before! My mind has been so tossed about and harassed that I cannot attain that blessed peace which I have so often enjoyed at home. The Sabbath has been for many years so laden with blessings, that when I occasionally wander abroad I miss exceedingly the quiet and peaceful enjoyment which I prize so highly. May we remember each other daily at the throne of grace, and fervently pray for such blessings as we so much need. We can thus help each other mightily, though far separated, and in blessing each other be ourselves blessed.

"To-morrow at eight we leave for Nashville. I shall hope for letters there from you all. Will not that be

fine? O that I had them now! Farewell, and may the Good Shepherd of the sheep watch over, lead, and bless us all."

It may not be amiss to insert here another letter of Mr. Carter's, written two years before, while a delegate to the Assembly at Philadelphia, as a specimen of the letters he constantly wrote to his family when separated from them. On this occasion he had been home on furlough over Sabbath, and writes on his return to his post: —

"My dear Wife, — With the tenderest feelings I parted from you this morning. The few hours we spent together from Saturday evening until I left you this morning were hours of as unmingled enjoyment as we ever expect to enjoy this side Heaven. Truly, our Father has bountifully blessed us. O that our lives may be wholly consecrated to Him!

"The dear children! I did feel sorry that we had not indulged them with a ride this morning, it was so fine and clear and mild. May we be enabled to deal faithfully with them, and may the Lord and Saviour dwell in them richly by his Spirit. O to see them safe in the ark!

"Dear T——, you have now reached the age at which your father was enrolled a member of the church visible. I sat down at the communion table when I was fourteen years of age, and the Master whom I have served has not been a hard Master. I have reason to bless him for the way in which he has led me from that day to this. 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.' O delay not! Pray earnestly that your father's God, the God of your mother, may be your own God, and may the Comforter manifest Jesus in your heart now and forever.

"Dear S——, what I have said to T—— is nearly as applicable to you. You have grown up together, studied together, eaten together, travelled together. He for whom you are named is an angel in heaven, and will joy over you when you enter in the narrow way that leadeth unto life.

"Dear R——, what shall I say to you? I need not ask you if you love your father and mother. I know you do. Then, my dear boy, pray to God to bless you, and keep you, and lead you in the path your fathers trod, that you may when you die enter their bright abodes on high.

"And my dear little daughter, my *only* daughter, if you be as good and happy as your parents pray you may be, your portion will be that of those who love and serve the Lord. You will do what you can to please your papa and mamma, and above all to please God. Never forget that God sees you by day and by night. And when you pray, ask for his blessing, as you would ask mamma for bread when you are hungry, or water when you are thirsty.

"And now, my dear wife and children all, my heart yearns over you. May we all be of one heart and of one mind, children of the Most High, journeying to our home above!

"Poor Grandma [Mrs. Thomson], I suppose you think it unkind to address you last. But you know the feelings we all cherish towards you, and it is not so easy to admonish one who was in Christ before I was born. May your last years be your brightest, your happiest, your holiest. Though the earthly spring in which you so much delighted be dried up, the Fountain is still open. May it refresh you daily!"

Mr. Carter's earnest longing for the conversion of his

children was early gratified. His oldest son says, that when a few years later he told his father that the youngest of the family, thirteen years old, wished to unite with the church, he burst into joyful tears, exclaiming, "I have n't deserved this. How good God is to me, — so much better than I deserve!" He had no greater joy than to see his children walk in the truth. In his old age he rejoiced with joy unspeakable as one after another his grandchildren came into the fold. He was wont to say, with thanksgiving, that of his twenty-five grandchildren all over twelve years of age were members of the church, some of them entering into communion at a very tender age.

He was greatly interested in the cause of Total Abstinence, and took every opportunity to enforce his views on this subject. The following stories were often told by him in public addresses and in private conversations: —

"When a boy of twelve years, I was in a field a mile from home, on a bright October day, helping to gather in the potato crop. A man came up to us, and asked if we had heard the news. We said no. 'Last night on his way home from the fair Rob Scott murdered two men without any apparent cause.' In our village there were two fairs or great market days in the year. On these days the liquor shops were doing a great business, and men who were sober all through the year became intoxicated. Rob Scott was of this number. He had tasted whiskey only once before in his life, and that fatal night he overtook two men walking peacefully home, and in a frenzy knocked down one and then the other, and ran to a cottage a short distance off and cried aloud, 'I have killed two men down on the road.' He was known by the family, as he lived only a half-mile

from the spot, and they said, 'You are crazy, it cannot be so.' 'It is so. Go and see.' They went and found the two men. One of them said, 'I am Simm, from Greenlaw.' The murderer ran thirty miles that night, to Berwick. The whole country was quickly roused, and next day he was arrested and carried to the Jedburgh jail. He was tried and condemned to die on the spot where the fearful crime was committed. Thousands came to witness the execution. I was in that crowd. At a turn of the road I was within a few feet of him, and such a haggard face I never saw. It haunted me for many a year. When on the scaffold, he in a loud voice that was heard by thousands prayed for mercy, — that he might be delivered from bloodguiltiness,— prayed for the widows whom he had made widows, and for the children whom he had made fatherless. I never heard such earnest pleading, and I never forgot it.

"The poor man had been visited by several clergymen, one of whom preached from the text, 'It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief.' This made a deep impression on his mind, and he was hopefully converted. The lesson I learned from Rob Scott's sad story never has been forgotten. I dreaded the taste, or even the touch, of the insidious poison, and long before I had even heard of a temperance society I labored to save my young friends from the use of ardent spirits. After I entered into business in New York, many of the Scottish immigrants on landing called on me, and I used to urge them to sign at once the temperance pledge, and many of them did so. Others declined, and alas! many went to the drunkard's grave."

"One day a carriage came to the door of my shop, and a lady stepped out, and came up to me and took me by the hand, and asked, 'Do you not know me?' I said, 'No.' 'You and I were schoolmates: don't you remember Jean ——?' At once I recognized her. She was the daughter of the hardest man in my native village. He was profane and intemperate, and his poor wife and children had a hard time with him. He took the dead from their graves, and sold them to the surgeons for dissection. On one occasion his poor wife went into the barn after dark and touched a dead man's hand, and she became a raving maniac. She was sent to Bedlam, where she died. His daughter Jean escaped from her miserable home, came to New York, and after some time married a young German mechanic, who rose to be a prosperous merchant in a large city in the interior, where she had a happy home. She wanted to purchase McCheyne's works for a gift to a friend. While I was conversing with Jean, a miserable-looking young man entered the store. He had neither hat, shoes, nor stockings. One of my clerks went to him and asked him to go out; but he said he was very desirous to see me. I went to him and inquired what he wanted. He told me he was the son of a parish minister in Scotland whom I well knew, and that he was starving and almost naked. While I was talking with him, an elder of our church entered, and I asked whether he could give him something to do. He employed a large number of men, and, after talking with him, he said, 'Come to-morrow morning to my shop, and I will give you something to do,' and gave him his address. The young man promised to go. I then got him some clothing, and gave him money to get underclothing, and he left me. Next day at twelve o'clock the elder came and told me

that the poor creature had not come. After five months he came again in as bad a plight as before, and I asked why he had not gone to the shop as he had been invited. He said he could not pass a grog-shop without a glass, and he went in and drank till the money I gave him was gone. I tried to reason with him, told him he had a good education and good example in his father's house. He said, 'You are mistaken; I was not well educated. We had whiskey at table in my father's house every day, and I learned to love it then.'

"Here was a striking contrast. The daughter of a wretched father and the son of a leading clergyman had changed places, and what a change! How many since that time have I seen swept into the vortex of destruction by this horrid vice! O, what heaps of slain call out for vengeance on us! And yet the giddy dance of death goes round."

In the summer of 1855 Mr. Carter went for the first time to Sharon Springs, New York. In this place he spent six summers, attracting there relatives and friends till there was often a party of sixty or seventy which gravitated round him as a centre. The society was delightful. There were always a good many clergymen in the house, sometimes eight or nine at a time, — Rev. Drs. Krebs, Nicholas Murray, Cleveland, and his own beloved pastor Dr. McElroy; Mr. Chauncey Goodrich and Prof. O. M. Mitchell, the eminent astronomer, were friends with whom he there had most delightful communion. Archbishop Hughes of the Roman Catholic Church was there one summer, and they had much pleasant intercourse with each other, talking over things ancient and modern. They found much common ground, but did not hesitate to discuss amicably controverted points, such as Pascal and the Port Roy-

alists. They both regarded Milton and Young as favorite poets, and were drawn together by a fellow feeling in that respect.

A short time before, there had been a very "animated" correspondence between the Archbishop and Dr. Nicholas Murray (Kirwan) in the public press, and it was rather strange that they should be spending some weeks at the same hotel. They did not seek each other's society, and Dr. Murray was a wee bit scandalized that Mr. Carter should be so intimate with the prelate.

When Mr. Carter first went to Sharon, there was no church in the place, and services were held in the parlors of the different hotels. He became a sort of ruler in the synagogue, arranging that such services should be held with the utmost regularity Sunday morning and evening, seeing that the chosen parlor was got ready, arranging that a minister should always be provided, seating the congregation, and having everything done decently and in order. There was always the best of preaching from some of the most prominent clergymen in the country. After a time churches were built and services kept up the year round.

While at Sharon, in June, 1859, Mr. Carter received a letter from Dr. J. H. Thornwell of Columbia, South Carolina, with whom he had long been on terms of intimacy. It gave an account of the sudden death of his daughter on the eve of her marriage. The letter was so remarkable that Professor Mitchell asked to be allowed to read it on Sunday evening at a religious service in the parlor of the hotel. Two years later Dr. Thornwell and Professor Mitchell were prominent leaders in the great struggle between the North and the South. Both passed from earth in the heat of the conflict, and met

in the better country where all is peace. Dr. Thornwell's letter is as follows: —

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, June 27, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND: —

I have just received your kind and cordial letter of Christian sympathy, and as the subject is one upon which I take a melancholy pleasure in dwelling, I proceed at once to answer your tender and affectionate inquiries. You may remember that I told you of her approaching wedding. She was to have been married on the 15th instant, to a young man eminently worthy of any heart or any hand. I reached home on the morning of the 9th, and found her in bed with a raging fever. She had then been sick two days. Her symptoms appeared to me unfavorable, and I called in two other physicians. The next day I became alarmed, and on Friday gave her to understand that her case was critical. She was not at all disconcerted; she assured me that her peace was made with God; that though she had many earthly ties, and some of them very tender, there was nothing that she loved in comparison with the Lord Jesus Christ, and nothing that she was not ready to sacrifice at his call. She called all the family to her bedside, united in prayer with them, and gave to each a parting benediction. The scene was sublime beyond description. To see a young girl, elegant, accomplished, and highly esteemed, with the most flattering prospects in life, just upon the eve of her marriage with one whom she devotedly loved, resign all earthly hopes and schemes and joys with perfect composure, and welcome death as the voice of one supremely loved, was a spectacle that none who witnessed can ever forget. It was grand, it was even awful. It impressed some who were in the room in a way they were never impressed before, and I felt more like adoring God for the wondrous triumph of His grace than weeping for my own loss. After this scene she rallied, and the next day the physicians thought that there was a fair

prospect of her recovery. When it was announced to her that she might yet get well, she said that she wished to have no choice in the matter; all that she desired was that God might be glorified, whether by her life or her death. For the sake of others she might desire to live, but upon the whole she would prefer, if it was the Lord's will, to depart and be with Jesus. She spent the whole day in listening to the Scriptures, and conversing with me about the condition of the soul after death. She was perfectly calm and collected, and what she said was the deliberate utterance of faith, and not the language of excitement.

Before the last hour came she had a momentary conflict, but gained a glorious victory, and her joys were irrepressible; she threw her arms around my neck, and told me that her happiness was beyond expression; she felt the presence of Jesus, and rejoiced in him with joy inexpressible and full of glory. It was a glorious death, a triumphal procession. What makes the whole matter more consoling is, that there had been for months a marked and rapid progress in divine things. She had been much in prayer, and as a proof of her intense spirituality she has left behind her a paper containing her reflections and feelings and purposes in the prospect of her marriage, and all bespeak the condition of one whose eye was single to the glory of God. It is a precious document, absolutely amazing for her years. Two days before she was taken sick, she had been on a visit to some friend in Sumter, and upon her return spoke to her mother of the delightful communion she had enjoyed with God in prayer. The Master was evidently maturing her for Heaven. The family has been amazingly sustained. The truth is, we dare not murmur. The grace has been so transcendent that it would be monstrous to repine. I feel my loss, for I loved her very tenderly; but I bless God for what my eyes have seen, and my ears heard. We have been afraid to grieve, the triumph was so illustrious. My second daughter is a professor of religion, and I think a true child of God.

My boys are still out of the ark. Pray for us, my dear friend, especially pray that I may have no unconverted child. The event has been greatly sanctified to me and my wife. God grant that we may never grow faint. I never relax my hold upon the covenant. Jesus has been more precious to me than I have felt him for a long time, and the Gospel more glorious. Henceforth I am bound, I trust, for eternity. I want to live only for the glory of God. Pray for me and mine. The Lord bless you, and reward you for your kind and Christian sympathies.

As ever yours,

J. H. THORNWELL.

CHAPTER VI.

A CAUSE very dear to Mr. Carter's heart was that of the Bible Society. He writes in 1884: "In 1856 I was elected a manager of the American Bible Society, and shortly after a member of the Committee of Publication. It was my great delight to meet with the noble men who constituted the Board of the Society at that time. Most of them were silver-headed and prominent men. Governor Bradish was President of the Society, and was a most graceful presiding officer. James Lenox, Dr. Allen, President of the Girard College, and Dr. S. Wells Williams, have since occupied that position. The work of the Society has greatly increased. Its issues amount to a million and a half volumes annually. I have been on the Committee of Publication for twenty-eight years, and there has not been the slightest friction among us. One after another has passed away, and now I am alone. A new generation has occupied the place of those who sat with me when I first entered. And now my work is nearly done."

In 1878 he was made one of the Vice-Presidents. He was regular in his attendance at the meetings of his committee, until the very last months of his life. It was often remarked by him, with great pleasure, that there were as many Bibles printed in three years of the present decade as were made in the first eighteen centuries of the Christian era.

One of the closest friendships of his life was with another of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, A. R. Walsh, Esq., who was also an honored elder in the Scotch Church. He was a man of noble and generous character, "graced with polished manners and fine sense," a thorough Christian gentleman. Their friendship was so close that they were often compared to David and Jonathan. Their duties in the eldership and other Christian work often brought them together several times a week, and the children of both families were often amused to note that after a meeting Mr. Walsh would accompany Mr. Carter to his door, and then Mr. Carter would see Mr. Walsh home, and then both would walk to a corner half-way between the two houses, and stand talking together until they reached a point where it seemed possible to them to break off their conversation. It was a great trial to both when Mr. Walsh removed, in his last days, to Stamford, Connecticut, but even separation did not cool their friendship, which burned with unabated ardor till death parted them.

William Henry Green, D.D., of Princeton, writes: —

"Mr. Carter was elected by the General Assembly in 1856 a member of the Board of Directors of Princeton Seminary, and he served faithfully in that capacity to the end of his life. It was part of his duty to attend the examinations from time to time. He always manifested a deep interest in the Seminary, even after his physical weakness prevented him from attending the meetings of the Board. He was at the time of his death the oldest member of the Board, and the one who had been longest in service. He established three prizes for excellence in Old Testament studies, which have been given annually since 1879 to the three students of the Seminary who prepared the best theses on some assigned subject.

"Let me take this opportunity to express my personal grief, as well as my deep sense of the loss sustained by this Seminary and by the Church at large in his death. He was for thirty-three years a Director of this Seminary, and there was no one whose counsel and friendship were more highly prized. His wide influence as a Christian publisher has been extensively and powerfully felt for good, and will continue long after he has entered upon his reward. In all the spheres of Christian evangelical effort in which he held so conspicuous a place he will be sadly missed. My own past intercourse with him is one of the delightful memories which I shall continue to cherish."

Another member of the Board, Rev. W. C. Cattell, D.D., thus writes: —

"Yes, I loved and honored Robert Carter. It is a delight to me to recall his precious memory. Though much younger than he I was next him in seniority among the directors of Princeton Theological Seminary. We were associated in the Board nearly thirty years. It was always like a benediction to look upon his face, dear precious blessed man. Few men have I loved so much, and so did all love him who knew him."

Mr. Carter was one of the founders, in 1857, of the New York Sabbath Committee, a society which has done a great work for the consecration of our Christian Sabbath. For years he did yeoman's service in this admirable institution, and at his death left but one survivor of the original Committee.

Indeed, it would be a difficult matter to give a list of all the benevolent institutions to which he belonged. A year or two before his death, one of his grandchildren jocosely remarked, "It seems to me Grandpa attends an annual meeting of some society every week

in his life." He gave to each earnest thought and liberal hand. Giving was to him one of the sweetest pleasures in life. He valued money, not for what it was, but for what it could do. He had to be a very undeserving petitioner whom he refused. The wonder was that he could grow in wealth, but "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth." In his business, it was often said of him that he would rather give away his books than sell them, and only those who were constantly with him knew how perpetual was the giving out. It was no bare gift that he gave, for the giver always went with it in kindly love and sympathy. Those who saw what he gave would suppose he was a man of great wealth; those who noticed his manner of living would have thought him a man in limited circumstances, though he was always ready for any necessary expense. He was never of those who think that generosity consists in spending liberally on one's self.

In 1861 his two elder sons graduated from Princeton Seminary. As the eldest was just twenty-two, he felt that they were too young to take up a pastoral charge, so he decided to take all his family to Europe, where they travelled for fifteen months. It was a most delightful tour, the only drawbacks being the constant anxiety caused by the war of the Rebellion in America, news of which was eagerly watched for, and the severe illness of his eldest son in Germany from Syrian fever, contracted while on a tour through the Holy Land. Several months of 1861 were spent in Scotland, where his sons attended classes at the Divinity Schools of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches in Edinburgh. On this trip Mr. Carter had even more delightful intercourse than before with clerical and other friends in

Ireland and Scotland. Dr. Hall in Dublin, Dr. Cooke and Dr. McCosh in Belfast, Drs. Macleod and Macduff in Glasgow, and Drs. Guthrie, Candlish, Cunningham, John Brown, M.D., and many others in Edinburgh, extended the most cordial hospitality, and did everything that was possible to make his stay among them delightful. A large circle of friends gathered about him in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and his exceedingly social nature was gratified by the refined and intellectual society of the Scottish cities.

The family arrived in Glasgow on a Saturday, and on Sunday morning all desired to hear Dr. Norman Macleod. As Mr. Carter was not very sure of the locality of the Barony Church, he stopped a tall, stout gentleman at the corner, and inquired the way. He was beginning very courteously to give the necessary directions, when Mr. Carter exclaimed, "Why, Dr. Macleod!" "Why, Mr. Carter!" It was indeed the great preacher himself, who was on his way to exchange with a minister at Kelvin Grove; so if the party had not thus accidentally met him, they would have had their long walk to the Barony Church only to encounter disappointment. They turned about and accompanied Dr. Macleod to Kelvin Grove, where they heard from him a sermon he had preached a week or two before to the Queen at Balmoral. The next day he spent the entire morning with his American friend, talking over matters of Church and State that were of great interest to all. After this they met repeatedly, Dr. Macleod on one occasion coming to Edinburgh on purpose to spend the day with Mr. Carter. On another occasion Dr. McCosh came from Ireland for the same purpose.

There was no one in Edinburgh with whom Mr. Carter had so much delightful intercourse as with Dr.

Guthrie. His wonderful geniality, his extraordinary conversational powers, were as remarkable as his great pulpit eloquence. His church was always so crowded that it was impossible for strangers to get admittance save by ticket, but Dr. Guthrie gave Mr. Carter a permanent order for admission, and he and his family attended Free St. John's more than any other church in Edinburgh.

Mr. Carter gives the following account of a delightful trip on the Continent with Dr. Guthrie's family.

"In August, one morning, I was leaving our lodgings, when I saw Dr. Guthrie and his son David approaching. They said they were going to the Evangelical Alliance in Geneva on the following Monday, and had come to bid me good by. They spread their map on my table, and showed me their plan and route. The Doctor then turned to me and asked, 'Can you go with us?' My wife joined them in urging me to go, and I went. We reached Paris on Tuesday evening. There were ten of us in all; most of them were of Dr. Guthrie's family. A more delightful company I never met. We were seated at the tea-table in the hotel, when a gentleman came behind me and tapped me on the shoulder. It was Dr. Macduff, author of many delightful books which I had published. I looked at him, and he said, 'My wife is here, and would like to see you.' He showed me his route, and I said I would diverge from the Guthrie plan for two or three days and go with him. Dr. Burns, brother of Mrs. Guthrie, and late Moderator of the General Assembly, also went with us, as it would give us an opportunity of seeing Basle and Zurich. I had thus the pleasure of becoming better acquainted with Dr. Macduff, who proved a most charming companion. After parting from him we rejoined the Guthrie

party, and spent a night at Chur, the birthplace of Dr. Schaff. We then crossed the Alps by the Splugen Pass, and made our way to Milan, where we saw the finest Gothic cathedral in the world. Thence we went to Venice, and the Doctor selected for our guide an American who had been our representative in Trieste, but had been displaced, and as war was raging at home he went to Venice to act as guide to English and American travellers. We were so much pleased with him, and felt so much sympathy with him, that on parting we made up a purse for him. In our return to Switzerland we had passed the night in a diligence, and at break of day we alighted to walk a little. There were some Italians — Waldenses going to the Alliance — pacing along with us. The Rev. Mr. Revell was among them, and as I had met him in New York we were very glad to meet again. He was engaged at that time in printing the Italian Bible, and the American Bible Society furnished the money for it. As I was on the Publication Committee of the Bible Society he was glad to report progress.

"At the meeting in Geneva I met César Malan, who kissed me on both cheeks. I invited him to dine with me, and he gave some account of his work. He was old, and much discouraged. I felt a warm sympathy with him. He did a good work. Merle d'Aubigné, whose History I had reprinted, received me also very affectionately, and introduced me to F. W. Krummacher, for whom he acted as interpreter. One evening Dr. Guthrie delivered a lecture, and at the close his daughter said to me, 'There are two daughters of Edward Bickersteth here who have been parted from their escort. I will introduce you to them. Perhaps you will be pleased to accompany them to the entertainment in

the Park.' 'I shall be delighted to do so.' I found them charming company. They gave me an account of the last hours of their dear father, whom I used to think of as the beloved disciple, so meek, so gentle, so lovely. I little thought that a few years later I should publish 'Yesterday, To-day, and Forever,' the delightful work of their brother, and one of the most popular volumes I have ever issued. I was glad to be introduced to Tholuck, the Monods, and other celebrities of France and Germany. Dr. Baird was the only American there that was with me at the great Evangelical Alliance meeting in London in 1846, fifteen years before.

"After the meeting, our party went to Visp, the Gorner Grat, and Zermatt. We had a snowball party on the Gorner Grat, 10,000 feet high, while the valleys below were excessively hot. We saw the sun set on Monte Rosa, and the scene around was the most magnificent I ever saw. The good Doctor had some of the most sublime bursts of eloquence amid those glorious mountains. O, it was good indeed to be with him!"

Mr. Carter used often to relate the following incidents of this trip.

On one occasion Dr. Guthrie was about to cross a little foot-bridge which he thought of doubtful soundness. He had forgotten the German for "safe," so he asked the guide in French, but he shook his head; then he asked him in English, with no better success. "I am going to try him with Scotch," exclaimed the Doctor. "Is 't siccar, man?" "Ah, ja, ja, siccar!" responded he at once.

When they were crossing the Austrian frontier in going to Venice, the official who examined the passports was puzzled by Dr. Guthrie's, on which were included the names of his party of eight, and, after trying in

vain to comprehend it, he lost patience, and threw it on the ground. Dr. Guthrie drew himself up to the full height of his commanding figure, and, shaking his long forefinger at the man, he exclaimed, "If you treat me with indignity, Queen Victoria with a hundred thousand men will put me right." The man did not understand a word that was said, but he could appreciate the attitude and gesture of the great orator, and he stooped very meekly and picked up the passport; the Guthrie party was set in a row, and the individuals pointed out in connection with their names on the paper, and the matter was soon straightened out. "Now, Mr. Carter, it's your turn. You'll have to stand fire," cried the Doctor. But Mr. Carter had no one but himself on the passport, so that there was no complication. The official glanced at it, attached his *visé*, and handed it back with a polite bow. "What's the meaning of this?" exclaimed Dr. Guthrie. "Oh," said Mr. Carter, "my honest face always carries me through."

To return to Mr. Carter's own narrative: —

"After our return to Edinburgh I invited Dr. Guthrie and his family to tea. When the door bell rang, I went to the head of the stairs to receive the company. After entering the door, Dr. Guthrie looked up to where I stood, and said, 'I have brought you an old friend whom you will be glad to see, Principal Cunningham.' The latter had just returned to the city that day, and had gone to see Dr. Guthrie, who told him, 'We are going to Mr. Carter's to-night; will you go with us?' That was the most delightful evening I spent in Edinburgh. The feast of reason and the flow of soul enraptured us all. We remember it the more vividly, as it was the last time we saw Dr. Cunningham in good health. He called on me afterwards, but he was un-

strung and not like himself. A few days later I saw him at his house, but he was very low. I was there again, but did not see him. He was within ten hours of his last. He was an instrument of great good to his beloved country.

"One of the most interesting friends I met at this time was the gifted John Brown, the author of 'Rab and his Friends.' He took me into some of the queerest nooks of the Old Town, and threw a halo around them by his illustrations of 'The Heart of Midlothian,' old Davie Deans and his daughter Jeanie, Holyrood, the Castle, and other scenes famous in ancient story. He took me to the home of his venerable father, Rev. Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, who had recently passed away, and showed me his valuable library, which was to be given to the Theological Seminary of the United Presbyterian Church. He took up an old Greek Testament, and told me the story connected with it. His ancestor, John Brown of Haddington, — one of the fathers of the Secession Church, the author of the Concordance that bears his name, and many other useful works, not the least the Catechism which has been studied by tens of thousands of children in Scotland and America, and the Self-interpreting Bible, which is yet an heirloom in many Scottish families, — was in early years a shepherd among the uplands of Scotland. He was fond of study, and in his spare hours had acquired some knowledge of Latin and Greek. He was anxious to procure a Greek Testament, and got some one to take his place for a day while he walked twenty-four miles to a town where he knew there was a bookstore. He walked all night, and reached the place where the store was, and was standing in front of it when the owner came and opened the door. He had

his shepherd plaid around him, and looked very unlike a student. He inquired for a Greek Testament. He was asked if he wanted it for himself, and he answered, 'Yes.' 'If you will read me a verse or two, I will give you the book for nothing.' He read and translated, and the astonished bookseller gave him the book. Mr. Brown told me that there were six John Browns, all eldest sons, in regular succession, he being the fifth, and his son the sixth. The first was a custom weaver, and from him had descended a noble line of illustrious men. When I was leaving Edinburgh, John Brown was one of the last from whom I parted. A short time before his death, he sent me a loving message through my dear friend, Dr. Cuyler, who spent some happy hours with him.

"There were two brothers, William and David Dickson, of whom I have many pleasant memories. David was the City Treasurer of Edinburgh. He reminded me often of Apollos R. Wetmore, of New York. His life was consecrated to the good of his fellow men. He took me with him to the Magdalen Asylum, which he visited weekly. I addressed the poor women a number of weeks in succession. I never saw a more attentive audience. They were melted to tears. Such weeping overcame me, and I wept with them. We implored the blessing from on high, and it came. The dear Lord sought the lost, and found them there. At New Year the city authorities gave them a supper, to which I was invited. I addressed them very briefly, but as I was about to leave Edinburgh it was a parting address. After I sat down, I whispered to Mr. Dickson that I wished to retire. He said he would accompany me. When we reached the door I looked back and made a bow to them. They involuntarily rose in a mass and

made a courtesy. It was a touching sight, and it was the last. After my return to New York I received a letter from them signed by all save five, whose names were written for them by the matron, thanking me for my interest in them. A letter came also, asking me if I could find Christian homes for them in our city. There had been a great work of grace there, and they were anxious to save the poor women from falling back into their old ways. I advised them to send them to Canada, and secure to them homes among the Scotch farmers there. They did so, and the result was most favorable. Many were plucked as brands from the burning."

Mr. Carter spent a month in his beloved Earlston, the place of his birth, and greatly enjoyed reviving old scenes and memories. He inquired of his old weaver friend what had become of the set of Rollin with which he had the adventure with the mad dog. He said that he would gladly have given him the book, but he had parted with it only the year before. A neighbor's family had gone to Australia, and he had given them Rollin to beguile the tedium of the long voyage. Mr. Carter was greatly disappointed, as he would have valued the old book very highly.

Mr. Carter's sons preached in the church of their forefathers. He greatly enjoyed the beautiful drives in lovely Berwickshire and the neighboring counties. One day he went to Kelso and saw Mrs. Duncan, his dear old friend. He also called on Dr. Horatius Bonar, but was told that Dr. Andrew Bonar was on a visit to his brother, and the two had gone to spend the day at Flodden Field; so he missed seeing them together, though he saw both afterwards in Glasgow and Edinburgh.

In October, two delightful trips were made to the Scottish Highlands and English Lakes. A Sunday was spent near Balmoral, where the family attended service at Crathie, in the church in which the Queen worships when at the Highlands. They were seated in the gallery directly opposite the royal party, which consisted of the Queen and Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, Princess Alice with her betrothed Prince Louis of Hesse, the Duke of Argyle, and a number of distinguished men. Dr. Stuart of St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh, preached. Just as the service began, he found to his dismay that he had left his manuscript at his lodgings, and was obliged to preach a discourse which he had recently given to his own people, and which was fresh in his mind. It was a very earnest sermon on "Prepare to meet thy God," and so impressed the mind of Prince Albert that he asked the preacher to lend him the manuscript, that he might read it over. This was but a short time before the Prince's death. A few weeks later, Mr. Carter saw him lay the foundation of a new post office in Edinburgh in a severe storm, in which he caught the cold that led to his death.

About this time occurred the Trent affair, which at one time seriously threatened a war between England and America. Some of Mr. Carter's Scotch friends were a good deal shocked to hear him declare that, dear as was the land of his birth, the land of his adoption claimed his allegiance, and in case of war he must immediately return to America. He tried in every way to study the things that make for peace, to pour oil on the troubled waters. At several public meetings he pleaded with the Christian people to use their influence to preserve the peace between Christian nations.

On one such occasion the whole audience rose to their feet, exclaiming, "No war with America." Dr. Norman Macleod wrote a paper for one of the magazines in which he urged a peace policy, and shortly after showed Mr. Carter a note from the Queen's secretary, signed by her Majesty, in which she expressed her pleasure at the tone of the article.

On New Year's day, 1862, Mr. Carter was invited to address Dr. Guthrie's ragged schools at their festival. He was in the midst of his speech, and was giving an account of the career of his friend, Gen. O. M. Mitchell, the distinguished astronomer, when Dr. Guthrie himself entered the hall, and was received by the children with heartfelt applause. Dr. Hanna, colleague of Dr. Guthrie and son-in-law and biographer of Dr. Chalmers, whispered, "Mr. Carter, I wish you would begin that story over again, I want Dr. Guthrie to hear it." The story is given here as Mr. Carter told it.

"In the summer of 1860 I visited Sharon Springs. One of the first to welcome me was a bright, noble gentleman, whom I knew by reputation, though I had never spoken to him before. We took a walk into the woods together, and had a delightful conversation. While we were gazing at the lovely scene before us, he turned to me and said, 'Could we not have a daily prayer meeting here?' I said I would be glad if we could. After discussing this matter for some time, we descended the hill and met some of the visitors, to whom we spoke of our plan; but the bathing interfered with it, and we had to give it up. This talk drew me to him tenderly, and I found a kindred spirit with whom I could commune lovingly. One evening we withdrew into a quiet place, where he gave me his history. I shall give it as nearly as I can in his own words.

"I was born in Kentucky. My father died before I was three years old, and my mother when I was seven. To her I owe much, though she was taken so early from me. Some friends took me to Central Ohio and indentured me to a saddler to learn his trade. I had to split the wood, to kindle the fire, to cook the victuals, to wash the dishes, to sweep the house, and do everything that was needed. I had little time to learn the trade. But as I was a poor orphan, I bore all patiently and did the best I could. One day the mistress said to me, 'Go and split the wood for the fire in the morning.' I did so, and returned. 'Did I not tell you to go and split the wood?' she said. 'Yes, ma'am, and I have done it.' 'You have not done it,' she said. I left the room and went into the shop, and said, 'I am going to leave you, sir.' 'What's the matter?' 'I could live very happily with you, sir, but I cannot live with mistress. She has charged me with lying. My dear mother taught me never to be so mean as to tell a lie.' 'Well, go,' said he, 'you will soon be back.' I went to my room, tied my little all in my handkerchief, and went out into the street. I saw at a little distance a man with a team. I went up to him, and asked where he was going. 'To Cincinnati,' said he. 'Will you take me with you?' 'You cannot go,' said he; 'on the corduroy roads you would be shaken to pieces.' 'If you will take me, I will go. I will ride the off horse, will run errands, and do anything I can.' 'Well, come along.' We were five days on the road; but he was kind, and aided me when we reached our destination in finding a good home, and work which I could do. The people with whom I lived were poor, but kind, and I was happy. After the labors of the day I used to lie down on the hearth, knock the nose off a pine log, and read and study.

"There was a gentleman near us who took some notice of me, took me to his house, and showed me his library. How delighted I was to see so many fine books! He asked me to take one and read it, and come back and take another. This opened a new door to me. I began to study mathematics. I drew my diagrams on the hearth, and worked them out, and went on till I learned a great deal. My good friend watched me lovingly, and every now and then examined me and gave me encouragement. One day he said to me, 'How would you like to go to West Point in the State of New York, where young men are educated at their country's expense to do service afterwards?' I asked him whether I was prepared to go there, and he answered, 'Yes.' I sewed a piece of linen and made a knapsack into which I put my clothes, got my credentials, and started for Sandusky, two hundred miles off. I walked part of the way, sometimes got a ride, and at length reached the lake. A steamer was up, as they said, and I went on board and asked the captain if he would take me to Buffalo. He told me what the fare was. 'But,' I said, 'I have no money.' 'Then you cannot go.' I answered, 'The weather is fine, I can sleep on deck, and I will help in kindling fires or doing anything else.' He took me. This was in 1825. The Erie Canal was not quite finished. I walked one hundred miles to a point where boats were running. I went to a boat and asked the captain to take me to Albany. He told me the fare, but I said to him, 'I will run errands, help the cook, and do anything else I can.' He took me, and treated me kindly, and when we were approaching Albany I said to him, 'You have been very kind; I will show what my business is here.' I had sewed my

credentials on the inside of my vest. I undid the sewing and showed him them. 'How did you get them? Our most influential young men have difficulty in getting such appointments.' I gave him my story. 'I will see you down to West Point.' He took me to a steamer, and paid for my passage, and so I made my way there.

"It was a hot day in the middle of summer when I climbed the hill at West Point. There were others on the same errand, but they were genteelly dressed and rather elbowed me out. When we reached the Academy, there was a door standing open, and a number of us entered a large room. With my knapsack on my back, in my homespun garb, I felt a little depressed, and sat down by the door. A patrol paced backward and forward, and each time he came to the door he gave me a pleasant look. After a while a bell was rung and my fellow travellers rushed out to dinner. As I had no money I sat still. When the patrol came up, he said, 'Never mind, you will dine with me to-day. I shall soon be through.' Soon after he came and said, 'Come along. We shall dine, and you will sleep with me to-night.' He was a fine, generous youth, the son of Fulton, who ran the first steamer up the Hudson to Albany, and he proved a true friend. After dinner he said, 'The examination begins to-morrow; I will get a list of candidates.' He did so, and we found my name was not on the list for next day, but the day following. 'That is good,' he says. 'You will see to-morrow how the examination goes.' Next day he took me to a room where there were a number of benches and a platform a little raised from the floor, and, behind, a blackboard hanging on the wall. I thought that was a picture turned to the

wall to keep it nice; but I soon found out its purpose, and thought it a great improvement on my old hearth-stone at home. I took a back seat, and soon the benches were filled. A silver-headed venerable gentleman came and took his seat on the platform. He took a roll, and called a name, and gave a problem to be solved. A young man went forward and made sad work. Another came, and did better, but the most of them signally failed. After all had been examined, the gentleman called out to me, 'What is your name?' I told him. He looked at the list, and said, 'Your turn is to-morrow, but it may spare your feelings if I give you something to do now.' He gave me one problem, and then another, and I quickly worked them out, and then he asked me, 'What school did you attend?' 'I never went to school, sir,' I said. 'Who taught you?' 'I never was taught, sir.' 'Where did you learn what you have been doing just now?' 'I learned lying on the hearth by a wood fire in Ohio.' 'You may come to-morrow.' I went through my course there with credit and profit.

"But I must pass over many years. I became a Professor in a Western college, had a wife and six children, had a good library, a fine apparatus, and was a very happy man. One day I was seated in church, when I heard a footfall approaching the door, which stood open. I looked out and saw a friend making signs that I was wanted. I slipped quietly out, and, behold, the college building was in flames. My furniture, books, apparatus, were burned up. I had recently imported some apparatus, from Europe, and owed four hundred dollars. In sore perplexity, I applied to a friend at Cincinnati for a loan of two hundred dollars to take me to Boston, where I

proposed to deliver a course of lectures to relieve my perplexity. He was ready to lend me the money, but doubted the wisdom of making the attempt. I took with me some letters of introduction, and started on my way. When I reached Boston and delivered my letters, I was told that it was the fag end of the season, that the people were sick of lecturing, and it would be in vain to try. I asked if I could secure a lecture-room, and as there was no difficulty about that, I engaged a room, printed my advertisements, posted them myself, and quietly awaited the issue. When the evening came I went to the hall, but there was not a person there. I looked at my watch, and found it wanted twenty minutes of the time appointed. When the hour arrived there were about eighty present. I had no apparatus, with nothing but my rod in my hand, but with a full heart, I delivered my lecture. Many of my hearers at the close rushed up to me and said, 'If you will lecture on Tuesday night, you will have a full room.' Editors of the leading newspapers were there, who pledged themselves to do me justice, and they did. On the Tuesday night the crowd was so great, that I had to walk on the backs of the pews between the heads of the people to gain the desk. I delivered my lectures there, and repeated them in Lowell, and returned home with two thousand dollars in my pocket.

"Here," said Mr. Carter, "the narrative of my honored friend ended. I tell it to you boys, to encourage you to faithful efforts to improve and develop yourselves. This man, who rose from obscurity entirely by his own efforts, with the blessing of God, is now one of the most learned men and eloquent orators of our day, holding large audiences of our most culti-

vated people spellbound while he discourses to them of the wonderful facts of astronomy. Of late a fearful storm of war has swept over our land. The whole country has been moved to its depths, and the brilliant lecturer is now leading one of our armies to save his loved land."

A year later, Mr. Carter had to add to this narrative these words: "Of those who fell in that struggle, no nobler spirit winged its flight to the home where there is no war than that of General Mitchell. What a scene must have opened before him when those glorious orbs of light, which he studied so ardently here below, burst in all their majesty before his astonished vision!"

The winter and spring of 1862 Mr. Carter spent in Italy with his wife and daughter, while his sons visited the Holy Land and Egypt. Three months of this time he spent in Rome, where he fairly revelled in the scenes familiar to him from his classical studies. Every spot was to him hallowed ground, from its associations with

> "The dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns."

He was perfectly indefatigable in his researches into the haunts of antiquity and verse, and was ever ready with an incident or a quotation for each scene.

Mr. Carter writes the following incident, which occurred at this time: —

"One afternoon I was walking up the street that leads to the Pincian Hill, the great promenade of the Romans, a gentleman whom I supposed to be an Englishman was walking alongside of me. I bowed and said, 'Good day, sir.' He answered courteously. We entered into conversation. He was a physician who had spent seventeen years in Rome, and he gave me a rather dark picture

of the Papal government. When we reached the brow of the hill, we saw seats along the side of the walk. On one of these there were three gentlemen dressed as priests of high rank, and as we approached one of them rose up and took me by the hand, addressing me pleasantly. It was Archbishop Hughes, and I was glad to meet him, as it was the first year of our sad war, and I was anxious to converse with him about the state of affairs. We had a long and interesting conversation, and when I bade him good-by, I turned to descend the hill. I found my friend the physician waiting for me, apparently in some trouble. 'What is the matter?' I asked. 'I made a mistake,' said he, 'and have been talking too freely. I heard that there was a Scotchman here who had gone to New York many years ago, and had married a Yankee wife, who had made him as much a Yankee as herself, and I thought you were the man.' 'What changed your opinion?' I asked. 'He was not a Catholic, as you apparently are. Two of these gentlemen were Cardinals; the third one who talked to you I did not know, but I supposed you were a Catholic, else he would not have received you so cordially.' I relieved his mind by assuring him that I was the man he described, and as good a Protestant as himself. Bishop Hughes did receive me kindly. He told me he could open any door to me in Rome, and would be glad to do anything to give me pleasure. One day, after a long discussion of various difficult questions, I quoted two lines,

> 'Not greatly to discern, not much to know,
> Mankind was made to wonder and adore.'

'You are acquainted with my old friend, Young,' said he. 'Yes,' I replied. 'I studied Young's Night Thoughts by the firelight till I made large portions

of them my own.' He told me he did the same when he was a boy, and that they had been his *vade mecum* ever since. I could not help loving the man who had drunk with me at the same spring in life's morning. We had so much common ground on which to stand, that we touched little on those points in which we differed."

There was not much civil or religious liberty at that time in Rome. There was no Protestant church allowed within the walls. There was a very ritualistic Episcopal church outside the Porta del Popolo, and just inside was a church where Cardinal Manning preached every Sunday afternoon. It was a common saying among the English residents that the high church rector brought them to the gate of Rome, and Cardinal Manning opened it and took them in. Mr. Carter greatly enjoyed hearing Cardinal Manning, and went quite regularly for a while, at times when there was no Protestant service. The Free Church of Scotland was trying to establish a mission in Rome, and had sent there the Rev. Mr. Lawton, an able and interesting preacher, who held services in his own apartments, he having chosen a large and pleasant parlor with this object in view. The services were very simple and delightful, Mr. Lawton appropriately choosing the Epistle to the Romans as the subject of his sermons. The audience were constantly reminded of the apostle who had " dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all who came in unto him." As the little conventicle was held only on sufferance, though the authorities doubtless knew of its existence, it was thought best not to call attention to it by singing, and the congregation was requested to enter and retire in little groups of twos and threes. All this

added a little spice of interest and adventure, appealing to the imagination, and seeming to connect the worshippers with those who eighteen centuries ago had worshipped in the Catacombs under the ban of those in authority.

Mr. Carter met an old friend who had visited his store in New York, the Rev. Mr. B——. This gentleman had some years before been on board the ocean steamer "Amazon" when she was burned at sea, and had escaped in a lifeboat. He had written a little tract giving a description of the burning, and making an application by warning sinners to flee from a similar peril. Before coming to Italy, he had had this tract translated into Italian, and brought a large number of copies with him for distribution as he travelled. As he went about Rome, he gave away a number of these leaflets, handing one to his landlady, another to a soldier in the Lateran palace. In St. Peter's, he entered into conversation with a priest, and handed him one of the tracts. The next day an officer entered his rooms, and said that he and his package of books must go at once to the police court. Arrived there, he was accused of circulating Protestant tracts. "You are mistaken," said he, "there is nothing controversial in these tracts. There is nothing in them but what Protestants and Catholics alike believe. It is a simple appeal to sinners to flee from the wrath to come." "No cavilling, sir," said the judge. "You cannot be allowed to stay longer here. You must take the first steamer that leaves Civita Vecchia, and after you get on board, your tracts will be restored to you." In vain he protested that he had a written permit to stay in Rome for a month. Go he must, and go he did.

One of the most delightful episodes of this journey

was a Sunday spent with the Waldenses at La Tour. One Friday evening in Milan, it was discussed whether the Sabbath should be spent in Genoa or Turin, when suddenly Mr. Carter looked up from the map which he was studying to propose that a little longer journey should be taken, and that they should go up among the Vaudois. This was decided by acclamation, and Saturday evening at seven found them at Pinerolo. Mr. Carter went out to seek a carriage to take the party to La Tour. While he was examining a vehicle, a pleasant-looking gentleman, dressed in black, came up and asked in English if he could be of any assistance as interpreter. They fell into conversation, and the gentleman proved to be one of the professors from the seminary at La Tour, come down to preach in Pinerolo the next day. He said, "Shall I introduce you to one of our pastors, who is going up on the diligence?" and presented Professor Tron, who extended a cordial welcome to the valley. The diligence started on, and shortly after the carriage for Mr. Carter's party was ready. That evening ride through the twilight into the beautiful region, hallowed by so many sacred associations, was one never to be forgotten. Arrived at the little inn at La Tour, it was found to be lighted from garret to cellar; the host and hostess came out with a hearty welcome, as if to invited guests. "Here is a room for Monsieur and Madame, here one for Mademoiselle. This one we have made ready for the young gentlemen." "But," said Mr. Carter, "there must be a mistake. We had not engaged rooms." "O, but the Professor has been here, and told us about you, and the rooms are all ready, and supper is on the table." This simple hospitality was very grateful, after months of travel among strangers of another faith.

In the morning, the Professor came, and led the party to Sunday school, which was held in the church, and was participated in by all the congregation, old and young. Afterwards came the church service, and at the end of the sermon the clergyman called upon a boy in the audience, who rose and gave a very full account of the discourse. After a little, the pastor told this boy to be seated, and called upon another, who took up the subject where the first had left off. The service was conducted in French. At that time theological students had to be sent to Geneva to be educated, as there was no seminary for them at home. The people seem to speak and understand it as well as their native Italian. They are very simple and friendly in their manners, and salute all passers by with a cheery "Bon jour."

Professor Tron came towards evening, and took the family out for a walk through his most interesting valley. He pointed out a cave in the mountain side where a large party of Vaudois had hidden themselves from their Savoyard pursuers, who built large fires in the entrance, and suffocated the unfortunate refugees. In another direction was a mountain into whose rocky fastnesses the small army of the Waldenses had fled from their pursuers, who set guards at nightfall around their place of refuge, thinking that in the morning they would fall an easy prey. It was bright moonlight, and it seemed impossible that they should escape, but in the night a thick fog enveloped them, and the Vaudois, knowing every footpath, were enabled to slip through their enemies' lines and escape. Such narratives, told upon the very spot where the events occurred, were of thrilling interest. Mr. Carter plied his informant with questions of the past and present. He was delighted

to hear the name of his dear old friend, Mr. Lenox, constantly and gratefully mentioned. "Mr. Lenox did this for us." "Mr. Lenox gave us that library." It was a great pleasure to Mr. Carter to have this familiar intercourse with the descendants of those "who kept the truth so pure of old."

Professor Tron said that the Waldenses had lost a good friend in Count Cavour, and gave an instance of his favor to them. The Piedmontese constitution forbade the printing of Bibles or other books without the imprimatur of a bishop. The Vaudois were accused of violating the law, but Cavour decided that, as they had no bishops, their pastors were bishops. Thus the door was opened for their publications.

The two following Sabbaths were spent in Geneva, where the family attended Dr. Malan's church. This venerable man impressed all who saw and heard him by the earnestness and spirituality of his appearance and words. His noble and beautiful face, with the long white hair falling upon his shoulders, and the tenderness of his speech, made him appear like the beloved disciple in his last days at Ephesus. On the second Sunday, there was a communion service, and the general audience retired before the ordinance, leaving only about a dozen people besides the American visitors. Dr. Malan whispered to his session about providing seats "pour les étrangers." In addressing the communicants, he spoke some words in English at the close, and in the prayer added some petitions in English. When the bread and wine were distributed, he directed the elders to carry them to the strangers first. The whole service was very simple and beautiful, and especially appropriate, because there were so small a number present, — scarcely more than the little company who first partook

of the feast in the upper chamber in Jerusalem. After service, Mr. Carter's oldest son, who was just entering the ministry, was presented to Dr. Malan, who, placing his hands upon the young man's head with manifestation of deep feeling, said, "My dear brother, you have chosen the grandest and noblest of all callings, and may the blessing of the God of Jacob ever rest on you and on any church of Jesus Christ to which you may be called to minister."

Dr. Malan had long been a correspondent of Mr. Carter. In one letter, which has unfortunately been lost, he gave many interesting reminiscences of the Haldanes and their evangelical work in Geneva and Montauban, which was blessed to the conversion of Malan, Merle d'Aubigné, Gaussen, and the Monods. He also dwelt very affectionately and enthusiastically on the character of Dr. John M. Mason of New York, who was with him in Paris in the early years of the century. Dr. Malan invited him to go to the theatre to see some brilliant performance. Dr. Mason declined, saying that he did not think it right. Dr. Malan said that he could see no objection to going where they were not known, and where their example could do no harm. Dr. Mason replied, "My Christianity knows no geography." Dr. Malan added, that his views in regard to amusements and to observance of the Sabbath were revolutionized by his intercourse with Dr. Mason.

Shortly after his return to America, in August, 1862, Mr. Carter received the following letter from Dr. Guthrie, with whom from that time he kept up a regular correspondence until his death, when Mrs. Guthrie took up the pen, and was henceforth Mr. Carter's most regular correspondent in Great Britain. Her first letter is also

inserted here with her husband's, though it is of a much later date.

Dr. Guthrie's letter bears date September 4, 1862: —

"Your letter was a great pleasure to all of us, and all the more after the distress into which we were thrown after the most painful rumor that one of your sons had been lost in the Jordan. It was some little time after this appeared in the newspapers until we heard of it. I clung to the hope that it might not be your son, although it was stated to be a young student by the name of Carter from New York, and we knew that your sons were at the time specified in the Holy Land. Still I assure you we were very happy and thankful to learn some time before receiving your welcome letter that it was none of yours who had been drowned while bathing in the Jordan.

"How well I would like to see you again! We go over often our travels with you, and recall with pleasure the intercourse between our two families. I hope we shall meet again on earth; meanwhile may we be making daily progress to that better land where they meet to part no more. . . .

"What is to become of your country? In some respects the providence is as dark and terrible as the thunder-cloud which has been flashing and pealing over this house for the last two hours. As you will remember, I never anticipated any other result than that which has happened. Be they right or wrong, men fighting for what they consider independence, with their wives and children at their back, are hard to subdue. And in the accounts from America, how often do I wish that God would step forward and put an end to the horrors! We are all greatly distressed about America, and our only comfort is the hope that the blot of slavery will in the end be washed out. It is sad to think, however, that should be done by tears and blood, although perhaps not much to be wondered at. It is a blessed thing to know that God reigneth supreme over men, with all their folly and

madness. One would otherwise have no hope for the better times that are in store for this distracted world."

1 Salisbury Road, March 11, 1873.

Dear Mr. Carter, — Among the hundreds of letters which I have been receiving these last sad weeks of tender sympathy for me and mine, and of the appreciation of the worth and dying testimony of my dear husband, none certainly have touched my heart more than yours; for not content with loving thoughts of your suffering friend on his dying bed, you follow up these by a substantial proof of your friendship in destining so large a sum as one hundred pounds to do with as he thought proper.

Now, since the Lord has called him to a higher stewardship, I shall gratefully accept your gift, dear Mr. Carter, as it will enable me to contribute more easily (as I would ever wish to do) to the many noble objects the Master has honored his servant to further by his means as well as his advocacy while on earth.

You will be glad to know how wonderfully the Lord has sustained me. From the first to the last of Dr. Guthrie's illness, I have seen that the sickness was unto death. I have cast my burden on the Lord, and He has sustained me. You know how I am blessed in my family, all doing well in the world, respected and respectable. And then the widespread tide of sympathy and kind attention, from the Queen down to the poorest in the land, is very soothing to my stricken heart. David sends you by this post a pamphlet containing any particulars you might like to know of the last hours of your dear departed friend, which you will please accept from me instead of a letter from Charles, which I am sure he would have gladly written, and may still by and by. I have with me my son Thomas and his wife, from Buenos Ayres; so the house does not look so desolate, though, alas! none can take the place of its head.

The Lord spare you and bless you, dear Mr. Carter, and

your family, to serve His cause, and bless the world as you have done for many a day, and at last grant you an abundant entrance into His kingdom above, to join the ransomed throng who have already beheld their blessed Lord and Saviour.

Yours with much esteem,

ANNE GUTHRIE.

Dr. and Mrs. Guthrie, with their youngest son Charles, had made all their arrangements to visit America in the summer of 1867, and were to be Mr. Carter's guests. They came as far as Queenstown, but the motion of the steamer had so bad an effect on the action of the Doctor's heart that he was obliged to give up the voyage, to the sore disappointment of his many American friends. His son made the journey alone, and won many friends in this country, who still remember him with cordial interest. He visited Mr. Carter in New York and in Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Mr. Carter returned to America after his most enjoyable European trip, he was fifty-five years of age, entering upon what are generally regarded as declining years, but he was destined to "bring forth fruit in old age." His last days were also his best. His two sons in the ministry soon married and settled in their respective parishes; a few years later his only daughter married a clergyman; his brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. Mann, was settled in Princeton; and Mr. Carter would go from one country parish to another, a most welcome visitor, taking part in any meetings or conventions that were going on at the time, always present at and adding greatly to the interest of Sunday school and prayer meeting. His friends often referred to these visits as those of a bishop to his diocese. His advice was constantly sought by the young ministers, and was always judicious and kindly. Wherever he went, he spread sunshine by his cheery presence. At his side moved his gentle wife, casting a milder but no less certain radiance. She was almost always with him, except in his numerous journeys to the General Assembly, attendance on which she resolutely declined. They were singularly happy in the marriages of their children and all new members coming in were welcomed by the parents as if they had been indeed their own. The family tie was strengthened and not weakened by the new lives added. In later years they were called to

mourn, as one by one their children by marriage were removed by death, and in each case their grief was deep and lasting, sorrowing for themselves and for the dear ones so sorely bereaved, and for the grandchildren left fatherless or motherless.

In 1864 began a series of summer gatherings unique in their character. It was not enough for Mr. Carter to visit his children in their homes, and have them visit him in New York with their little ones, a few at a time. He wanted all his clan assembled under one roof, and for a considerable period; so during the vacations of the ministers he invited all to some country haunt. He found comfortable quarters in beautiful Berkshire, Massachusetts, first at Stockbridge, afterwards at South Egremont. As years passed on, the party increased, until at last, with mothers-in-law and brothers-in-law and babies and nurses, it frequently numbered nearly forty. A large sitting-room was always provided where family prayers were regularly conducted, and where many a merry game was enjoyed in the evenings. The days passed in what seemed a delightful dream. The young cousins grew up with almost brotherly interest in each other. Occasionally a few congenial outsiders dropped into the happy circle.

Mr. Carter was always very fond of driving, and wherever he was would constantly get up great carriage loads to go to some point of interest. To him a pleasure shared was always doubled, and when he was along no one else ever troubled himself about expense.

Dr. Henry M. Field wrote in the Evangelist, after his old friend's death: —

"For some years he spent his summers near us in the country, where in 1866 he received a visit from Dr. McCosh, who was then making his acquaintance with America, and

the first time that we ever saw a face to which we were afterwards to look up with such a tender veneration was when Robert Carter and Dr. McCosh were on the lawn in front of the old farmhouse *playing croquet*. But the dear elder did not, any more than the learned divine, fail to seize every opportunity for doing good. He attended a little church among the hills, and his contribution to it was fully one tenth of the pastor's salary; and when the latter was laid upon a bed of sickness, no visits were more frequent and more welcome than those of this man of God, whose very presence in the sick-room was a benediction."

One of Mr. Carter's most delightful memories of Stockbridge was of an evening at Dr. Field's house, with Dr. McCosh, Dr. Mark Hopkins and his brother Dr. Albert Hopkins, and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. It was an occasion never to be forgotten by any who listened to the flow of brilliant conversation.

The little church to which Dr. Field alludes was one in the village of Curtisville, about two miles from Stockbridge. The first summer that he visited Berkshire he was boarding with his family in a pleasant house, beautifully situated between Stockbridge and Curtisville, and with a lovely view over the picturesque hills and valleys of Berkshire. There can hardly be a more beautiful village on earth than Stockbridge, with its magnificent elms shading its broad street, — with its lovely homes, where culture and refinement have made their abode since Eliot and Jonathan Edwards lived there. The first Sunday Mr. Carter drove with his party to Stockbridge to church, but during the following week he noticed a spire near at hand among the trees, and inquired if there was not a church within walking distance. "O yes, there is the Curtisville church, but it is a plain little affair. You would not

like to go there." "I think I should, for two reasons. I never take horses out on Sunday if there is a church I can walk to, and we might be able to do some good in that church. The Stockbridge one is strong, and does not need us." From that time he threw himself heartily into church work there, attending Sunday school and evening meetings as if he was a deacon or an elder. The prayer meetings were exceedingly interesting and very largely attended. Mr. Carter and his sons were cordially welcomed, and it is believed that great good was done in that quiet neighborhood. The people had grown disheartened, the church was in great need of repairs, but they felt unable to do anything. Mr. Carter spoke words of encouragement, and when he offered a liberal subscription on condition that they would do their best, the people took hold with a good will, and when he came back the next summer the shabby little building was transformed to such a degree as to be hardly recognizable. The whole church life was revived and spiritualized. It seemed as if the dry bones lived. The Sunday school was a special field of labor to him. Here and in many other schools he offered prizes to the children for different forms of Bible research. One of these was the offer of an attractive book to every member of the Sunday school who would bring him a written list of all the names of Christ that he could find. Such a list has been found prepared by himself, and containing one hundred and sixty-five names of our Lord. Books were promised to any one who would come and tell him that he or she had read the Bible through. In the course of his life he must have given thousands of volumes in this way. Another favorite scheme of his was to tell some young man who was beginning to use tobacco that he

would give him twenty dollars if he would give it up till he came of age. He thought, if the habit was not formed before that age, there was little danger of its being formed afterwards. One day he met a young lad smoking, and said to him, "John, if you will stop smoking till you are twenty-one I 'll give you twenty dollars." The boy threw away his cigar, saying, "I 'll never smoke again," and he never did. When he came of age, and he had received his twenty dollars, a member of his family said to him, "Are you not going to smoke again now?" "No indeed, I would not show such disrespect to Mr. Carter."

It has been said that he was a peace lover. It was impossible to quarrel with him, because he positively would not quarrel. People tried it sometimes, and perhaps would go off in a huff because all their sharp speeches were good-naturedly answered, and then, when they got over their pet and came back, they found him just as he always had been, kind and friendly, with never an allusion to their former outbreak. He had the best of all dispositions, naturally a quick temper, under perfect control. He had his own strong convictions on important subjects, and was not afraid to express them when necessary, but he had large charity for other people's convictions; and the petty affairs which many people quarrel over were to him trifles, unworthy of a thought. "Why do ye not rather suffer wrong?" was a text often on his lips.

At the close of the war, a good many of his Southern correspondents, of whom he had not heard for months or years, came North, and found him ready to give a kindly reception. A clergyman whom he had known well, a fine scholarly man, but a strong Secessionist, came into his store in the spring of 1865. Mr. Carter

and his brothers were very glad to see their old friend, and gathered about him to hear how he had fared in the long period of silence and separation. He talked to them awhile with evident emotion, and then said, "Mr. Carter, I don't understand this. I came North, expecting to find coldness and alienation, and you welcome me as warmly as you ever did." "Oh," said Mr. Carter, laughing, "of course we welcome the repentant prodigal." "But I am not repentant. I am conquered, but not convinced." "We receive you as a Christian brother, any way. The war is over, and we will all accept its conclusions, and talk over only the many things on which we meet on common ground, and not the few on which we disagree." This clergyman had lost everything during the war; he was unable to preach, and was sorely embarrassed. The same day, a prominent and wealthy man of Chicago came into the store, and said, "I want to buy a library, and expect to spend twenty thousand dollars on it. I wish you would help me in the selection of the books." Mr. Carter told him that he had not time to go into such a work, which should be done with great care, and would be a year's work for some one, but said, "You know Dr. ——, who has just come up from the South. He is just the man to do such a work, and I know that he greatly needs employment." The position was offered, and gladly accepted by the clergyman, who gratefully thanked Mr. Carter, saying, "You certainly obey the injunction, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him.'" The idea of Mr. Carter regarding a political opponent as an enemy was preposterous in the last degree.

Another Southerner, who came up from the South at the close of the war and renewed old friendship with Mr. Carter, was Mr. McCarter, at whose house

in Charleston, South Carolina, he had visited. He was a man of most benevolent character. In slavery times, no free colored person was allowed to live in South Carolina. If they earned money to purchase their freedom, they were obliged to put themselves under the protection of some white man, and be considered his slaves. Quite a large number had chosen him as their master in this way, and, while calling themselves his slaves, they carried on business for themselves. When Mr. Carter visited him, in 1855, he would frequently say, in passing through the streets, "That is my man," or, "That is my woman." This noble Christian man during the war visited hospitals and prisons, carrying kindly relief and sympathy to the wounded of both armies. He had removed to Columbia, and was there when it was burned. When Sherman's army passed through, there was great excitement and trouble in the town. He was summoned to his front gate to speak with a party of soldiers who demanded food. "I will do the best I can for you, but the Southern army has just passed through, and stripped our larder, and really I have but poor fare to offer you." While he was speaking, the torchlight fell full on his face, and a soldier exclaimed, "Why, old horse, is that you?" And turning to the commanding officer, he said, "This man was very kind to us Northern prisoners. I was sick and in prison, and he came to me bringing comforts and speaking kind words." "I shall set a guard on his house, then," said the officer. "Sir, you need fear no further molestation." Through all that stormy time, "the beloved of the Lord dwelt in safety by Him."

When he came North, after peace was declared, he arrived unexpectedly one evening at Mr. Carter's house,

exclaiming, as he entered the parlor, "Will you receive an old rebel?" He was welcomed with open arms, and the two friends sat late that night talking over the exciting events that had taken place since they last met. Mr. McCarter wore a suit of rather rough-looking cloth, and, turning to his hostess, remarked, "You may not think I am very elegantly dressed, Mrs. Carter, but perhaps you may have more respect for my garments when I tell you that this suit I have on cost me six hundred dollars." This little visit was greatly enjoyed by both friends, and they tacitly agreed to differ on topics on which they took entirely opposite views. The quiet games of chess over which they spent an hour each evening formed the only battle-ground between the two.

One of Mr. Carter's dearest friends was Mrs. Sarah A. Brown, who for many years kept a young ladies' boarding school in New York. She had been associated with him in the High School, being principal of the girls' department, and the friendship then formed was sustained through life. She was a woman of fine intellect and very lovely character. At the time of the riots, in 1863, she was living on the corner of Twenty-Third Street and Seventh Avenue. Looking from her window, she saw several colored women, with children, chased along the avenue by a mob. She went out on her steps and beckoned the poor creatures in, promising all the protection in her power. The mob surrounded the house, threatening to set fire to it if she did not give up the Negroes. Again she went out on her door-step, and addressed the rioters, saying that she felt that she could not die in a better cause than defending the oppressed, and that she never would give up these defenceless creatures. The noble words and dignified bearing of the stately, beautiful old lady, who counted

not her life dear unto herself, so impressed those lawless men that they went quietly away, and she suffered no further molestation. She kept the refugees in her house for several days, and when at last the streets were quiet she went down to Mr. Carter's store to ask if he would join with her in providing a simple outfit for them, as they had lost their clothing and furniture in the riots.

In July, 1867, one of her two daughters died after a brief illness at Princeton, New Jersey, where Mrs. Brown was then residing. At this time, Mr. Carter wrote her the following letter: —

"By a letter received yesterday, we were informed that your loving daughter, Miss Caroline, was no more. The sad tidings deeply affected us all, the more so as they were so unexpected. How little we know what a day may bring forth! What can I say to you to comfort you? You know the love of the Lord Jesus Christ, and you know how lovingly he dealt with her for many a year. Has he now in anger smitten her down? Can you suppose this to be the case? By no means! You mourn not as those without hope. For, as Jesus died and rose again, so those who sleep in Jesus he will bring with him. This sore trial to your faith and patience brings to my mind all the way by which the Lord has led you these nearly forty years since we first met. How goodness and mercy have followed you! And yet through much tribulation you have come. Can you not now set to your seal that God is true, — is love? For many years past I could say with the apostle, 'I thank my God upon every remembrance of you.' Can I not still continue to say so? Yes, 'He doeth all things well.' May it not be that he is saying to you, 'Arise, this is not your rest, for it is polluted.'

"The venerable Samuel Rutherford, writing to a lady sorely bereaved, uses this language: 'Build not your nest on any tree in this forest, for your Master has sold them all to death, and he will soon come and take them all away.'

"Grandmother, Mrs. Carter, and all of us, deeply sympathize with you and Miss Brown. The Lord deal very tenderly with you, and show you wherefore he contendeth with you, and make you to become more and more fruitful. 'Whom he loveth, he chasteneth.' He hath taken your loved child to himself. He hath washed her, and made her white and clean, and hath clothed her with the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness. How happy she is now! how holy! how loving! We cannot think of her but as the bride adorned for her husband.

"Richard Cameron was beheaded at Airsmoss, in Scotland, and the headless body was there buried. Shortly after, Alexander Peden sat on the grave, and, wayworn and weary, raised his eyes to Heaven, and exclaimed, 'O to be wi' Ritchie!'

"We shall go to her; she shall not return to us. She is not dead, but sleepeth. May we too sleep as sweetly as she does in the blessed Saviour when our day is done and the night cometh! 'Peace be unto you.' 'The very God of peace dwell in you richly, and make you to abound more and more in the fruits of the Spirit.' 'The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble, the name of the God of Jacob defend thee, send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion.'

"I am glad that our dear brother M. is so near you. He is a wise counsellor, and loves you.

"May the Master open his lips, and cause him to speak comfortable words.

"We commit you and your dear daughter E. to our covenant-keeping God."

Reference has been made several times to Mr. Carter's friendship with Dr. McCosh, which began in 1850 and continued to the close of his life, when Dr. McCosh stood beside his coffin and paid a true and tender tribute to the memory of his tried and faithful friend. Dr. McCosh gives the following history of his intercourse with Robert Carter: —

"I was first brought into communication with Mr. Carter when, in 1850, I published in Edinburgh my first book, 'The Method of Divine Government, Physical and Moral.' He immediately republished the work in America, sending me the nice little sum of fifty pounds. He took a deep interest in the book, and promoted its sale, not merely because it brought him business profit, but because he thought it would do good, and because he believed that it set forth what he was sure was the true doctrine in regard to God and his government. From that time I corresponded with him occasionally. I saw him in Edinburgh when he came on a visit to his native country looking out for good books to republish and make known and circulate in the wider country of America. I owe to him, as many others do, the introduction of my early works into the wide continent of North America. He threw himself heartily into this work, and carried it on in a business-like manner, believing that in this way he could do most good both in his native and his adopted country.

"Being now somewhat known in the United States, I paid a visit to that country in 1866. He received me as his guest, first in New York, and then in his summer quarters in a farmhouse near Lenox. In that latter place I saw him at his best. He had gathered his family around him. He was lively, he was genial. He had many an anecdote to tell of the scenes through which he had passed in Scotland and

in America. In particular he watched with deep interest the career of Thomas Guthrie, whose works he published, and other eminent ministers of his native land. He felt a deep interest in the Scotchmen who came over to America. Some of them had unfortunately fallen into poverty and bad habits, and he took evident pleasure in telling how he had been the means of relieving them in their difficulties and starting them upon a new and better course. This was a subject on which he always delighted to expatiate.

"Everybody was impressed with two features of his character. One was his great conscientiousness. However brilliant and salable a book might be, he would not publish it if its tendency was not good, or even if it contained a passage fitted to injure religion or morality. In this respect he was more rigidly faithful than any publisher I ever met with. He used his daily employment as a means of imparting elevated knowledge and spiritual comfort to old and young. I know of no library, juvenile mission, or tract society containing a greater number of books, all good and none evil, than Mr. Carter's store in Broadway.

"Every one noticed another characteristic. His heart was full of pious devotion. It was ever ready to express itself in prayers. It was pleasant and refreshing to join him in his family worship. At meetings for benevolent and religious purposes he was commonly asked to lead in prayer. Every sentence was rich with spiritual unction, and you felt that it was the outpouring of the heart."

Dr. McCosh has kindly given his consent to the publication of three of his letters, which explain themselves and which throw light on a very interesting period in the lives of both. They were written in the interval between Dr. McCosh's visit to America, in 1866, and his assuming the Presidency of Princeton College, in 1868. The first bears the date of Belfast, September 1, 1866.

"After a pleasant passage, I arrived in Queenstown on Wednesday, and at my own home the following day.

"My deepest feeling is one of thankfulness to the loving God who has kept me through these long voyages of six thousand miles, and of these still longer journeys of seven thousand five hundred miles, during the whole of which I have been in such a state of health as to enjoy the scenes through which I have passed, and to receive, I trust, profit from them.

"I also feel gratitude to the many, many friends, for such I reckon them, in America, who have shown me so much kindness and put themselves to so much trouble to throw open to me objects of interest in your towns and in your rural districts, in your churches and in your benevolent and educational institutions. Few travellers from our country have seen such a variety of men and manners, of industrial life and natural scenery, in your country, as I have had the privilege of doing.

"Among these friends I give the first place to you, — you and your family, and your brothers, and indeed your whole kindred and connection. I am indebted to you for being able to plan such a tour, and for making me known to many who helped me on my journey, and for the quiet though deep pleasure I always felt in the bosom of your family, first in New York, then still more in that lovely valley in Berkshire. I feel that the purposes which I had in view in my visit to your country have been fulfilled, and I thank God and my American friends that I have come home thoroughly refreshed in body and in mind; and I feel that I can enter with renewed life on my college duties and on my more general studies. I have received new and profitable sensations and impressions, and laid up many pleasant memories to be cherished in time, and I believe in eternity. I have formed acquaintances in a day or in an hour to be remembered by me as long as I have a memory.

"I found the good people in your country ready to recip-

rocate any feeling of kindness expressed by the people of this country. I rejoice in the opportunity which I had in the General Assemblies at St. Louis of making statements which I trust tend towards bringing Christians in your country into closer communion with Christians in our land.

"There was such a spirit exhibited at all our meetings about the Evangelical Alliance in New York, that I am confidently expecting that there will soon be a public announcement of the formation of an American organization to act along with the British in exhibiting and realizing the unity of the Church of Christ. It will now be my pleasant duty to report all this to Christians here, and thus join the other end of the chain and connect the countries by a quicker and a stronger bond than the Atlantic Cable. I have seen how much you owe to education, I have seen much in your higher schools and colleges to admire and to copy. I am ready to testify that in New England and in other parts, including the West, you have been able to raise the working classes to a state of physical comfort and of intelligence such as has not been realized in any country in Europe. You owe this to the Word of God, to your quiet Sabbaths, and to education."

The following letter from Dr. McCosh bears date January 22, 1868:—

"In a letter which I had last week from a gentleman of some influence in the States, he mentions incidentally that Dr. Maclean has resigned the presidency of the New Jersey University, and that some are greatly talking of me for the office. I had occasion to write him, and said simply that I was not seeking any office here or elsewhere, but that if any such proposal was laid before me I would favorably consider it. I think it due to the friendship subsisting between you and me to let you know this. I am willing to go wherever my Master may call me to a wider field of usefulness, in this country or America. I have just declined a proposal to make

me Professor of Theology in London to the English Presbyterian Church, because my field was not theology proper, but philosophy always in its religious bearings. I do not know the exact duties or emoluments of the New Jersey College; yet if it affords a wider field to me, — a field for turning all my studies in science and philosophy to a religious account, — I am willing to go at my Master's command, but the invitation must come from others, and I will permit no solicitation on my part directly or indirectly. I think you understand my position. I rejoiced more than I can tell you over the success of the Philadelphia Convention. It is a great event in the history of the Presbyterian Church. I was so glad to find you taking a part in it, and a part which led to good results. As soon as I got the accounts I wrote two papers, with my name signed, for the 'Weekly Review' of London, and ordered copies to be sent to you.

"In the three kingdoms there is to be a desperate fight on the Endowment question. The battle is to be in Ireland, and I am in the heart of it. I have given my utterance. An attempt was made to bring me before the Assembly for censure. I have incurred a good deal of odium, but public opinion in the town is gradually coming over to the right side. I hope the Irish Establishment will go, and other consequences will follow. Those who stand up for the *Donum* here are combining with Begg and the Anti-Union men in Scotland. They feel the cause to be one. It will be a keen and disagreeable struggle, but under God I hope the end will be good."

On February 8, 1868, he again writes: —

"The proposal to make me President of New Jersey University has come upon me with surprise. With so many gifted men in America, I am astonished anybody should think of me. I can look at the office only on one condition, and that is that the call comes spontaneously from the American side, and as a call in Providence. If it thus comes I shall

feel bound to consider it favorably. There are some things which would incline me towards it. I should feel it an honor to be in an office filled by such Presidents, from Edwards to Maclean. I should willingly let my bones be buried in the spot where these Presidents sleep. I was greatly impressed with the abilities and character of the Professors in the College and Seminary, and feel that I could pleasantly spend my days among them.

"My past experience as a minister, first in the Church of Scotland, and then in the Free Church, and latterly as a Professor in the last established University in these kingdoms, and my rather wide studies, may, with the blessing of God, be turned into some use. I feel especially that I might have more freedom there to promote the cause of Christ than in a State college in this divided country, — that is, Ireland.

"There are considerations on the other side which I cannot look at at present, such as love to the old country and attachment to friends. I am glad you do not ask me to commit myself.

"If no call comes, I am not disappointed, as I have made no application, and cherished no hopes. If the call comes, I am bound to consider it fairly and prayerfully. I was not just offered the chair in London. But influential parties wrote me, pressing me to allow myself to be nominated. To each of them I wrote an immediate declination, my ground being the same as induced me to decline the call of the Assembly to a Free Church chair in Glasgow,— that, having devoted so many years to philosophy in its various bearings, I was not fit to teach theology. But I offered, if they did not ask me to separate myself from my chair here and from philosophy, to deliver a course of lectures to them every spring on the subjects lying between theology and science. The Synod does not meet till April. My proposal was private, and may not amount to anything.

"Thank God, I am well and have plenty of work. I began

here in the College with about forty students; of late years, the names of my students have numbered from one hundred to a hundred and thirty-five."

Little has been said so far of Mr. Carter's General Assembly experiences. These formed a very interesting part of his life, and it is a great pity that a full record of them has not been kept. He was seventeen times a delegate, and took part in many important sessions, especially during the Reunion of the Old and New School Presbyterian churches. At one of the earlier meetings which he attended, the subject of ministerial relief was brought up. He arose and told the following story. Some years before, he had heard that a friend of his, minister to one of the poorer congregations in New York City, was ill, and he went to see him. He was evidently consumptive, and told Mr. Carter that his physician had said that he ought to go South, as he could not live through the Northern winter. "Why do you not start at once?" said Mr. Carter; "it is cold weather now." The sick man requested his wife to leave the room, and said, "Mr. Carter, I have not a dollar in the world. My people can do nothing more for me. The doctor wants me to borrow money to go South as a means of saving my life, but I am not willing to run the risk of leaving my family with a burden of debt, if I am to die after all." Mr. Carter was a poor man then himself, but he started a subscription, giving all he could, and went about among his friends asking for help. The sympathies of one benevolent lady were so aroused, that she got into her sleigh in the midst of a blinding snow-storm and collected from her relatives, and Mr. Carter went in a few days with five hundred dollars to the poor invalid, and laid the money on the counterpane before him. The good man clasped his hands,

and with streaming eyes thanked God for his great bounty towards him. Then, turning to Mr. Carter, he said, "You and your friends have been very good to me. I never had so much money in my life before. I cannot go South; I feel that I am growing worse every day, and that it is better for me to stay at home. But this money will be a provision for my family, and I feel confident that the Lord who has dealt so graciously with me will be with my wife and children after I am gone." After his death, his wife went into business in a very small way, keeping what was called a thread and needle shop. She had a hard struggle, but found friends, and was never forsaken.

From this story Mr. Carter made an urgent appeal that the church at large should do systematically what a few friends had done in this individual case. Many of the friends of ministerial relief have spoken of a new interest in the cause dating from this speech.

In 1863, Mr. Carter was a delegate to the Old School Assembly at Peoria. It was in the early days of the Reunion movement, and friendly resolutions were exchanged with the New School Assembly, meeting at Philadelphia. The following year, 1864, he was again a delegate at Newark, New Jersey. Here an informal meeting of ministers and elders was held for conference upon the expediency and feasibility of organic Reunion.

In November, 1867, he went as a delegate to a great National Presbyterian Convention, held in Philadelphia, "for prayer and conference in regard to the terms of union and communion among the various branches of the Presbyterian family." The call for this convention originated with his old and valued friend, George H. Stuart, Esq., who presided over the meetings. On the first morning there was an elders' prayer meeting at

nine o'clock, and at ten o'clock a general prayer meeting presided over by the Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, of Ohio, another loved and honored friend of Mr. Carter's. Mr. Chidlaw has authorized the following quotation from his book, "The Story of my Life."

"At the expiration of the half-hour, I received a note from the chairman of the committee to nominate permanent officers, asking the continuance of the prayer meeting for fifteen minutes, when they would be ready to report. After reading the note, I requested some brother to lead in prayer. The response lingered. Just then I caught the eye of Robert Carter, of New York, and asked him to pray. He stood up before the Lord, and in Scriptural language bewailed and confessed the sin of division, his voice tremulous and penetrating, and full of pathos; then, as if relieved of a heavy burden, he pleaded earnestly for the fulfilment of the Saviour's prayer for the unity of his people and the spread of the Gospel at home and abroad.

"This prayer was a wonderful outpouring of a soul endowed with an unction from the Holy One, and its effect on the audience was marvellous, melted into tears and awe-struck in the presence of our prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. The unbroken silence that followed told the impression produced. We were dumb before the Lord, whose presence we so fully realized.

"The committee reported, and their nominations were unanimously confirmed. They had failed to agree, and wanted further time. At the last moment, and in a way that they knew not, they harmonized during the time when Robert Carter was in prayer, became of one mind, and united in presenting their report. It was said that Rev. Dr. Musgrave, a leader in the Old School, rather indifferent, if not opposed, to Reunion, was so impressed with the prayer of Robert Carter that he became one of its strongest friends and ablest advocates."

Mr. George H. Stuart says that, afterwards, "One of the members of the committee was anxious to have the report recommitted, not to change its essential features in any particular, but that so important a document might have the benefit of a little more careful revision from a literary point of view. A motion to this effect was made soon after the Convention was opened, but was strongly opposed by Dr. Musgrave, who had been regarded as an opponent of union, on the ground that the report came in answer to the prayers of the Convention, which had spent the time that the committee had been deliberating in prayer for their guidance. So the motion to recommit was withdrawn." Mr. Stuart refers to this prayer as one "of wonderful fervor, which seemed to touch every heart." Some one else has referred to this prayer as an "effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man, which prevailed on earth as well as in heaven." "As a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed."

This convention was a season of unbounded pleasure to Mr. Carter. He loved to speak of the many striking and dramatic scenes which characterized it, and which are familiar to most Presbyterian readers, for this was the period of the crystallization of the Reunion movement.

It was announced to the Convention that especial prayer had been offered for the success of the Reunion at the annual meeting of the Evangelical Societies of the Episcopal Church, which was in progress in Philadelphia at that time. A committee, consisting of Dr. Henry B. Smith, Dr. J. M. Stevenson, the Hon. Judge Drake, and Mr. Robert Carter, was appointed to convey fraternal greetings to the Episcopal brethren. They were received with the utmost enthusiasm, the whole congregation rising to welcome them. The Episcopal As-

sembly resolved to attend the Presbyterian Convention in a body the next morning, and be present while Bishops McIlvaine and Lee and others presented their salutations. A most striking and interesting scene in this reception was when the venerable Bishop Charles McIlvaine and the equally venerable Dr. Charles Hodge sprang to each other's embrace upon the platform, each greeting the other as "Charlie," as in the old familiar days when they were together in Princeton College and Seminary.

Afterwards Dr. Hodge said, "I hope this audience will pardon a reference which might seem personal under any other circumstances than the present. You, Bishop McIlvaine, and Bishop Johns, whom I had hoped to see on this occasion, and I were boys together in Princeton College fifty years ago. Evening after evening have we knelt together in prayer. We were baptized in spirit together in the great revival of 1815 in that institution, we sat together year after year in the same class-rooms, and we were instructed by the same venerable theological teachers. You have gone your way and I mine; but I will venture to say that I do not believe that in all that time you have preached any one sermon which I would not have rejoiced to have delivered. I feel the same confidence in saying that I never preached a sermon which you would not have cordially indorsed. Here we now stand, gray-headed, side by side, after more than fifty years, the representatives of these two great bodies, feeling for each other the same intimate and cordial love, looking not backwards, not downwards, at the grave at our very feet, but onward to the coming glory. Sir, were not your Church and ours rocked in the same cradle? Have they not passed through the same Red Sea of trial?

Did they not receive the same baptism of the Spirit? What difference is there between the Thirty-Nine Articles and our Confession greater than the difference between the different parts of one great cathedral anthem that rises to the skies. We stand here to declare to the whole world that we are one in faith, one in baptism, and one in allegiance to our Lord."

This interview between two of his beloved friends was very delightful to Mr. Carter, who always loved to dwell upon its memory.

The following year, 1868, Mr. Carter was again a delegate to the General Assembly, which met in Albany, and at which the subject of Reunion was the prominent topic. Towards the close of the session, which was a very exciting one, a committee, consisting of Drs. Beatty and Reed, and Elders Robert Carter and Henry Day, was sent to confer with the New School Assembly at Harrisburg. They were very kindly and warmly received, and, after speeches from each member of the committee, Dr. Nelson rose and asked Mr. Carter if he would answer a few questions. "Certainly." "What is the position of the Old School Assembly in regard to Reunion?" Mr. Carter replied, that a large majority favored it heartily, but that he must acknowledge that a minority were opposed to it. "What is the character of that minority?" "It is mostly composed of the older men whom we honor as fathers. But may I not plead that the greatest consideration should be bestowed on these venerable men? Let me tell an incident which occurred many years ago in Scotland. The old Earl of Kilmarnock and his son fought on opposite sides at the battle of Culloden. After the victory, the son was standing with a party of officers on the field when a company of prisoners were brought in,

among them the old Earl, bare-headed, his white hair streaming in the wind. The son spoke no word, but stepped forward and placed his own hat on the head of his father. So should we bear ourselves to those loved and honored fathers, who conscientiously dissent from us." The New School brethren had been feeling a little restive under the slower movements of the Old School Assembly, but "these words produced a profound impression, and were among the gentle and Christ-like influences which smoothed over all difficulties, and brought about at length the reunion of the Church."

Dr. Ellinwood, from whom the last sentence is quoted, adds: "This incident was characteristic of Mr. Carter in all his relations, and in all his Christian activities. This same spirit which favored progress on the one hand, and conciliation and forbearance on the other, characterized his whole course. As a rule, he voted for every wise measure of progress. There was a bright and hopeful energy to his mind even to fourscore years. He was not bound to the past. He expected progress, as he earnestly prayed for it. He realized that many of the old moulds and measurements must be outgrown."

After leaving the New School Assembly at Harrisburg, Mr. Carter returned to his own Assembly at Albany, and made his report with the others of his committee. He was then sent to convey the greetings of the Old School Assembly to the United Presbyterian General Assembly at Argyle, New York. There he met with a hearty Scotch reception, and made a most felicitous speech. Thus he on three successive days addressed three separate General Assemblies.

In 1869, he was a delegate to the General Assembly meeting at New York, at which Reunion was consummated. He was a member of the Conference Committee

to prepare the plan of Reunion, and he entered with all his heart into the work, and into the rejoicing over its accomplishment. It was a great delight to him to take part in the adjourned meeting of the Assembly, which took place at Pittsburg, in November, 1869. All the jubilation over Reunion was entirely after his own mind. There was no happier heart in the procession, as Old School and New, after pouring out of their respective places of assembly, met in the street and formed ranks anew, "the Old and New grasping each other, and amidst welcomes, thanksgivings, and tears, they locked arms and stood together in their reformed relations." At the end of the grand Reunion meeting in the First Church of Pittsburg, "the Moderator called on Mr. Robert Carter, Ruling Elder from New York, to offer prayer. This he did with great unction, and, in hearty sympathy with the occasion, the great Assembly melted together at the throne of grace."

The following year Mr. Carter met again with the reunited Assembly at Philadelphia, and bore his share in the great work of reorganization. He was afterwards a delegate to Baltimore and Buffalo, but was obliged to leave Buffalo before the close of the session, and was told by his physician that a man of his age should not again attempt sitting in a deliberative body.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE of the authors to whom Mr. Carter was friend as well as publisher was the Rev. Dr. Cuyler. He kindly furnishes the following reminiscences of their intercourse.

"The first time I saw my honored and beloved friend, Robert Carter, was about fifty-two years ago.

"I was then a schoolboy of sixteen, reviewing my studies in the Grammar School of the New York University in preparation to enter Princeton College. He was then keeping the little bookstore in Canal Street, which had lately become somewhat famous and popular by the issue of the cheap edition of Merle d'Aubigné's 'History of the Reformation.' My good mother took me there with her when she was in pursuit of some devotional books, such as Jay's 'Morning Exercises.' He had a taste and appetite for that class of savory books, as a Scotchman has for oatmeal porridge and Finnan haddies, and those who relished strong spiritual food knew that they would find it at the modest shop in Canal Street. Ministers resorted there somewhat on Monday mornings; but they came in much larger numbers when he opened his more extensive bookstore in Broadway, near Chambers Street. It was there that I formed my first personal acquaintance with him, about the year 1850. It soon ripened into friendship; and I have known him intimately and loved him warmly for forty years.

"Some of our most delightful intercourse was at Saratoga, where we spent several summers together under the

roof of Dr. Strong. He was a great favorite there with everybody; and when he sat down for a talk on the piazza, the guests used to gather round and listen to his lively reminiscences and vivacious conversation, which was always 'seasoned with salt.' He was genial and relished pleasantries, but he was never frivolous. Into the daily exercises of family worship he entered with all his heart; and his prayers were wonderfully rich in expression and full of holy unction. The singing he enjoyed hugely, and I well remember the first time he heard that simple hymn, 'The Sweet By and By,' with its beautiful melody, it so delighted him that he went to the lady and asked her to sing it again for him.

"He used to drive out with his wife in the summer afternoons, and often invited me to accompany them. We scoured together all the country roads around Saratoga; and we had some rare talks about old and cherished friends, such as Dr. James Hamilton, Dr. Guthrie, and good old Dr. John Griscom, who had been almost his earliest friend and adviser upon his arrival in America. I knew Griscom well, and how dearly he was attached to Robert Carter.

"It was at Saratoga that he delivered that remarkable address before the 'State Institute of Teachers' at one of their annual meetings. In that address he narrated in the most racy style the story of his childhood in Earlston, and the struggle through which he passed in gaining his early education. It was very like the story which the great missionary, John G. Paton, tells of his own boyhood in his godly father's cottage in Dumfriesshire. The address was listened to with the keenest delight by the whole assembly.

"When we got home I said to him, 'Brother Carter, you ought to write out and print that charming bit of autobiography; it is as racy as Benjamin Franklin's story of his own boyhood and youth.' It is from such pictures of personal experience that we get our best insight into the heart and

home life of the past generation. Even dear old Scotland is changing so fast, that the manner of life depicted by him and by Paton will soon be a beautiful reminiscence of things utterly departed.

"In 1862 I met Mr. Carter in London, and we attended together a service preparatory to the communion in Dr. James Hamilton's Regent Square Presbyterian Church. That man of blessed memory, Dr. Arnot, was with us. I gave a brief discourse on 'Love-service for Jesus,' and we all had a pleasant interview afterwards. Those three beloved friends, Hamilton, Arnot, and Carter, are now together 'before the throne of God and of the Lamb.'

"In the last letter that I ever received from Dr. John Brown, the immortal author of 'Rab and his Friends,' the Doctor wrote, 'Give my love to dear old Robert Carter, and tell him that Earlston still flourishes.'

"The hours which I have spent with your venerated father were among the happiest and most profitable of my life. He was a full man, and his talk was like turning the faucet of a reservoir. His letters also were the outflow of a beautiful and sincere affection. He belonged to that remarkable group of New York laymen which embraced also such choice spirits as Apollos R. Wetmore, William B. Crosby, Theodore Frelinghuysen, James Lenox, and William E. Dodge. To him the Church of Christ and many a movement of Christian philanthropy owe a debt of profound gratitude. He contributed more than money, he gave himself.

"It was a precious privilege to spend a half-hour with my beloved old friend when he was lying calmly on that pillow from which in a few days he passed sweetly into heaven. His blood-washed spirit was already in the 'land of Beulah,' and in the full view of the Celestial City. Having lived so long and so well, he had nothing to do but to die. Death was to him the translation to glory. When he left us, he left no more sturdy or steadfast servant of God

behind him. I rejoice that I had such a happy friendship with him for forty years, and shall always cherish the memory of my revered and beloved friend, Robert Carter."

The visits to Saratoga were very delightful to Mr. Carter. Dr. Strong's house was a sort of ministerial caravansary, and the society was very congenial. For a time he went there every summer for a few weeks, and once, when recovering from a long and severe illness, was there for three months. That summer Dr. Mark Hopkins was there for a while, and they had long talks on the piazza together. The grand old Doctor had just resigned the presidency of Williams College. In one of their chats, he told Mr. Carter that his dear friend, Mr. William E. Dodge, had for some years supplemented the President's salary by giving him the interest of $30,000. When he resigned the presidency, he said to the directors that he could no longer take this, but it must go to his successor. The directors told him that he must settle that with Mr. Dodge. Accordingly Dr. Hopkins spoke to him about it. Mr. Dodge made answer, "You may do as you please about taking the money, but it was intended for you personally, and not as President, and if you do not accept it, it reverts to me. If you take it as long as you live, at your death it will go to the College." With the utmost simplicity, Dr. Hopkins, after finishing the story, said, "Mr. Carter, what could I do?" With a twinkle in his eye, Mr. Carter responded, "Surely there was but one course open to you."

Another incident of this summer was connected with the Rev. Joel Parker, D.D., who was spending some weeks with his wife at Dr. Strong's, and with whom Mr. and Mrs. Carter became quite intimate. One day

a man came to Mr. Carter seeking a supply for a church a few miles off, and asked him if there were any good preachers at Dr. Strong's. Mr. Carter told him he could find no one better than Dr. Parker, and accordingly brought the two together. Dr. Parker agreed to preach, and after going through the day's services one of the trustees asked him what he charged. He made answer, that he was not accustomed to make a charge, but took whatever the congregation thought right to give. "I suppose your return ticket cost you one dollar and eighty cents. Here are two dollars,—never mind the change." When Dr. Parker returned and told his story to a group of ministerial friends, there was a good deal of laughter at his expense, and one of the listeners said, "Mr. Carter got you the job, and you ought to divide the profits with him. You certainly owe him ten cents." "On the contrary," said Mr. Carter, "Dr. Parker ought to have received at least twenty dollars for his services, and I ought to share the loss, and here are the ten dollars."

Mr. Carter while at Saratoga regularly attended the noonday prayer meeting, and frequently took part in it. Prayer was to him "vital breath" and "native air." He went to such meetings, not from a mere sense of duty, but from keen enjoyment.

Another author with whom Mr. Carter had very delightful relations was Dr. Bickersteth, now Bishop of Exeter. He had long known and loved the Bishop's father, Rev. Edward Bickersteth, one of England's most saintly clergymen, and when the son published "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever," Mr. Carter read it with exceeding pleasure. He at once brought it out in America, and it was one of his most successful publications, reaching a circulation of more than fifty

thousand copies. Dr. Bickersteth was from this time one of his regular correspondents, and when he visited America, in 1870, they had much tender intercourse. Two letters of Dr. Bickersteth's are here inserted. The first bears date November 10, 1871: —

"I was so grieved to hear from Dr. Ray Palmer this week that you have been suffering from intermittent fever. I fear from what your brother wrote, two or three months ago, that you have been far from strong this summer, but had cherished the hope that the change of air would have recruited you. But our Father's ways are not as ours, — only, however, because they are so infinitely higher, wiser, better, and tenderer. And you, dear friend, who have proved His love for so many years of your pilgrimage will find His everlasting arms beneath you, and His Spirit's consolations over you in your hours of weakness. 'Jesus constrained his disciples to get into a ship,' though He knew the tempestuous, weary night was before them. Yet He was praying for them on the mountain top, and at His own chosen hour, in the fourth watch towards morning, He came when they were least expecting him, saying, 'It is I, be not afraid.' May He thus speak to your heart, and manifest Himself to you as not to the world, and fill you with the joy of His presence and His peace, and if it be His gracious will, raise you up to testify in after years that He is indeed a watchful Friend in sorrow, — the Brother born for adversity. I must not attempt to write more, for I know sickness cannot bear many words, but must assure you that our poor prayers will be with you and with your anxious loving wife, to whom and to your brother please convey my most grateful remembrances."

The second letter is dated from Cromer, Norfolk, August 24, 1873: —

"I do not know whether the great sorrow which has shadowed my home will have caught your eye in any English

paper, but on August 2d my fondly loved wife was called to her rest, after only three days' serious illness, in this lonely seaside place, whither we had come for a few weeks' recreation. It was heart complaint. I had no serious fear until late on Wednesday, July 30th, and at four o'clock on Saturday morning my beloved one was with her Saviour.

"Not a shadow of fear clouded her peaceful and holy death-bed. She gathered our twelve children all around her bed, and spoke words of priceless love and motherly counsel to each.

"You will pray for us.

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. The Voice has been heard every hour, 'It is I,' and Jesus has been with me in the deep, deep waters which have gone over my soul. He has been so near and so tender! There has not been one drop of bitterness in the deep cup of sorrow, — nothing but love, Divine love, the love we cannot fathom or explain.

"We return to our shadowed home, D. V., next week. You will, I know, pray for us. Will you forward this note to dear Dr. Tyng and Dr. Ray Palmer. I find it very difficult to write all the letters which my heart prompts me to send. But it is sweet to think how much brotherly love will pour itself out for us in prayer in America.

"Believe ever, in the bonds of the Gospel, your sorely stricken and yet comforted friend."

Another very intimate and beloved friend was Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, so long prominent in benevolent work. He was a kindred spirit with Mr. Carter, who entered heartily into the Doctor's philanthropic schemes, which gave constant opportunities for their being together. Dr. Muhlenberg spent his latter days at St. Luke's Hospital, which he himself founded, and which is his appropriate monument. In his last illness Mr. Carter constantly visited him there, and used to say he was like St. John

in Patmos, with his thoughts filled with bright visions of the celestial country he was so soon to enter. Their communion was most sweet, and it was a very precious memory to Mr. Carter that at their last interview Dr. Muhlenberg drew him towards him for a farewell embrace and kiss.

On March 18, 1884, came the Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Carter. The family had been looking forward to it as a time of special rejoicing, though all the wedding days were regularly kept. On this there was to have been as great a jubilation as Mrs. Carter's very feeble health would allow, but just the week before she was stricken down with a very dangerous illness, and almost passed through the gates of death. When the wedding day came, though convalescent, she was confined to her bed, and none were admitted to her room but her children, who assembled about her, offering their congratulations very quietly. It had been arranged that each one of the children and grandchildren should write them a congratulatory letter, and these letters were afterwards bound together in a book with Mr. and Mrs. Carter's pictures. This was an entire surprise to the recipients, and gave them the greatest possible pleasure. The letter of the oldest son is here inserted as giving an idea of the volume.

"As I begin to write to congratulate you on the fiftieth return of your wedding anniversary, there come floating through my brain a host of texts from that volume, which, thanks to your training, has become the best loved and most studied of all books. I remember with gratitude how I used to sit beside mother in my eighth year reading the Bible, and asking her questions about its meaning, and how during that year I finished reading the good book through. Thus 'from a child' I have 'known the Scriptures,' because you taught

your children to obey the command and 'search the Scriptures.' And not merely did you teach us to read the Bible and explain to us its meaning, but your lives in general as seen by us and your conduct towards us in particular have given object lessons enabling us to understand more deeply and appreciate more fully than many can the meaning of not a few texts of Scripture.

"The *fatherhood of God* has to us a meaning that it cannot have to many. We remember how as faithful parents you have chastened us for our profit, and also how, like the father of the prodigal, you have watched for the evidence of repentance, and at once given us the kindly word and the assurance of forgiveness. Our relation to you enables us to find a peculiar preciousness in what the Word of God says about the Great Father, 'of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.'

"We remember with delight the gatherings early on winter evenings to listen to Bible stories from dear mother, till the good father came home from outside work, like David, 'to bless his house.' The happy home in which we all lived together and the happy home where we still delight to meet are beautiful types of the Father's house in which we all hope to dwell. The large-hearted love with which you have always welcomed the steadily increasing number of your children to a New England place of rest, gives us beautiful reminders that the Father's house has 'many mansions,' and that 'yet there is room' for us all where some of us have already entered.

"And when sorrow has come, how unspeakably precious has been your sympathy, which has taught us what is meant by the words, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him,' and, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.'

"We thank God that our parents have imitated the Psalmist in his resolve, 'I will walk within my house with a perfect heart.' We rejoice that our father has been like

Abraham, 'who commanded his children and his household after him,' and like Joshua, able to say, 'As for me and my house we will serve the Lord'; while our mother, like Hannah and like Eunice, has dedicated her children from the birth and trained them in the fear of God. When we think of the first commandment with promise, we are glad that we have parents whom we have such good cause to honor. Though we each have families of our own, we still rejoice to 'hear the instruction of a father,' and as for our mother, 'her children rise up and call her blessed.' May your lives long be spared, that we may long enjoy these privileges!"

Some of the letters from the grandsons at college were very full of fun, dwelling on family jokes, and not hesitating to indulge in what might be called teasing of the venerable bride and groom. Some one who read the letters said, "Is it possible that a man of Mr. Carter's dignified character allows his grandchildren to address him in such familiar terms?" "You little know Mr. Carter," was the reply, "if you imagine that his grandchildren stand in awe of him. They themselves do not enjoy their fun more than he does."

Many beautiful gifts were sent him, some of them with a tender sentiment attached. One that pleased him much was a vase with fifty lovely roses, from the printer that he had employed for fifty years.

On the 1st of April he passed the fiftieth anniversary of entering into business. The publishers of New York united in sending him the following testimonial.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1884.

MR. ROBERT CARTER, NEW YORK:

DEAR SIR, — Your friends and associates in the book-publishing and book-selling trade of this city desire, on the

fiftieth anniversary of your entrance upon the business, to convey to you their best regards and congratulations.

Some of us are the sons and successors of your early contemporaries; others are the representatives of a later generation; but the good will and kindly feeling which you commanded at the beginning, you have continued to retain through all the succeeding years of an honorable career. In your fifty years of business life, you have seen the wonderful growth of the American publishing trade, and have borne a conspicuous part in the development and maintenance of that important branch which you originally chose, and to which you have ever adhered. You have survived, with but one or two exceptions, those who were in business when you began, and are still able to take a part in the management of your well established house.

In all these years of activity and of many changes, you have made no enemies, and have constantly added to the number of your friends. You have conducted an exacting and difficult business with dignity and success, and in the serene years of later life are permitted to fully enjoy the substantial fruits of your industrious enterprise and unquestioned fidelity.

Be pleased, then, on this notable anniversary, to accept our congratulations and hearty good wishes for your continued health and prosperity, and believe us,

Very sincerely, yours,

D. Appleton & Co.
Jno. Wiley & Son.
Collins & Brother.
G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Dodd, Mead, & Co.
Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co.
Sheldon & Company.
A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Clark & Maynard.
H. E. Simmons, Bus. Agt. Am. Tract. Soc.
Baker, Pratt, & Co.
O. M. Dunham, Manager Cassell & Co.
Henry Holt & Co.
Charles T. Dillingham.
Taintor Bros., Merrill, & Co.
The American News Company.
E. P. Dutton & Co.
James Pott & Co.
T. Whittaker.
E. & J. B. Young & Co.
Caleb T. Rowe.

Phillips & Hunt.	Geo. S. Scofield.
Harper Bros.	A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
D. Van Nostrand.	Gavin Houston, Manager of T. Nelson & Sons.
Chas. S. Francis.	Joseph L. Blamire, Agt. for Geo. Routledge & Sons.
David G. Francis.	G. W. Carleton & Co.
George R. Lockwood & Son.	F. W. Christern.
A. S. Barnes & Co.	
Charles Scribner's Sons.	

There were many notices of this anniversary in the secular press and also in religious papers of all denominations. From an article in the Observer, by Mr. A. D. F. Randolph, the following is quoted: —

"You will agree with me that fifty years of a life devoted as this has been to the making of books, not one of which might make men worse, but ought to make them better, may well have a word of recognition in the Observer. . . . He chose to be a publisher of religious books; to his early choice he has ever substantially adhered, while from the day he began down to the present hour he has never forgotten his responsibility as a publisher. And thus for half a century he has been doing a wholesome, honest, beneficent work. He has seen great changes, — seen also the wonderful development of the publishing business in this country. He has passed though many seasons of general business depression, and yet maintained his own credit unimpaired. Year by year, as his business grew into larger proportions, he still continued to conduct it with dignity, integrity, and success. He has kept before the public such old worthies as Matthew Henry, Poole, Rutherford, Boston, and others of the elder saints, while he has given us Chalmers and Guthrie and Hamilton, and Ryle and Bonar and Macduff, and a host of other theological and practical writers, to say nothing of the long list of minor authors, — those who have written for children and young people. Not an evil book in all the list, — not one that does not teach some important truth. Who can estimate the value and extent of his influence as a pub-

lisher? — what a factor it has been in the religious education of the country?

"And he has been something more than the successful business man. In the church and its benevolent boards, in assemblies and synods, in religious and educational societies, as among his brethren in the trade, he has ever been known not only for the consistency of his walk, but for the wisdom of his counsel and the constant liberality of his gifts.

"He remains still vigorous, cheerful, hopeful, still interested in the world's needs and progress, and ever ready to aid a worthy cause. Beloved and honored by all who personally know him, he is not only without enemies, but with troops of friends the whole world over.

"So much have I ventured to say to the public through you of our old and dear friend, who has so long been a teacher and benefactor of his fellow men."

To this Dr. Samuel Irenæus Prime added: —

"He was the first publisher whose acquaintance I formed in New York, and the acquaintance ripened into a pleasant friendship, now as bright as it ever was. In all these years no book from his press has afforded me a chance (and I have kept a sharp lookout) for unfavorable criticism. Every one has been in the line of Christian usefulness. Men who hold views of religious doctrine not in the same line with his may not approve of them all, but I am not afraid to say that good, strong, stalwart Christian citizens are fed on such meat as he sells, and the more of it that is consumed, the more wholesome and happy will be the church and people.

"To make a really good book is grand. To publish hundreds of thousands of such books, and to pass half a century in the work, is sublime. Therefore I congratulate my friend Robert Carter on the comfortable completion of his fifty years as a publisher, on the prosperity of his business, which has abundantly provided for him in his old age, on the peace and happiness with which the evening of his life is

blessed, and on the assurance that his sun is setting to rise in eternal day."

We here insert an extract from a letter from Dr. Macduff, of Glasgow, which was received about this time. It was one of many in which this dear friend indulged in pleasant reminiscence of intercourse in bygone times. The letter bears date Chiselhurst, Kent, February 3, 1885.

"I have duly received, and with most cordial thanks, your kind letter and its enclosures. Can it be, as you say, twenty-four years since you and I met in Paris, then in Geneva, and on a chilly early morning walked up and down the railroad station at Basle? Yes, and another memory: since James Hamilton and myself met you in the back room in Berners Street, the former hailing you in the broadest of broad Scotch? It looks all so dream-like and so recent! Then to think that Hamilton, Watson, Taylor, Murray, and old William Nisbet, whose face and form were so familiar in that 'Evangelical haunt,' are all passed away to their rest, after having done in their various ways good and noble duty for the Master. You and I God has in His great mercy still spared to wait His gracious summons. But I must not wander into the region of sentiment."

The spring of 1885 brought him a great sorrow in the failing health of his son-in-law, Rev. I. W. Cochran, who died in his house in February, 1887. This he was heard to say was the greatest grief of his life, until in July of the same year his beloved wife was taken from him. At the time of her death, they were staying in a beautiful place on Long Island Sound, where for some years they had assembled the family gathering in the summer. As there was no church near, and as the party was a very large one, they were accustomed on

Sundays to assemble under the trees, and have a regular church service of their own in the open air, at which one of the ministerial sons generally preached. The last Sunday of her life was a perfectly lovely day, and, as usual, this open-air service was very delightful to her. She greatly enjoyed the reading by her husband of a sermon by Spurgeon, who was a great favorite of both. In the afternoon, she attended the usual family Sunday school, and through the day there was much singing of her favorite hymns. She spoke of it in the evening as a perfectly happy Sabbath.

The next day she was not very well, and kept her bed, but was quietly happy. No one entered her room but received some word of tenderness. Afterwards many of the loving speeches that were habitual with her, but would not have been remembered if they had not been her last, were treasured up as a sacred legacy by those to whom they were spoken.

When her husband awoke on Tuesday morning, he said that his heart went up in thankfulness to God that she had had an unusually good night, for ill health often made her wakeful. He dressed quietly that he might not disturb her, and then noticed that her head had sunk into an uncomfortable position. He attempted to raise it, and saw that there was something wrong, and called for assistance. A doctor was hastily summoned, and said that she had had a stroke of apoplexy. She lay in an unconscious state, looking as if asleep, and breathing softly as a little child, until about two o'clock, when gently, without a struggle, she went home. After she had passed away, her husband took up her lifeless hand, saying, "I am alone now."

His grief was pathetic in its gentleness and tenderness and submission. He said over and over again, "I

don't want to murmur; I hope I don't murmur." But no one but himself would ever have thought of using the word in connection with his saintly though deep-seated grief. It was a comfort to him that his wife was spared all suffering in death, falling asleep on earth to wake in heaven. She had always feared death, being timid and self-distrustful in her disposition, and it seemed as if God had mercifully spared her all knowledge of the great change that was taking place until she saw Him, and was satisfied. Hers was a lovely life, crowned with a peaceful death.

Mr. Carter received a very large number of letters of sympathy. One young friend, who had gone to a Western home, wrote: "I cannot forget my parting with her when I first came West. She told me that she felt that she should never see me again on earth, and directed me to live close to my early teachings. I am not what I should be, but the memory of those loving words has often been the cause of my resisting temptation, and now that she is gone to that better land above, they will be the more vividly impressed on my memory."

Dr. Cuyler wrote: —

"I fear that the announcement which I see in the New York papers means that your dear wife is no more! No more in this world, except in the hearts of her loving husband and grateful children. To be no more here is to be forever with the Lord.

"If this be indeed your life companion who has been taken, (and I know of no other Robert Carter,) then I extend to you my most heartfelt condolence. I recall the pleasant rides and talks with you both at Saratoga in the years gone by, and I can imagine how lonely you must be after a half-century of loving fellowship. Not long, however, will you be sundered. 'The miles to heaven,' as holy Rutherford says, 'are few and short.'

"But we want you to stay with us as long as you can. I had a talk about you with Mrs. William E. Dodge last week at Lake Mohonk. Her husband and you were my ideals among the veteran Christians of New York.

"May the Everlasting Arms uphold you!"

One of the grandchildren was at a distance, and did not hear of her death till the night of the funeral. A letter from him is inserted, as showing the tender communion and confidence that subsisted between the older and younger members of the family.

"I have just received the sad news of dear Grandma's death. I cannot realize that I am not to see her face again. I have always loved her more than I can ever tell, and have learned lessons from her lips which I can never forget. And now that she is gone, I do not know what to say to you, upon whom this sorrow has fallen so heavily. The burden will be a hard one to bear; it is hard for us; it must be harder for you, who have been the fifty years' companion of her we have lost. And yet with all the sorrow can there not be found some joy in your lonely heart to-night, — joy over fifty years of the sweetest and holiest communion of life with life, — joy over the ending of what must almost have become a weary pilgrimage for Grandma, with her feeble strength and almost never-ceasing pain, — and, most of all, joy over the knowledge of her entrance into that home for which I am sure she has long been yearning? Grandma loved her own people dearly, but she loved her God more, and I am sure it that is the case heaven is a better place for her than earth. A life of joy and peace without pain, without disappointment, without sorrow, is so much better than a weak, worn life.

"I would I could tell you all I feel, Grandfather. I know how black it all looks ahead, but I also know how well you know where to look for light. Grandma had more than completed her threescore years and ten; the full measure of life had been hers, and now that the cross is laid down, is it not

better so? The time will not be long before you meet again; but a few years at the most separate you from her, and the meeting will be very soon.

"I would have liked to be with you to-day, and see her face once more, but the news did not come till to-night, and so I can only write. I think of Grandma here just as reverently as if I were in the place of mourning.

"Dear Grandfather, I love you, and want so much to help you now. May God bless and keep you! may His everlasting arms be around you, and may you find in Him all the peace and love and rest you need!"

The Sunday after Mrs. Carter died, the little "church in the house" assembled again in Centreport, sorely missing the dear one who had so greatly enjoyed the services of the Sunday before. Again the volume of Spurgeon's sermons was used, and it was found that the next discourse in order was entitled, "Why they leave us," with the text, "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which Thou hast given me." It was preached after the deaths of Hugh Stowell Brown and Charles Stanford. The sermon was to Mr. Carter exceedingly helpful and comforting, and he wrote to Mr. Spurgeon, telling him about both services,—how he had given to the wife the last pulpit message that she had heard on earth on that beautiful earthly Sabbath, which seemed a type of the heavenly Sabbath she was so soon to enter, and that he had comforted the husband as he sat sore amazed and disquieted, mourning the departure of his beloved one. He received the following reply.

"Dear Friend, — I pray the Lord to sustain you under your grievous loss. It is well for us that the Holy Spirit himself undertakes the part of Comforter, for He is able to carry it out to the full.

"You are a happy man to have had so good a wife for so long a time. In her departure there is great mercy also, for she passed away so sweetly. Nothing remains to be desired, for she has gone home beyond all question, and though she has left you, she has left you almost at the gates. Peace be to you! . . .

"Your kind letter cheered me greatly. I have been sore sick, but am slowly recovering. I rejoice greatly to have given comfort to your dear wife, and all of you."

In less than a month after Mrs. Carter's death, her dear old friend, Mrs. Downs, mother of Mrs. Samuel T. Carter, died in the same house after a lingering illness. Mr. and Mrs. Carter had greatly loved and esteemed her for her sweet Christian character. She died upon a Sunday, and in the afternoon Mr. Carter with his three children and their children, and Mrs. Downs's own family, assembled in the sitting-room and had a very touching service commemorative of the three dear ones who had so recently gone home from their midst, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Downs, and Mr. Cochran. Each one gave some tender memory of the loved ones gone, — sorrowing, yet rejoicing at every remembrance of them.

"For all Thy saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed."

Even the very little ones brought their tribute of praise and love to those whom they held so dear, and every heart was quickened with the desire to live as they had lived,

"And win with them the victor's crown of gold."

"O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine,
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine."

It was very touching to hear the little ones repeat what Papa or Grandmamma had said while yet present with them, and yet more sweet and tender were the words of the aged saint who could testify of the goodness and mercy which had followed him all the days of his life, and which had shown itself so plainly in giving him a wife in whom the heart of her husband could safely trust, who had done him "good, and not evil, all the days of her life." It seemed as if he was so rich in memories that there was room for little but gratitude.

On this occasion he quoted Cowper's Lines on the Receipt of his Mother's Picture, a poem which had always been a great favorite with him, and expressed a desire that all his children and grandchildren should learn it.

It was now decided that Mrs. Cochran, with her fatherless little ones, should come into his home, to bear him company and guide his household. Some might have questioned the wisdom of bringing seven children under sixteen years of age into the home of a man nearly eighty, and one of his old friends wrote to him remonstrating, saying that Mr. Carter might be able to stand such an arrangement, but he was sure he never could. But the union proved a blessing to both old and young. Mr. Carter frequently spoke of it as one of the great blessings which God had vouchsafed to him in his bereavement. He often referred to his friend's warning, adding, "But he was wrong; I have never had the slightest reason to regret it." The children afforded him pleasurable occupation. Every evening he heard the Latin and Greek lessons for the next day; he examined all the school reports, and rejoiced in every sign of progress. Little two year old Annie was his special friend. She seemed to comfort him more than anything else, perhaps because of her unconsciousness

of grief. He had to be merry with the merry, loving, happy little baby. They would walk up and down the long parlor hand in hand, while the old man forgot his sorrows as he talked in simple language to the little child. But this desire of his eyes was taken from him at a stroke. In two days scarlet-fever laid her low, and she was buried by the side of her father in the old graveyard in Mendham. Of such bright, gentle, loving, docile, and happy spirits is the kingdom of heaven. Mr. Carter deeply mourned his little granddaughter, and his affections centred again upon the next oldest child, beautiful little golden-haired Kitty. She would nestle up to him saying, "I'm your baby now, Grandpa," and he poured out a wealth of love upon her. He would make her stand beside him at evening prayers and read the Bible verses alternately with him and her little brother, and he almost always remarked at the close, "I never heard a child read as Kitty does."

Five weeks from the Sunday when little Annie died, Kitty went with her mother to Dr. Hall's church, and heard him preach on the whole of the twenty-third Psalm. As soon as the sermon began, she whispered, "Where's the golden text?" and seemed very much astonished when she found it was a whole Psalm. In coming out of church, as soon as her little feet touched the pavement,— they were never again to stand in any earthly Zion,— she said, "Mamma, I know the golden text," and she repeated the Psalm through. When her grandfather came in from his church service a little later, she ran up to him before he had a chance to take off his overcoat, and said, "Grandpa, do you want to know the golden text?" and he stood still, hat and cane in hand, to hear her repeat it, the little one evidently enjoying the fact that she was taking him in by giving

him a Psalm when he expected a verse. It was a picture never to be forgotten by the loving eyes that witnessed it, the old man and the graceful little golden-haired child as they enjoyed together the Psalm, verses of which are now engraven upon their burial stones. That week she was taken with that most terrible of diseases, membranous croup. The bright little "Sunbeam," the ray from the Sun of Righteousness, was not to be left longer to irradiate her earthly home, but was taken to the city where she shall shine forever.

Thus again, and for the last time, Mr. Carter was obliged to taste of the bitter cup of sorrow. Thus four very dear to him were carried from under his roof in thirteen months. He was ready to say with holy men of old, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it." "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." He neither "despised the chastening of the Lord" by feeling lightly the dispensations of his hand, nor "fainted when he was rebuked of him" by yielding to undue gloom and despondency. His eyes were ever directed above to the home where his beloved are, and he knew well that the Lord of the many mansions would erelong receive him unto himself.

The next summer he spent at Atlantic Highlands. He had for the last four summers gone to some seaside place, and he greatly enjoyed the water. He never tired of rowing and sailing, and never refused an invitation to do either. He grew as bronzed as an old sea captain, and was sometimes called the Ancient Mariner. He greatly enjoyed the services in the Methodist tabernacle there, and took part in the Love Feasts and other services, as if he had always been accustomed to them. His voice was frequently heard in the social meetings.

In the fall of this year, 1888, he made his last visit to his familiar haunts in Mendham, a place greatly endeared to him. On his last Sunday there, he went, as was his frequent custom, to the Methodist Sunday school, where he always received a hearty welcome. In addressing them, he said that he did not suppose he should ever stand before them again. As he concluded, the school started the hymn, "We shall meet beyond the river."

That fall and winter he had a good deal of sickness, premonitory of his final illness, but in the intervals resumed his wonted activity. At the time of the Centennial Celebration, in 1889, Mr. Carter's children had rather taken it for granted that, with his failing health and debility, he would not care to see the procession, although his store would be furnished with scaffolding for the benefit of those who wanted to witness it; but they had greatly underestimated their father's vitality and public spirit. Some one had made a remark, taking for granted that he would not go, and he sat silent for a few moments, and then said, "I think I should like to go down to the procession. There will be a good many at the store who would like to see me." And after a moment's pause he added, "and a good many whom I should like to see." Of course all were delighted to have him there, and he entered into all the doings of both days with the interest of a boy. His was a spirit that never grew old.

When the General Assembly met in New York, in 1889, Mr. Carter was confined to his room while recovering from a severe illness. He was well enough, however, to receive a large number of his old friends, and to take a lively interest in reports of the proceedings. He especially enjoyed at this time a visit from

his nephew, Rev. Dr. Thomas Carter Kirkwood of Colorado. This dear friend, when asked, a year later, for suggestions as to his uncle's Memorial, answered, "Lay stress upon the mention of his great kindness to theological students."

Early in June, he went with his son Robert and his granddaughter to visit his oldest son at Boonton, New Jersey, while his daughter with her children went to their old home in Mendham. After his arrival in Boonton, he penned to his daughter what was perhaps his last autograph letter, in which he says: "All are very kind. I need no help which is not readily given. But still I miss your loving care. You have been a great comfort to me since your dear mother left me. I do not know how I could have lived had I not had your constant care. But, after all, I must look higher. How low my aims are! I hear the call, Look unto me, but it often is unheeded. Give my love to the dear ones around you. How many you have to cheer you in Mendham! Meetings are as frequent as ever, and all take part."

On the evening of Sunday, June 23d, a praise service was held in the church. The writers whose hymns were sung that evening were Robert Murray McCheyne and Dr. and Mrs. Horatius Bonar. The Bonars were old friends of Mr. Carter, who, by request of his son, gave some very interesting reminiscences concerning them. He closed his address with the words, "The night cometh. Shall we all meet together in the morning?" As the old man spoke, his aged friend, Bonar, the poet preacher, was stepping down to the banks of Jordan, and only one more Sabbath was the speaker himself permitted to spend in the earthly sanctuary. On that Sabbath, — June 30th, — Mr. Carter visited the Sunday

school, heard his son preach twice, and spoke at an open-air prayer meeting in the woods. As he rose to speak, one who noticed how feeble he was moved his own chair so that he might catch him if he fell.

He had expected to go with some of his children and grandchildren to Sharon Springs on July 8th, and every arrangement was made for the journey; but on Saturday, July 6th, he was taken with a return of the illness which he had had several times the winter before. A message was sent to his daughter late on Saturday night, and at an early hour on Sunday she was at his side. One of his grandchildren, looking from the window, said to him, "Grandpa, here is aunt getting out of a carriage at the door." "Ah! I knew she would come," he said, in tones of joy and affection, and his welcome was with all his wonted tenderness, — more was hardly possible.

Then began a struggle, which lasted nearly six months, in which skilled physicians and loving watchers strove to ward off the assaults of disease and death. It was an unequal struggle, and would have been still more so, at his advanced age, but for his splendid powers of endurance. His physician never examined him without exclaiming over the breadth and depth of his chest, and saying, "Mr. Carter, that is what is pulling you through."

Old and attached family servants came to assist in caring for him. Such had always been at his command, for in all his fifty-six years of housekeeping a servant had seldom left his house, where many had learned the way of salvation, except to enter a home of her own. Though often in great suffering, and always in much weakness, not a murmur ever passed his lips. On the contrary, words of thanksgiving and praise were often there.

For weeks he was confined to his bed, or lifted from it with great care to a lounge. Then he rallied sufficiently to sit up a little in an invalid chair, and finally was able to walk, with two supporting him, through the hall and adjoining rooms. This was a great pleasure to him, and he evidently was very proud to show off his powers of locomotion to his physician. He always wanted family prayers held in his room. On a very few occasions, when he seemed too ill, they were held in the sitting-room, but his disappointment was so great that it was thought best to have them as quietly as possible at his side. The Bible was read to him a great deal, and every morning he wanted to hear the daily portion from Dr. J. R. Miller's beautiful "Come ye apart." This was the third year of his reading it through, and he enjoyed it as much as ever. All through his illness he frequently repeated Cowper's hymn, —

> "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,
> 'T is thy Saviour, hear his word.
> Jesus speaks and speaks to thee,
> Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

He never tired of the beautiful words, and wanted all his grandchildren to learn them.

His brother, Mr. Peter Carter, visited him at least once a week while he was at Boonton. Three of his children were with him all the time, and the fourth, at Huntington, Long Island, came as often as possible. Two of his clerks who had been with him, one for thirty-seven, the other for thirty-three years, also came out to see him. The firm of the Carters had been remarkable for the long continuance of employees in its service. One, who died in 1885, had been with them for forty years. Like all their employees, he was a man of sterling integrity. The same year their

porter died, having been thirty-three years with them. At the time of these deaths, there was no one in the establishment who had not been there twenty-five years.

One day, in the early part of his illness, he said to his brother Peter, who was a partner in the business: "I have been for many years a member of the Board of Foreign Missions, and it has been a great blessing to me. I want you to send a thousand dollars to the Board from me. And the work of Christ in our own country is of equal importance, so I want to send a thousand dollars at the same time to Home Missions." He did not say it, but it was evident that he felt that these were dying gifts. He had always felt very strongly the duty of being his own executor, making all his gifts with the living hand.

On the first day of September there was a communion service in the church. An attached domestic who had lived with him thirteen years first made the suggestion that the Lord's supper should be given to him. After a little consultation, he was asked if he would like such a service, and he eagerly assented. After church the elders came over to the parsonage, and, with those of his children, grandchildren, and servants who were in Boonton, assembled in the sick-room. He sat pillowed up in bed, looking very venerable and saintly, like the patriarch Jacob surrounded by his children. His eldest son conducted the service, which was a very tender one. He spoke of its being just sixty-seven years that month since his father first partook of the communion, and of all who then were with him having passed over the river. "Rock of Ages," and "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," were sung. Mr. Carter said afterwards, that it was most delightful to have so many of his children

with him, adding, "God bless them all." It was something to remember in eternity. The wonderful mingling of joy and sorrow on such an occasion is something that the world cannot comprehend. He was to drink no more of the fruit of the vine until for him the kingdom of God should come.

For a while after this he seemed to be a little stronger. He was not in the least nervous, and the going and coming of a large family about him seemed very pleasant to him. Grandpa's room was the centre of everything to the large household. By and by he was able to be carried down to the sitting-room daily, and even to take his place at the table, to which he was wheeled in an invalid chair. Several times he was lifted into a carriage and took a short drive. The first time he went, he remarked, "I never expected to drive out again." One day he happened in conversation to speak of Cowper's "Negro's Complaint," and said, "That is a very fine poem. I wish my grandchildren would learn it. I will give a dollar to every one of them who will repeat it to me." He seemed greatly gratified as one after another of the children visiting or living in the house came to him to recite the verses, until he had given his dollars to thirteen of them.

On October 15th he was taken back to the city. He was lifted into an easy carriage at his son's door, lifted again, and laid on the sofa of the drawing-room car, where he said he was just as comfortable as in his bed at home. His skilful and kind physician accompanied and saw him safely in his bed in his own house, and then gave his case over into the hands of his New York doctor, who was equally skilful and kindly. As he was carried into the house, he exclaimed, "I never expected to see my home again." He was frequently

heard to thank God that he had allowed him to spend that last summer in the household of his son, and spoke with great affection of the constant solicitude of his children for him.

Several times after reaching the city, he was able to be carried down stairs, and go for a drive in the Central Park, but at last his physicians decided that this was too great a risk. It was a great disappointment to him to give up his drives, but he bore it cheerfully, as he did all privations and sufferings. The doctor laid his hand on his shoulder one day, and said, "Mr. Carter, you are the most patient man I ever saw in my life. A team of horses could not draw a complaint from you."

Another day a friend said to him, "It must be a great pleasure to you to look back on your well-spent life, and think of all the good you have done." "Oh no, no! I have been very, very unworthy. I have no reliance but in the atoning sacrifice of my Saviour."

He was able to see his friends, and his social nature took great pleasure in their visits. His brother Peter came to him every day, and all through his illness he kept the run of the business and knew all that was going on at the store. He kept watch of political matters, and in the question of the revision of the Confession of Faith took a keen interest, having all the newspaper reports read to him. Once when there was something said in debate that seemed to him personal and unchristian, he said, "We have had enough of that. Read something else." In this question of revision his feeling was that there were some expressions that might better be changed, but he did not favor wholesale alterations. In all such matters his motto was, "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things

charity." His mind was so clear and his interest in all about him so keen, his conversational powers so unimpaired, that the visits of his friends were a great pleasure to him and to them. Dr. John Hall was a frequent visitor, and when one of the family thanked him for his kind attention, he replied, "No need of thanks, my visits are not at all unselfish. It is a pleasure to have intercourse with such a man as your father." He greatly enjoyed a call from Dr. McCosh, and the two talked over the question of revision at great length, and with entire unanimity. It seemed as if all his old friends rallied about him with words of affection and cheer.

His eighty-second birthday was on November 2, and was remembered by many thoughtful friends with gifts and visits and letters. His grandchildren at a distance, even very little ones, wrote their congratulations. The following letter from Rev. Dr. J. R. Miller, whose "Come ye apart" was his daily companion, was received at this time: —

"I have just seen a notice in the New York Evangelist, that to-morrow will be your birthday. I am constrained to write a word of sincere congratulation. There are many things upon which you are to be congratulated. One is, that through the grace of Christ in you, your life has been such a blessing to the world, so full of usefulness, such an educating, uplifting influence. You will never know the full value of what you have done until in eternity you see all the results and inspirations when the harvest is gathered.

"Another thing on which your friends cannot but congratulate you and felicitate themselves is, that your useful life has been so long spared, that year has been added to year until you have now passed your fourscore. It has been a great joy and blessing to all who know you that the tree

has been left standing so long, that hungry ones might sit in its refreshing shade and eat of its ripened fruits.

"Another thing on which you should be congratulated is, that you have outlived neither your usefulness nor your welcome in this world. Some old people do both. But you are enjoying in the mellow eventide of your life the love of loyal friends, and the esteem and regard of the thousands to whom you have been a blessing, and are still bringing forth fruit in old age.

"One other cause for congratulation is that you have an immortality before you, bright with rich possibilities of growth, in which you are going to continue to work for Christ. This is the best of all. The 'endless life' beyond the shadows of mortality is a great deal more real than the broken years we live in this world. There the oldest are the youngest, and all life is toward youth.

"May God continue you for many other years of usefulness here, and then introduce you to an eternity of glorious life."

A few days later came the following letter from Dr. Cuyler: —

"I *often*, *often* think of you, and wish I was so near that I could come in and enjoy a grasp of your honest hand, and a look into the face that has shone for half a century in the light of God's countenance. How I love you, and rejoice to have spent so many hours with you in this world! But many more, I trust, up yonder.

"I send to you one of my late articles, written for those shut up in sick-rooms, entitled 'Prisoners of Jesus Christ.' Perhaps it may be to you also a love message. I hope that I can get over soon to see you, but my work is heavy, constant, pressing, and I am not quite so hearty as usual.

"Thanks, — thanks for the unspeakable gift of Christ Jesus to us both, and to our loved ones.

"Ever yours, till the day break in glory."

A few days later, Dr. Cuyler called, and had a most delightful talk with his aged friend, whom he described as dwelling in the land of Beulah.

On his birthday and all through his sickness, he greatly enjoyed the beautiful flowers that were sent him, and his grandchildren loved to bring them to him and witness the look of pleasure that spread over his face as he received them. He had always been very fond of flowers, and as he walked the street in his days of health, he would stop before the florists' windows and rejoice that there were so many more of them than there used to be to delight the passer by. Often he would quote from Milton's Lycidas the description of the flowers brought

> "To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies,"

and remark that "the glowing violet" had a line all to itself. When some one reminded him of the enormous sums spent on floral decorations, so perishable in their nature, he said, "It is certainly a very different extravagance from that which squanders money on cigars and whiskey."

His love of conversation continued strong to the last. He indulged in lively reminiscences of his past days. On the last Sunday, December 15, in which he was able to converse. one of his grandsons who sat beside him drew him on to speak of many of the prominent men and women whom he had known, and at last said, "Grandfather, whom do you consider the most remarkable person you ever knew?" He turned to him with a bright look, and said earnestly, "My wife." The true and tender heart beat faithfully for her alone, until death stilled it.

As Christmas approached, he remembered his accus-

tomed gifts. For several years he had not been able to do any Christmas shopping, but had sent instead a check to each of his sisters, and also one to each of his children to be divided among the grandchildren.

One of the last things he spoke of consciously was to tell his son Robert to be sure not to forget the grandchildren's money, and his brother Peter to be sure to send the sisters their checks, and not to neglect the contribution sent every December from the firm to Foreign Missions. His ruling passion of benevolence was strong in death.

His last conscious moments were on Christmas day. The grandchildren living in the house brought their offerings to him, and he spoke admiringly of a Japanese vase filled with beautiful roses; and when two of the younger ones gave him an illustrated copy of "Rab and his Friends," he spoke of the author, and said, "I knew him well years ago." These were his last words. He sank into a sleep, and never awoke till he was in the presence of the King in his beauty. He entered into rest in the early morning of Saturday, December 28, 1889. His life of love and service on earth is ended, but in the heavenly home Christ's "servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads."

FUNERAL SERVICES.

ON December 31, Robert Carter was laid beside his beloved wife in Greenwood. The funeral services were held in the Scotch Presbyterian Church. The attendance was very large, and many remarked on the great number of noble-looking old men who were present, — men who had co-operated with him in many a good word and work. Several of the benevolent Boards of which he was a member attended in a body. His pastor wrote of it: "I never remember such a funeral, or such united whole-hearted testimony to the purity of the life that was being remembered. Dr. Shedd said afterwards, 'Mr. Robert Carter was without exception the best man I ever knew.' Testimony like that from such a source is worth more than any number of funeral sermons."

PRAYER.

REV. G. W. ALEXANDER, D. D.

Almighty God, Framer of our bodies, Father of our spirits, we come to Thee with voice of thanksgiving, even though we come with voice of tears. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we magnify and adore Thy wonderful grace unto the children of men. We thank Thee for Jesus Christ, the Son of Thy love, and for the glorious Gospel that is preached in his name. We

thank Thee for the power of Thy Spirit, whereby Thou dost renew sinful men and make them to be children of the Most High God. We thank Thee for Thy watchful care over Thine own, we thank Thee for the good and holy examples of those who have finished their course in patience keeping the faith, we thank Thee for the hopes of the Gospel, and while we ask Thee for comfort for those who mourn and strength for those who struggle here, we call upon our hearts and all within us to praise and bless and magnify Thy holy name, while we look forward to the fulfilment of our blessed hope in the kingdom of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ.

And now we ask Thee to be with us during this tender and solemn service, that Thy name may be glorified and our souls blessed through Jesus our Lord.

READING OF SCRIPTURE.

HYMN.

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ."

ADDRESS.

Rev. S. M. Hamilton, D.D.

We are not here to-day to mourn sadly. We are here to acknowledge the goodness of God in this well rounded life just closed on earth with the blessings of thousands upon it. We are here to thank God for this friend whom He has taken from our earthly fellowship, and to rejoice in the hope of immortality.

All of you knew Robert Carter, and to know him was to honor him and love him. Affection in its fitful way will recall this quality and that, will solace itself

with this characteristic and that, perhaps in some way not intrinsically important, but for my part I do not care to analyze him to-day. Personality is more than quality, and to my mind and heart it is the *man* who presents himself, — the friend, the father, the brother, the fellow helper, the servant of God who lived and worked among us.

The secret of his beautiful and useful life is easily told. He loved Jesus Christ with all his heart, and like his Saviour, and for his Saviour's sake, he went about doing good. And that was the whole of it. In his presence, no one could doubt the truth and power of the Gospel. He manifested continually the reality of the great spiritual light that comes from Christ. All his conduct was instinct with the spirit of his Master. Wherever he went he diffused a sweet savor of Christ. For more than fifty years he was in active business in this city. During that long period he made no enemies, but gathered about him a multitude of friends. He was more than a bookseller. He never published books simply to make money. He never printed a book for the mere reason that it was likely to sell. He only printed it after he had satisfied himself that it was calculated to do good. The imprint of his firm was never put on any unwholesome book. Thank God that all business men in this city are not intent on making money by all means and any means. Numbers of them are actuated by no low motives, and convert their business into the highest religious service. And with Mr. Carter this was particularly the case. Who will estimate what he has done for the highest, truest welfare of his countrymen by the circulation through more than a half-century of thousands upon thousands of good and honest and pure books?

But our departed friend was something more than a Christian business man. For years and years a large proportion of his time was devoted to religious and benevolent work of various kinds. He enjoyed such work, for God had bestowed upon him gifts that peculiarly fitted him for it, — a vigorous mind, a sound judgment, a strong will, a happy temperament, sweet affection, and ready speech. And had you asked him how it was that he gave so much of himself, so much of his time and labor to these causes, he might have been surprised at the question, and would have answered, simply, "The love of Christ constraineth me." For where has the philanthropy of our day its real root and inspiration? Not in atheistic and communistic theories, — no indeed, — but solely in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and distinctively in the great ideas of the incarnation and the atonement of Christ, — the practical constraint of those wondrous conceptions of God's unspeakable love in the gift of His Son.

Mr. Carter was one of the founders of the New York Sabbath Committee, and an interested member of it to the last. He gave much of his time to the work of the American Bible Society, while the cause of Foreign Missions lay very near his heart. One of the last acts which he did was to make arrangements for the payment of his annual contribution to that Board, of which he had been a member for many years, and a useful member. Princeton Seminary was very dear to him. In the general cause of education he always took a special interest, and for a very good reason. Like many another Scotch youth who has achieved success in life, he had in his early life to fight hard for an education. When nine years of age he was taken from school and set to work at the loom with his father in his humble

cottage. But, possessed of an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, he had a board fastened at his left hand and placed a book upon it, and so read and worked all day long, sometimes, often, from dawn until ten or eleven at night. In that way he succeeded, with a little outside help, in learning to read Latin and Greek with fluency, and in preparing himself for what was then his ambition, the work of a teacher. Is it strange that a boy of that stamp grew into such a man, and is it strange that through all his life young men struggling to get an education aroused his warmest sympathies, and that many a worthy youth was helped by him to college and seminary? But I cannot take time now to speak of the objects and institutions that enjoyed his wisdom and his generous gifts. Any good cause was sure of his sympathy.

In this church Mr. Carter's death leaves a sad vacancy. For fifty-eight years he was an honored and active member of it. What a record for a man in this changing city life of ours! It was in 1831 that he emigrated from Scotland, landing here on the 16th of May in that year. The first Sunday he was in the city he asked in his boarding-house where he could find a Scotch church. The reply was, "You mean *the* Scotch church; that is in Cedar Street, and Dr. McElroy is the pastor." He worshipped there that first Sunday, and from that day until his death he remained through all its changes unswervingly loyal to this old church. I remember my venerable predecessor saying to me, when I began my pastorate here, "You will find Robert Carter a tower of strength." So indeed I did. No minister could have had a more sympathetic hearer, or a more tireless helper. He never shrank from any work for this church, even though it might be disagree-

able to him. His judgment was always to be relied upon, his purse was always open, he took an interest in everything that was going on; he knew the rich and the poor, and he had the confidence of both. How wonderful his prayers were! How they used to inspire us in the prayer meeting! He prayed like a man who walked continually with God. One of the sweetest things about him was his love of children. To the very last he was a constant and always welcome visitor in the Sunday school, and the children loved the kindly old man who talked to them so earnestly and tenderly. Yes, indeed, he will be missed here. This gap in our midst long years may not fill.

Many of you know far better than I do what he was to the Presbyterian Church at large, what part he took in some of the most important events connected with our Church, what a well known figure he was in many a General Assembly, always listened to with respect, beloved by everybody because of the purity of his character and the wealth of his Christian service.

A few weeks ago an eminent English clergyman lay dying, and as he neared his end his mind began to wander. He fancied himself back in the church courts or committees where he had been prominent, and he was heard to whisper again and again, "Let us discuss the matter *kindly*." When I read those beautiful words yesterday I thought at once of Robert Carter, — that was the spirit he ever sought to introduce into debate and controversy, — Let us discuss the matter kindly.

No, dear friends, we cannot mourn. We sympathize with this large company of relatives, children, grandchildren, brothers, who have lost the centre around which for years they have lovingly gathered, but we thank God for this blessed memory. We thank God

that he gave us such a friend as this for so long. Could there have been anything more beautiful than that quiet falling asleep last Saturday morning, with the earthly work all done, — well done? Perhaps you may remember these beautiful words of Lord Bacon. "Above all," he says, "believe it, the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis*, when a man hath attained worthy ends and conceptions."

If concerning the heavenly reception of any servants of God on earth certainty be possible, then be assured this beloved friend has heard the wondrous words, "Well done, good and faithful servant." He has entered into that ineffable joy to which they are a prelude. We bless God for what he is enjoying now, we bless God that through the riches of Divine grace we may hope to meet him again in that happy land. The years are vanishing away; another is all but gone; yet if we are living as forgiven children of the Lord Jesus Christ, we may lift up the voice of confidence, and rejoice that as the years go we too are going home, — home to God, to Christ, to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to all whom we have loved long since and lost awhile.

ADDRESS.

Rev. Dr. McCosh.

I have been requested to say a few words in testimony, and they will be very few. In attending meetings designed to promote any good work either at home or abroad, I have noticed that if Mr. Carter was present, everybody turned to him at the opening of the meeting to lead us in prayer. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh." Because he spoke out of the abundance of the heart, as he was thus invited

to conduct our devotions, we felt as though we were raised near to God. He was near himself, and his prayers seemed, on the one hand, as though they came from the very depths of the heart, while, on the other hand, they were such as would reach the ear and heart of God.

I often heard him describe how he felt when he left his native country to come to America. He came with good recommendations from Professor Pillans, with whom he had studied, — a fine scholar; but what was more important, he came trusting in God, and with the firm purpose that he would never swerve to the right nor to the left from the path of duty.

He was from the first distinguished for great integrity. I can testify to this fact. As a publisher of many of my works, I found that it was not needful to make bargains with him. I left everything to his honor, and found that I could trust him and trust him implicitly. And so did everybody; the character he bears in this regard will not soon be forgotten by those who had transactions with him.

The substance which through the blessing of God he was enabled to accumulate, and the great influence which he was permitted to exert, were always devoted to good ends. Many a young man might testify: "All I have in life I owe to Robert Carter. He spoke a good word to me. Perhaps I was falling into temptation, perhaps I was coming under the influence of evil. He spoke a good word to me at some crisis of my life; perhaps he opened some office or situation to me." Many a young man might testify to that effect.

During his life he was identified with many good causes in this great city, and in this respect he has left behind him a precious remembrance.

But it was as a publisher of books that he was pre-eminent. He never published a book which he had not read with great care, nor one which was likely to injure any reader. The books that he published will remain long after he is gone, and will be read by the young and will guide them in the way, and will be read by the old and comfort them in their declining years.

I want to express my gratitude to God that it was through Robert Carter that my works were introduced into this country, and that introducing them here was the means indirectly of bringing me to this country, and placing me in the sphere in which my later life has passed.

He has left behind him an example and influence such as few are permitted to leave, and the remembrance of him will cheer and solace us through the remainder of our days.

HYMN.

"Lead, kindly Light."

PRAYER.

Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

O Thou infinite Jehovah, who art from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art the hope of Thy people in all generations. With Thee there is no beginning and no end of years. We adore Thee as our covenant-keeping God. We thank Thee that once more Thou hast fulfilled Thy promise to them that are planted in the house of the Lord, that they shall flourish in the courts of our God, that they shall bring forth fruit in old age, that their boughs shall be green and full of sap, that they will never be forsaken, and that whatsoever they do shall prosper.

We thank Thee with all our hearts for this long,

happy, and holy life, and now that our beloved brother has returned unto his rest, we thank Thee that Thou hast dealt so bountifully with him. We thank Thee for his early Christian training in that land hallowed by the blood of Thy martyrs, and for those sacred influences which entered into the very fibre of his being, and continued with him through long years.

We thank Thee that Thou didst spare him so long in our midst, and didst permit him to lay his hand to so many good works. We thank Thee that Thou didst make him an almoner of blessings to be scattered far and wide, of leaves of the tree of life for the healing of the nations.

We thank Thee, O God, for all Thy goodness to him throughout this earthly journey, and that when he was drawing near unto the end Thou didst not leave him nor forsake him. But we rejoice that during these last months Thou wert with him, that Thou didst give unto him delightful intercourse with Thee in the land of Beulah, that Thou didst grant unto him a foretaste of the fruits which are exceeding sweet to the soul, and didst permit his eyes to behold the blessed land not very far off.

We rejoice in our brother's triumphs and testimonies for Christ, Christ only, Christ his rock, Christ his hope, Christ his everlasting heritage and glory.

And now we pray that Thou wilt sanctify unto us this departure of one who is exceeding dear to us, and we pray that Thou wilt hallow this dealing of Thy providence to us all, and to the many who are with us in heart, but cannot be at this sacred service of love this morning. Vouchsafe, O gracious Father, an abundant blessing unto his children and children's children, and now that their beloved father and mother are joined

together in heaven, let heaven draw nearer and be sweeter and dearer to them, and may the very spirit of heaven, whither their parents have gone, be in their hearts and homes. Thou wilt not leave them lonely, for they shall evermore rejoice in his God, and may his name and influence and holy example be unto every one of them a precious and enduring inheritance.

And we commend now this morning those associated with our brother in labors of love for the Master. We commend unto Thee his associates in the Board in which for the last half-century he has toiled and given himself without stint for the advancement of the Master's kingdom and glory. While the workers go, O Thou great Overseer of the building, let the work go on. Give unto us another to step into the place made vacant, to put his hand to the holy ark that is in need of such strong arms to carry it forward. O, let not the Church of God suffer, but rather let it be enriched by his example, and may the heritage of his influence and his prayers go down in abundant blessings.

We commend unto Thee the pastor and members of his church, this society he so much loved, and where his voice has been so often heard in testimony for Thee. Let the beloved name of our brother, his influence and his spiritual power, remain in the earth, sweet as ointment poured forth and filling evermore the place of prayer here as with the odor of God's own influence.

We commit unto Thee all Thou seest before Thee, many of whom are worn with the heat and burden of the day. Let us live looking over the verge, and feel that behind the veil is eternal life, and the great, eternal mighty harvest. So let us go from this place ennobled, chastened, purified, lifted up into a new view of the glorious hereafter.

And now we ask that Thou wilt go forth with these beloved ones as they shall bear from this his spiritual home this body which was so long the temple of the Holy Ghost. May they bear it tenderly to the narrow house appointed for all living. We thank Thee that it is not a hard spot to lie in, that the adorable Jesus made it bright and pleasant, that His light has poured into and illumined it, and that Thou hast hallowed the place in which the forms of thy ransomed and redeemed shall slumber. Guard the dust until the hour when Thou shalt bid it rise to be transformed into the likeness of our Lord. Return these friends to their homes, and talk with them as Thou didst with those at Bethany. Draw them close to Thee, and thus evermore in the blessed fellowship with the beloved whom Thou hast taken.

Guide us all by Thy counsel, receive us all at last to the glories that Christ has prepared for them that love Him, be our God and Guide, and when heart and flesh fail us, give us, as Thou didst to our brother, clear consciousness, and the eye single, and the whole soul full of love. Be Thou the strength of our heart and our portion forever, and give us all a place among the followers of Him who hath loved us and washed us by His blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and the blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, world without end. Amen.

HYMN.

"Shall we gather at the river."

BENEDICTION.

Rev. Dr. McCosh.

RESOLUTIONS OF SOCIETIES.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

THE Board of Managers of the American Bible Society desire to place on record an expression of the loss they have sustained in the departure from their midst of their honored associate and friend, Mr. Robert Carter.

He was elected a Manager on the nomination of the Rev. Dr. De Witt, in the year 1855, and in 1878 was chosen a Vice-President. From the beginning until the end of his long service he evinced an earnest and unwearied interest in the wide and varied details of the work of the Society. To him the Holy Scriptures were the oracles of God. With a profound and abiding conviction that a personal knowledge of the truths which they contain was as essential to every human being as to himself, he viewed with devout thankfulness every movement that increased the circulation of these Scriptures, alike in Pagan and Christian lands.

For his fidelity to the trusts committed to him by this Society; for his constant and useful labors in the educational and missionary work of the Church of God; for his far-reaching and enduring influence as a publisher of Christian literature; for his lifelong example of simple Christian living and thinking; for his constant witness to a good confession; for the full assurance of a comfortable hope in his death, — we would render thanks to Almighty God, into whose presence he has now entered, to go out no more forever.

The Board of Managers direct that this paper be placed on the minutes, and published in the "Bible Society Record," and also that a copy be sent to the family of Mr. Carter.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE SABBATH COMMITTEE.

At a special meeting of the New York Sabbath Committee the following minute was adopted.

God having called home to Himself Mr. Robert Carter, one of the founders of the New York Sabbath Committee, and the last survivor but one of its original members, the Committee desires to record the great respect and affection with which Mr. Carter has always been regarded by his associates, our grateful recollection of the wise counsels and generous contributions with which he has unfailingly sustained the Committee's work, and our heartfelt praise to God for the peaceful end with which the long life of His servant has now been crowned.

To the family of our late associate the members of the Committee express sincere sympathy, commending them to the grace of the Lord Jesus, into whose presence he whose loss they mourn has now entered.

It was further resolved that the Committee attend the funeral of Mr. Carter.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The Board of Foreign Missions having received intelligence of the death of Mr. Robert Carter, one of its members, a special meeting was held at the Mission House, December 31, 1889, at which time the following action was taken.

The Board would express its deep sense of the great loss which the cause of Foreign Missions has sustained in the death of one of its oldest and most faithful members.

Mr. Carter was appointed to this trust by the General Assembly in 1843, and continued in this relation till the time of his death. His work as a publisher gave him rare opportunities for promoting the general interest of Missions. The early publications of the Board were conducted by his firm, involving much gratuitous labor on the part of himself and his family. In his general work as a publisher, also, which for more than fifty years was devoted largely to religious books, many of which bore directly upon the extension of the cause of Christ, he constantly contributed to the growth of a missionary spirit both in his own and in other Christian churches. During all his long connection with the Board he was a faithful attendant upon its sessions, ever ready to assume his full share of labor and responsibility, and never failing as a wise and judicious administrator of the work. Though careful in his judgment, he was ever ready to heed the indications of Providence, and to advocate every wise measure of progress. He was a large contributor to the funds of the Board according to his ability, and continually carried the interest of its great work upon his mind and heart.

Mr. Carter was pre-eminently a man of prayer. His earnest and tender supplications for the outpouring of the Spirit upon missions will long be cherished by his associates as a sacred and inspiring memory. He was peculiarly courteous, genial, and kindly in all our deliberations. He seemed ever to be prompted by the spirit of Christ, and to be filled with love for those about him. Honest differences of opinion were always regarded with forbearance, and he has left only the remembrance of kind words and acts through all his period of service. Even after his health became enfeebled, and he was able to take but little part, his presence continued to be a benediction. The Board would express its

gratitude to God for so long continued and eminent a service, and its sorrow that it has been brought to a close. It would also express its deep sympathy with the surviving members of his bereft family.

Engrossed copies of this Minute were ordered sent to the family of Mr. Carter and to the Session of the Scotch Presbyterian Church of this city, in which he had been a Ruling Elder. The Board also resolved to attend the funeral of Mr. Carter in a body.

JOHN GILLESPIE, *Secretary.*

53 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

THE secular and religious press all over the country, and even across the seas, contained appreciative notices of Mr. Carter's life and character. None of these gave a truer idea of him than the following, copied from the Independent.

Knowing that others who have had a far longer acquaintance with him than I have will give some account of the long Christian life just ended, I would like to add only a few personal reminiscences, not telling of the things he did, except as showing what manner of man he was.

Becoming acquainted with him only as he was nearing his threescore years and ten, I remember being attracted first by his positive, crisp conversation, with the strong Scotch utterance. But I am sure that my love first went out toward him when noticing his loyal, almost lover-like thoughtfulness for the sweet-faced, gray-haired wife who was always with him, in doors or out. How well I recollect one morning when we were awaiting news from an old lady friend who was very ill. One of Mr. Carter's grandchildren had started for the post-office the minute the mail was due, and the dear old couple sat hand in hand by the window, eagerly awaiting his return. When the letter came, and was read aloud, announcing the friend's convalescence, the two gray heads bent toward each other with a kiss of thanksgiving, and an earnest "Thank God." It was characteristic not only of their oneness of sympathy with each other, but their deep

affection for absent friends. Months afterward a friend across the water alluded to this incident as "an object lesson in the art of growing old gracefully." So habitual was it for the old couple to need each other's presence at all times, to refer to each other, even to wait for each other in coming in to their meals, that the night after his wife had suddenly but gently passed into glory he went up-stairs when the family were summoned to tea, and came down again alone, saying sadly, "I almost forgot; I was going for your mother."

Friends will mention concerning Robert Carter that he was for fifty years a member of the Foreign Mission Board; for nearly as many a director of the Bible Society; seventeen times a delegate to the General Assembly; for sixty-eight years an active member of the church, most of that time, indeed, a teacher, Sunday school superintendent, and elder in the church; but the mere statements do not carry the story of the deep religious life, and the steady good judgment in church matters, which was the reason for his occupying such positions. To "make sure he was right, and then go ahead," was his habit. He was not afraid of responsibility, neither was he afraid of the hard work which justified his claim to be trusted with it. The same set of principles were in steady use in business, in church, and in home life. He never knew any antagonism between business and Christian living. His business success gave weight to his opinions in benevolent enterprises, and his connection with mission and Bible work gave character to his business; and if in his home life there was more of the affectionate and tender solicitude of the husband, the father, and the grandfather, he was still the same man that he was in the store, — alert, straightforward, and kindly.

Most emphatically was he the "head of the family" up to the last year of his long life. Not often is a man of eighty-two looked up to for advice, depended upon for counsel by the whole family connection, as he was. The grandchildren, as they chose their life-work, or settled in homes

of their own, were guided by his good judgment. One grandson, just entering on his first pastorate, another practising law, another lately married, each felt unwilling to make important decisions until sure of Grandfather's approval; and to say "Grandfather thinks it best" was an argument not to be gainsaid. Through many temptations at school and at college, Grandfather's strongly expressed convictions formed a barrier of safety to the young people. His strict integrity was a stronghold of power. One of his sons, in some business transaction involving the transfer of some considerable sum, expressed surprise at no security being required by the banker who was party to the transaction. "Ah!" said the banker, "if I could not give you ten thousand dollars on the simple word of your father, I would go out of business!" Well it is for us that there are men in our community whose steadfast uprightness is a lesson to a younger generation. Let us thank God for such names, — names which are synonymous with unflinching integrity. Happy all children and grandchildren who bear the heritage of such a name! In the parishes of his sons and son-in-law he had many warm friends. Long will the people remember, in a prayer meeting in Boonton, New Jersey, (the home of his eldest son,) the reading by Mr. Carter of the first chapter of John's Gospel in a Scotch version. It was published in the "Sunday School Times" of February 4, 1888, and Mr. Carter had cut it out and carried it in his pocket-book. Never before had the chapter seemed so full of tender and marvellous sweetness as when our Scotch friend read it in the accents of his childhood. I never think of Nathanael but I seem to hear him called the "leal heartit Israelite wi' nae guile in him," and the verse, "But as mony as took him till them, to them gied he richt to be God's bairns," holds a sweeter meaning than ever before.

It was in this church that his voice was last heard in public. The occasion was one of a series of praise services, when pastor and choir united in giving expression to the

life and singing the hymns of certain hymn writers. Bonar and McCheyne were under consideration that evening, and Robert Carter gave some account of Horatius Bonar from personal reminiscences. His closing words, referring to his friend, were, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory." Both have entered into rest since that Sabbath in June, and it is theirs to wear to-day the crown of glory that fadeth not away, and they praise Him forevermore.

THE END.

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